

June 1964, 75 cents

THE *Atlantic*



The Drifter, a new painting by Andrew Wyeth

ANDREW WYETH by E. P. Richardson

Hemingway As His Own Fable by **ALFRED KAZIN**

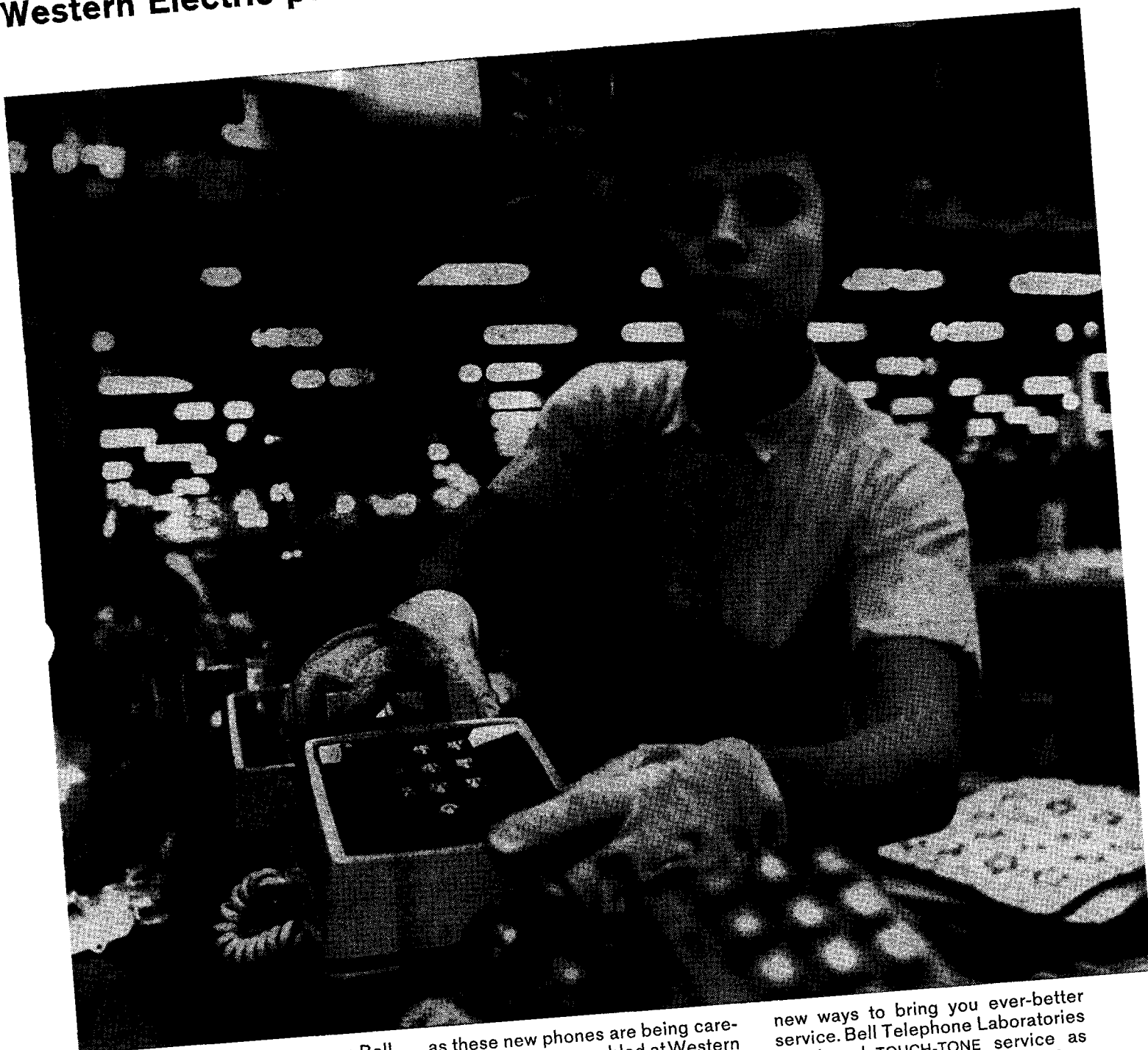
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JUNE

ATLANTIC

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COVER PAINTING, *The Drifter*, TEMPERA, 1963, BY ANDREW WYETH,
Collection of Mrs. Andrew Wyeth; photograph by Gilbert Ask

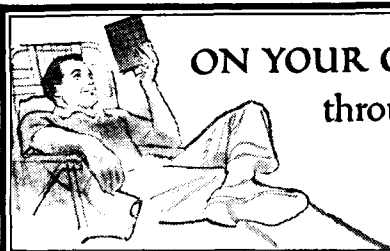
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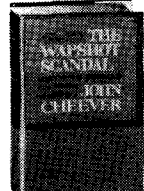
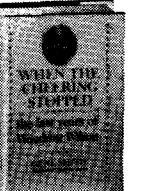
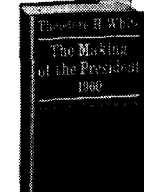
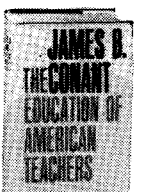
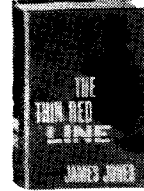
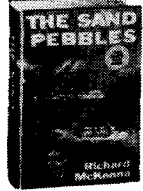
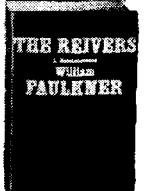
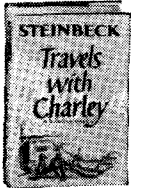
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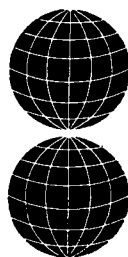
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4-26

The Atlantic Report



on the World Today

WASHINGTON

Two hopeful developments are under way this year which emphasize anew the economic interdependence of nations and which ought to provide new guidelines for action in the closely related fields of aid and trade. One is the meeting of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development in Geneva, where delegates from 123 countries have been seeking an answer to the question of how two thirds of the world's peoples can achieve a higher standard of living.

The other meeting, which will last much longer, involves the negotiations under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) of the so-called Kennedy round of tariff reductions. These negotiations, which primarily concern the important trading nations, nevertheless directly affect the underdeveloped nations. More than ever they and the industrial nations are realizing that trade rather than aid is the key to economic progress.

At present rates of growth, according to a United Nations study, it will take more than 200 years before the standard of living of the poorer countries can reach the standard of Western Europe today. Another study indicates that if the economic growth rate of the industrial countries could be increased from an average of 5 percent a year to an average of 7 percent, the poorer countries could reach that goal in a third of the time estimated by the United Nations study.

With these facts in mind and since the United States is the greatest industrial power, it is easy to understand why other peoples take such a keen interest in America's economic decisions, and why there was concern abroad when Congress took more than a year to enact the Kennedy proposal for income tax reductions. The cuts affected not only the American taxpayer but also the economic well-being of many nations.

In this connection, the pressure of events is building up to force Congress to pay attention to two vital foreign-policy issues in the economic field. New solutions must be found to the problems of East-West trade and to the problems of the relationship between developed and underdeveloped nations. Senator Fulbright touched on both these issues in his celebrated speech to the Senate pleading for an abandonment of "old myths."

The speech began to take shape in Fulbright's mind last year during the bitter debate over the proposal to sell wheat to the Soviet bloc and during the closing hours of the foreign-aid debate. "I got upset about the character of the attack on the agreement to sell wheat to the Soviet Union," Fulbright told a reporter who asked why he had made his speech. "I was also upset over the foreign aid debate, which showed a parochialism I didn't like."

The gap between rich and poor

Although the Fulbright speech annoyed President Johnson, it may make his path easier in the future. The speech provided a countervailing force against the congressional pressures from the conservatives. If the President is elected in November, the pressures from abroad as well as the awareness of informed Americans will force him to seek new answers to many perplexing foreign issues. He cannot rely forever on the least common-denominator in Congress to provide guidance. The world simply will not wait on the congressional temper, nor will the President when he begins to devise his own foreign policy.

It has been said that the most spectacular failure of the post-war world is one in which all the industrial countries, including Russia, have shared. It is the failure to find an effective way to narrow the gap between the rich and the poor nations. It is

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You may never use the word, but when you decide to buy or sell a round lot of stock "at the market," liquidity can have two very personal meanings for you—time and money.

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These buy and sell orders converge at a post on the floor where that particular stock is traded. In the two-way auction

market, brokers try to get the best price possible for their customers. The highest bid and the lowest offer have precedence, and thus the transaction is made. It can all happen in just minutes.

In other cases, of course, this smooth functioning of supply and demand can hit a roadblock—an unusually wide spread, for example, between what is asked for a stock and what anyone is willing to pay.

Then an Exchange Member called a Specialist, who specializes in certain stocks, is expected, within practicable limits, to step in with a higher bid or lower offer, reasonably close to the last sale. If there is a lack of buyers or sellers for a stock at a particular time, he'll frequently buy or sell for his own account. Thus he risks his own money, helping to fill in temporary gaps between supply and demand and encouraging an orderly market.

Still other sources contribute to liquidity.

One is the floor trader. He is a Member of the Exchange, bound by a specific code of rules. He speculates for himself, trying to anticipate what the market will do next and risking his money on his judgment. While he operates for profit, his speculation often helps to take up the slack when temporarily there is a

sizable imbalance between public supply and demand.

Another is the institutional investor—organizations like banks, colleges or pension funds that often trade in big blocks of stock.

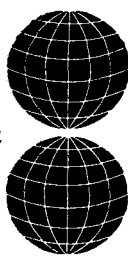
When you buy or sell an "odd lot"—any number of shares less than the usual round-lot unit of 100—a separate procedure helps supply liquidity. An odd-lot dealer on the floor buys or sells your stock at a price related to the round-lot price at the time he executes your order. This unique system enables you to trade an odd lot generally with the same ease, and at almost the same speed, as a round lot.

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Report on Washington



now apparent that a major element in the Sino-Soviet dispute is the different attitudes in Moscow and in Peiping toward the problem of development and toward the question of power in the underdeveloped nations.

In the early post-war years the United States placed great emphasis on the importance of foreign aid. Now, particularly since President Johnson has shown his lack of real interest in the aid program, it is more than ever apparent that trade is equally important and will be much more important in the future. And trade, to be successful, must be built on two foundations — stable economic development in the industrial countries and a workable international financial structure which is not subject to every fluctuating balance-of-payments problem.

In other words, the northern countries must be able to avoid business crises in their domestic economies, not only for their own well-being but also for the well-being of countries to the south which are absolutely dependent upon foreign markets for their survival. And there must be a stronger mechanism to guard against exchange crises. The lesson is apparent: no nation can successfully go it alone in economic policy anymore than it can safely go it alone in military policy.

Nevertheless, early this year, despite appeals from President Johnson, the House of Representatives showed its lack of interest in and understanding of foreign assistance when it voted 208 to 188 to return to committee a bill authorizing a United States contribution of \$312 million to the International Development Association. The Senate had earlier approved the bill. Since seventeen other countries have made their contribution to IDA dependent upon United States support, the House action, unless reversed, could prove fatal to the organization, which is a World Bank subsidiary designed to help the poorer nations.

A more flexible tax policy

Partly to protect the domestic economy and partly to make certain that the United States was in a position to meet its international obligations, President Kennedy made a modest request to Congress early in 1962, which in an orderly world might have provoked little opposition. But his proposal, which would have permitted a small degree

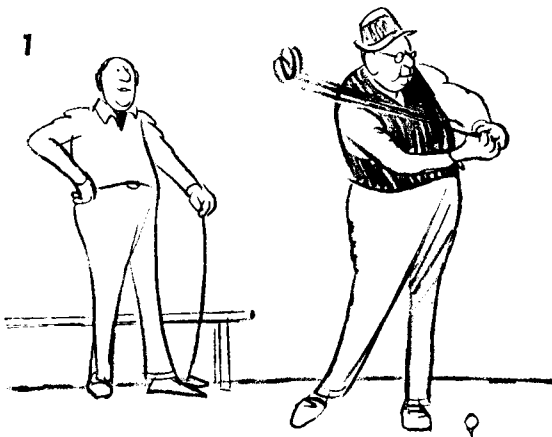
of flexibility in fiscal policy, struck a very raw congressional nerve. The opposition was so great that no serious consideration was ever given to the late President's request. No one expects President Johnson to repeat the request in the near future, but someday he may wish Congress had approved his predecessor's proposal. Many economists in Washington regard the original proposal as a major piece of unfinished business.

Kennedy had asked Congress to give the President standby authority to reduce federal income taxes if the country were threatened by a recession. He asked only for temporary authority limited to a reduction of up to five percentage points. He proposed that if Congress disapproved his decision it could veto it within thirty-one days by a simple majority vote in both houses. In any event, the reductions the President might order would be authorized for no more than one year unless Congress took action to approve what he had done.

President Kennedy told Congress that the authority was needed to enable the government to act "more promptly, more flexibly and more forcefully to stabilize the economy." He argued that his proposal combined "assurance of congressional control with provision for the flexibility of action needed to achieve the objectives of maximum employment and output, economic stability and growth." Few presidential requests have fallen on deaf ears. Congress made it clear at once that it would give the President no such power. The congressional leaders in the tax field said that they would be delegating a part of their constitutional responsibility if they permitted the President any discretion at all over the tax laws.

Today, those who favored Kennedy's 1962 proposal contend that the history of the fight on the tax-reduction bill reinforces their argument that some executive discretion is urgently needed. President Kennedy was convinced of the need of income tax reductions by the summer of 1962. He considered asking Congress for an immediate cut at that time. However, because he recognized that Congress would not approve a reduction that year, he announced that he would postpone the request until January, 1963.

It was not until eighteen months after the President wanted to act and not until thirteen months after he presented his formal recommendations that the bill was finally passed. In other words, Congress again demonstrated that there is very little flexibility in tax policy. In January of this year, as final work was being done on the tax bill, the Council of Economic Advisers warned that "tax and expenditure policies cannot be adjusted with sufficient speed to cope with the swift changes in private demand that bring reces-



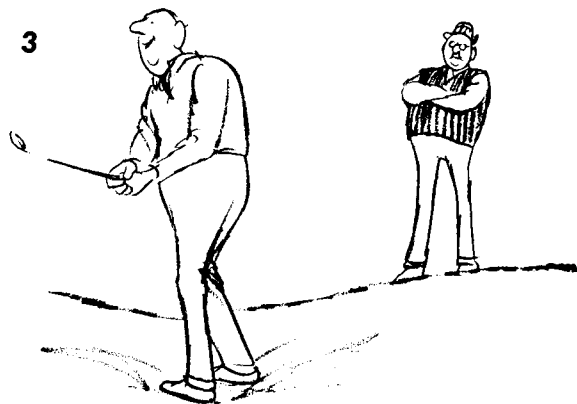
Ever think about what you're going to do when you retire?

Probably sit around and watch my bank balance dwindle.



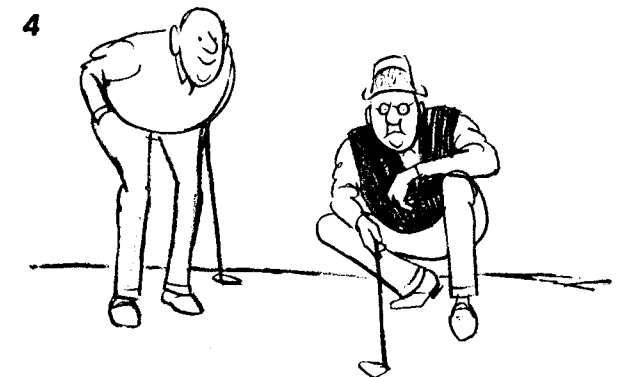
Not me. Soon as I say good-bye to Amalgamated Feather and Down, I'm going to start living it up. Paris. Rome. The Riviera.

Good idea to begin retirement with a little fling.



That's just the beginning. There's Macao, Dubrovnik, Puerto Vallarta. Who knows where Dame Fortune will take me?

To the poorhouse, most likely.



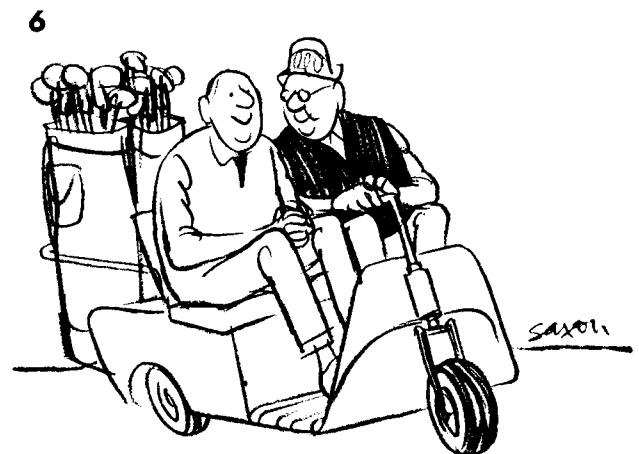
Foot-loose and fancy-free—that's my motto for the golden years.

They may be golden but you'll be broke.



Not a chance. I've planned it so my money never runs out.

What if you live to be eighty or ninety, like a lot of people? Your money will never last that long.



Oh, yes it will. My income will last as long as I do—because I bought an annuity from Equitable. It guarantees me an income for as long as I live—a check every single month. You know, it's just possible I may someday be the oldest living ringsider at the Folies Bergère.

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Even 2400 years ago, old Euripides recognized the fact that the apple tree in your own back yard and the art museum in your native city might not be quite enough. After all, you might want to look at an apple tree a thousand miles away, or buy a fine painting to hang on your own wall. And for those things — as for many others — you would need gold or its equivalent. To put it another way, the best things in life may be free, but being in a position to enjoy them to the fullest is likely to cost money.

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Report on Washington

sion or inflation." The Council emphasized that it still regarded the proposal President Kennedy made in 1962 as highly desirable.

The British can move fast

Nearly all other industrial countries have far more flexible fiscal systems than that of the United States. For example, in the winter of 1962-1963 Britain faced the threat of business stagnation and rising unemployment. Without even going to Parliament, the government late in 1962 ordered a sharp reduction in excise taxes. It has the authority to cut excise and payroll taxes without consulting Parliament.

The British government then decided that a major income tax cut was needed. In April, 1963, it presented a strongly expansionist budget to Parliament, and within a month the lower tax rates were approved. By July, the economic indexes were rising. The unemployment rate, which was 4 percent of the labor force in February, was reduced to 2 percent in less than six months. Industrial production rose by more than 13 percent in the same period.

If the American Congress were as responsive to the executive as the legislature is in a parliamentary system, the need for the kind of standby authority President Kennedy requested would not be so great. The fact that in the normal course of events present tax laws produce an additional \$5 or \$6 billion of revenue each year as a result of population and economic growth strengthens the argument for executive flexibility. The Administration believes that unless this additional collection is matched by tax reductions or by increased federal expenditures a serious drag on the economy may develop in a short time.

The President and the press

When President Johnson began experimenting with the press conference format, most Washington correspondents were delighted. They welcomed the informality as well as the new approaches. But after more than half a year in office, Mr. Johnson has not found a solution that is entirely satisfactory either to him or to the press.

The basic problem is that he has always preferred to operate in the cloakroom rather than in the open. He remarked to associates after the controversial Fulbright speech that if the senator had only come in for a quiet talk the whole thing might have been avoided. Yet the value of the Fulbright speech was in its educational impact: it provoked a needed debate. The President would have preferred to head it off before it started.

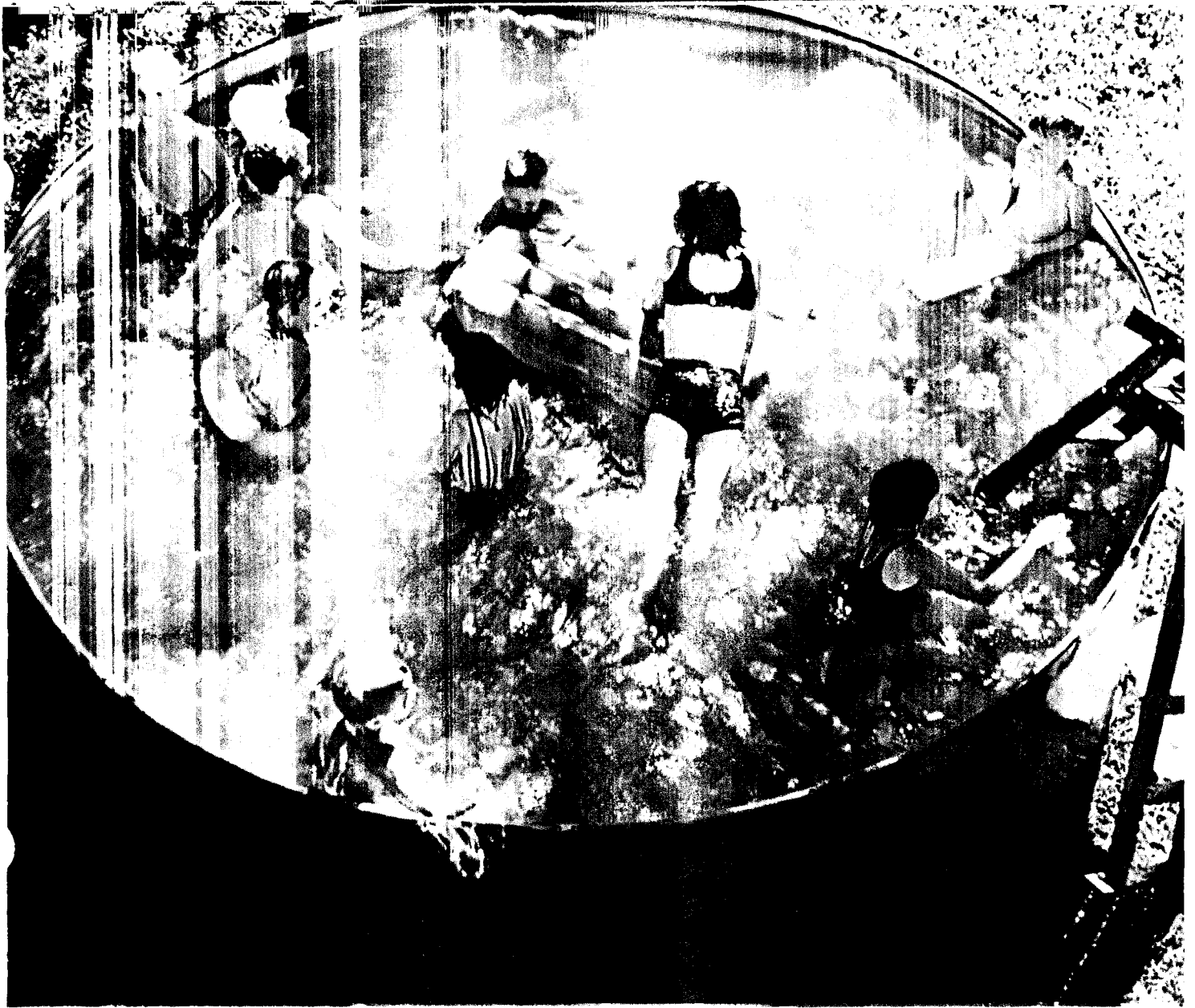
It is not that he does not wish to keep the nation informed. He wishes to inform it only after all things have been settled internally and he is ready with a formal announcement. Minor leaks to the press about his plans infuriate him, and he has instructed his staff to avoid the press as much as possible.

For a man as sensitive to criticism as Mr. Johnson, it is not surprising that his relations with the press have begun to be a problem for both. He likes the intimate conference at which he can talk informally and in broad generalities; he more than any of his recent predecessors dislikes the searching questions. Yet he has displayed a decided ability to take care of himself, to hold his temper in check while onstage, and to reply in clear sentences that hang together better than those of some of his predecessors.

Mood of the Capital

With the campaign season on everyone's mind, this city of politics is absorbed with the fascinating problem of the Republicans. Washington knows that the only major Democratic problem is the choice of a vice presidential candidate, and that is a decision the President himself will make and announce only at the last minute.

But the Republicans are settling their difficulties in public view. As one Democratic strategist of note observed, the Republicans are almost sure to reject front-runners Goldwater and Rockefeller. Then they must decide whether to fall back on "retreads" like Nixon or Lodge to try to hold the party together or whether to risk the future with a relatively unknown person like Scranton, who would have the task of remaking the Grand Old Party in his youthful image. It is a hard decision.



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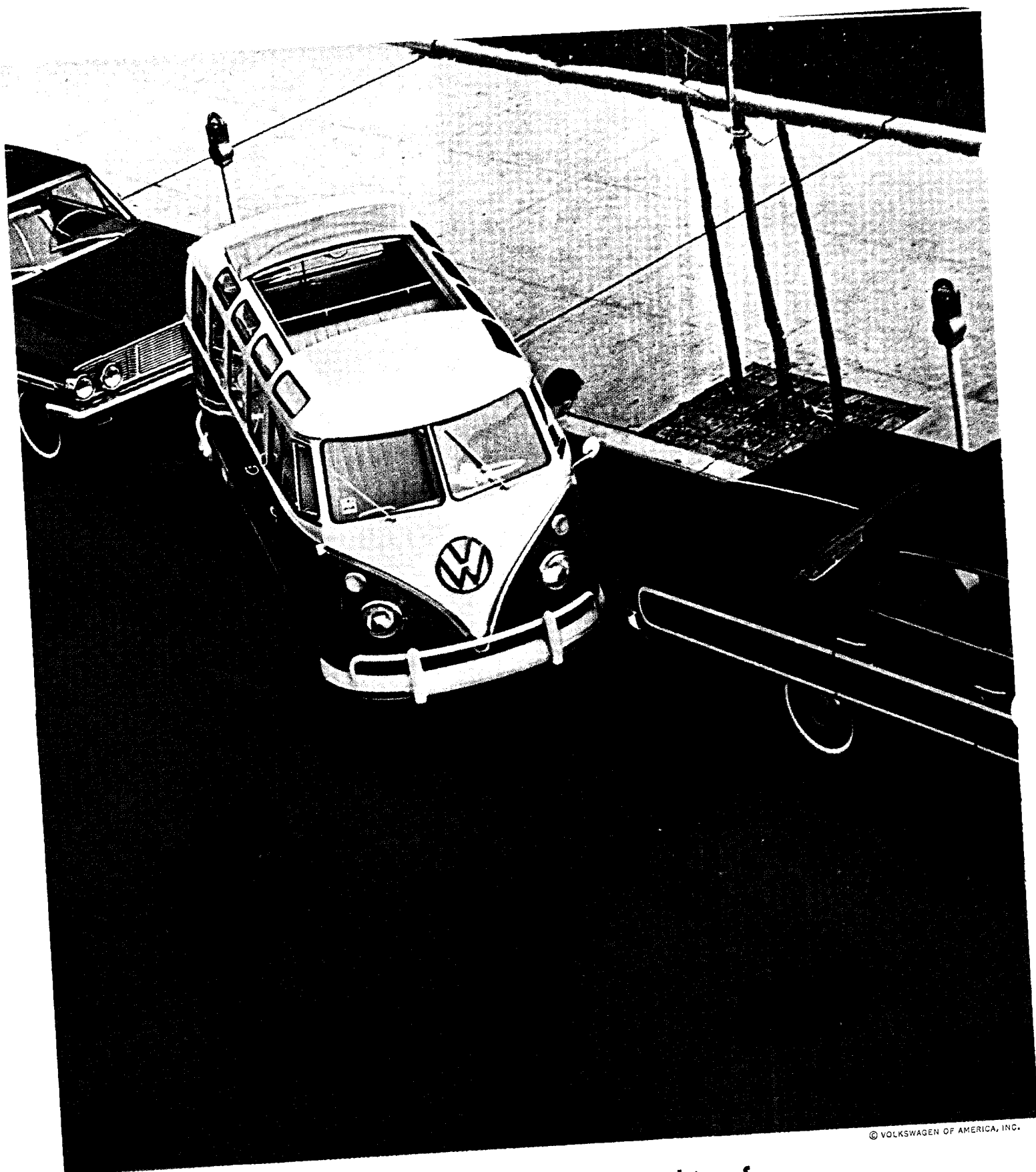
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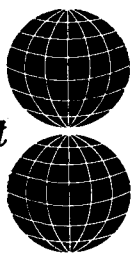
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FOLLOWING the recognition of the mainland regime by France, there has been new concern in Taiwan that the United Nations will vote to seat Communist China. Last autumn ten of the new African nations which had formerly been French colonies voted against Red China; the vote on October 21 was 41 in favor, 57 against, and 12 abstaining. The Taipei government is afraid that a switch of France and eight other countries would provide the necessary majority. This assumes that all countries who recognize Peiping would vote in its favor. There have been some exceptions to this in the past, but they are few.

The latest tabulation shows sixty UN members recognizing Nationalist China and forty-four recognizing Peiping. Eight members recognize neither. One hope embraced in Taipei is that the United States will be able to uphold the contention that a two-thirds majority is necessary for the seating of Communist China. The General Assembly decided two years ago that a two-thirds majority was needed, but the Soviet bloc challenged the ruling. At the time, the question was academic because Communist China had never received a majority. If the question comes up again, the decision could be reversed by a majority vote.

Meanwhile, the Nationalist Chinese are continuing their vigorous wooing of possible votes, especially among the new African states. Their campaigning takes the form of technical assistance and invitations to African leaders to visit Taiwan and the offshore islands Quemoy and Matsu, which have become tourist attractions in their own right.

The Nationalists realized from the outset that they had no chance of competing with the Communist Chinese through cash loans such as the \$25 million offered to President Nkrumah of Ghana or the \$19 million extended to Sékou Touré of Guinea. They did have technical experience and concentrated on showing the Africans how to grow rice. A model farm project was set up in Liberia and succeeded in growing rice on arid soil that had never before yielded a single crop.

These experiments attracted the attention of other Africans, and the Taipei government followed up by initiating an exchange program for agricultural technicians. Since 1960, more than 300 Nationalist Chinese experts have gone to Africa, and an equal number of Africans have come to Formosa. Last year 49 African farm technicians from 19 countries were enrolled in a six-month agricultural seminar in Taichung, a central Formosan town.

Precarious balance

The precarious situation in Africa is illustrated by recalling the case of the 1961 vote in the United Nations when the Nationalists almost lost out. That year a *quid pro quo* deal was arranged in which the Communist bloc agreed to the election of Mauretania if the Western group would allow the membership of Outer Mongolia.

President Chiang Kai-shek, who has always considered Outer Mongolia part of China, was opposed to the idea. However, if he had carried out his threat to veto Mongolia's admission, the Soviet Union would have barred Mauretania's entry, and in retaliation the African states would have supported Communist instead of Nationalist China. He was finally persuaded not to object.

The Nationalists have also been given cause to worry in Asia. The Taipei government, already irritated by Japan's growing trade with the Communists, became bitter late last year because Japan returned a defector to the Communist mainland after he had changed his mind about defecting and said he wished to go home. The issue brought Taipei-Tokyo relations to a near breaking point. There is considerable pressure among opponents of Japanese Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda to recognize Communist China, and even elements within his own ruling Liberal-Democratic Party are advocating recognition, especially since France has recognized Peiping.

The problem of Thailand

The snowballing effect of French recognition has caused the Nationalists concern in Thailand.

Report on Taiwan

The Nationalists were eased out of Laos when that country became "neutral," and although it meant a lost vote in the UN the commercial aspects were almost nil. Thailand poses a different problem. With French-backed pressures being exerted in Southeast Asia to neutralize the entire area, Thailand may begin casting about for some sort of accommodation. At the start of World War II the Thais made a deal with the Japanese to avoid getting mixed up in a shooting war. If the United States ever decided to pull out of South Vietnam, the Thais might recognize Communist China as a means of self-defense.

The significance of such a move would be the immediate switching of the several million overseas Chinese population of Thailand from representation by Peiping to that by Taipei. Since the overseas Chinese control much of Thailand's day-to-day commerce and the lucrative surplus export crops — rice, tapioca, jute — sales of these would be directed to Communist countries rather than to the free countries of Asia.

Return to the mainland?

Amid all these external political gyrations, life on Taiwan is focused, as it has been for a decade, on returning to the mainland. During the past year, there has been less and less emphasis in government circles on return by direct invasion and more and more on guerrilla operations along the periphery of Red China that might contribute to an uprising by the population.

This does not represent a change in goals by the Nationalist Chinese — their avowed aim is still to regain control of the territory they lost to the Communists in 1949 — but rather a change in approach. The change was necessitated in part last year when, in reply to a Communist Chinese charge, the United States said definitely that it was not inspiring or preparing to underwrite such adventures.

Nationalist China is restrained to a considerable degree from precipitate action by terms of the mutual defense pact of 1956, negotiated by Chiang Kai-shek and John Foster



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Report on Taiwan

Dulles, which provided that "the use of force will be a matter of joint agreement subject to action of an emergency character which is clearly an exercise of the inherent right of self defense."

The guerrilla program

The plain truth is that the Nationalist Army would have little chance of success against the larger forces of the mainland unless the United States took part or unless the population was disposed to help. The guerrilla actions are designed to begin creating a climate for popular support.

That these raids have been in some degree successful has been admitted by the Communists themselves. The Peiping *Review* periodically prints photographs and reports on captured Nationalist agents and has warned the population to be on the lookout for other agents still at large. Taipei claims their groups are active in "at least 15" locations on the mainland. Such claims provide a needed morale boost for the admittedly aging Nationalist Army, and this is another reason for the emphasis on the guerrilla program.

American officials debate the real benefits of the guerrilla harassment but reluctantly concede the Nationalist point that it is desirable to keep pressure on the Communists at a time when the mainland is in the midst of economic trials.

Ironically, the most help for the Nationalist cause of creating a weakened mainland susceptible to a counterattack has come from the Soviet Union. The Sino-Soviet dispute has created, among other things, a Chinese Communist military establishment greatly weakened in terms of modern equipment and fuel. Peiping has admitted that the mass pullout of Soviet technicians and the cancellation of assistance projects caused immense damage. The Communist military in general has been weakened, and the Air Force in particular is fast becoming obsolete as well as desperately short of spare parts.

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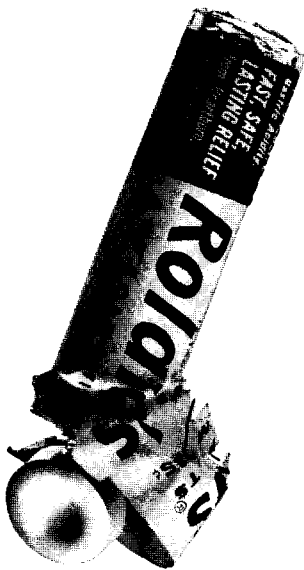
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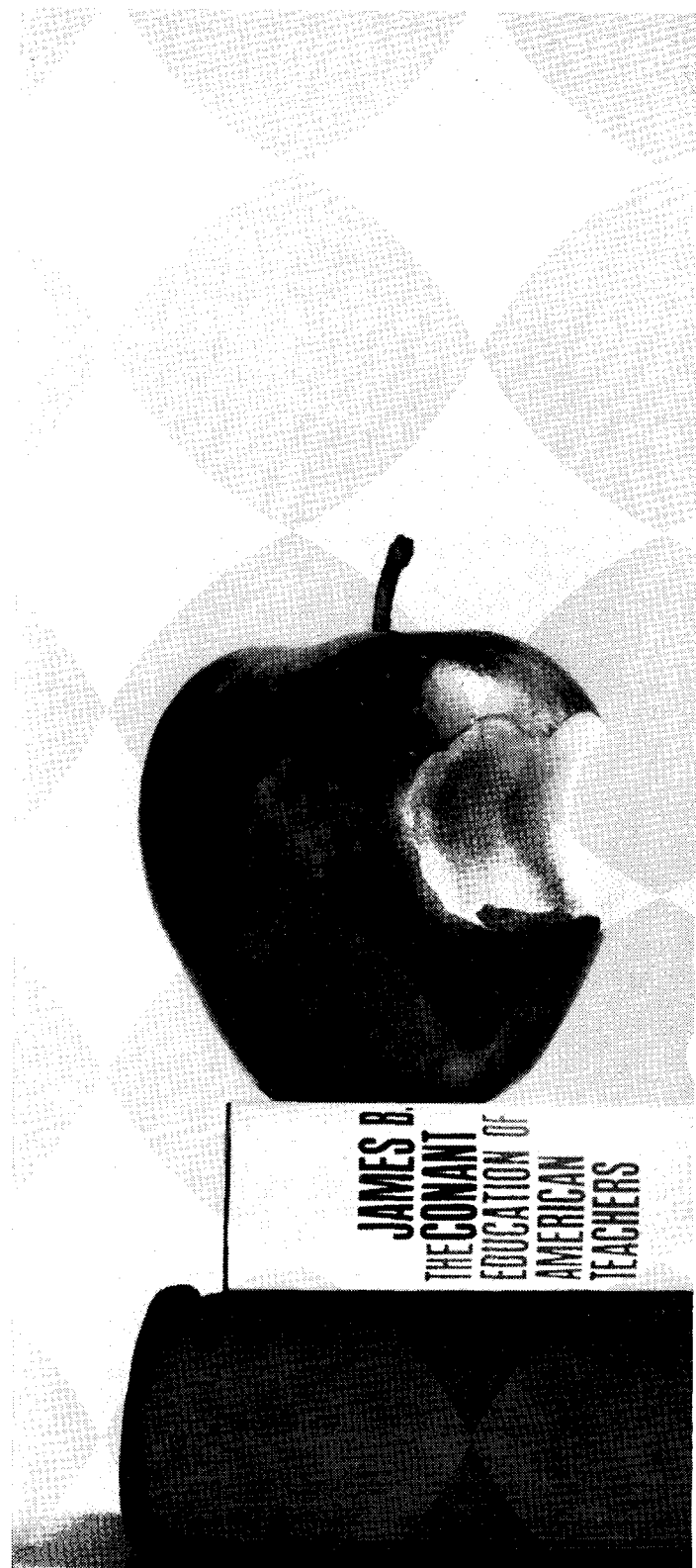
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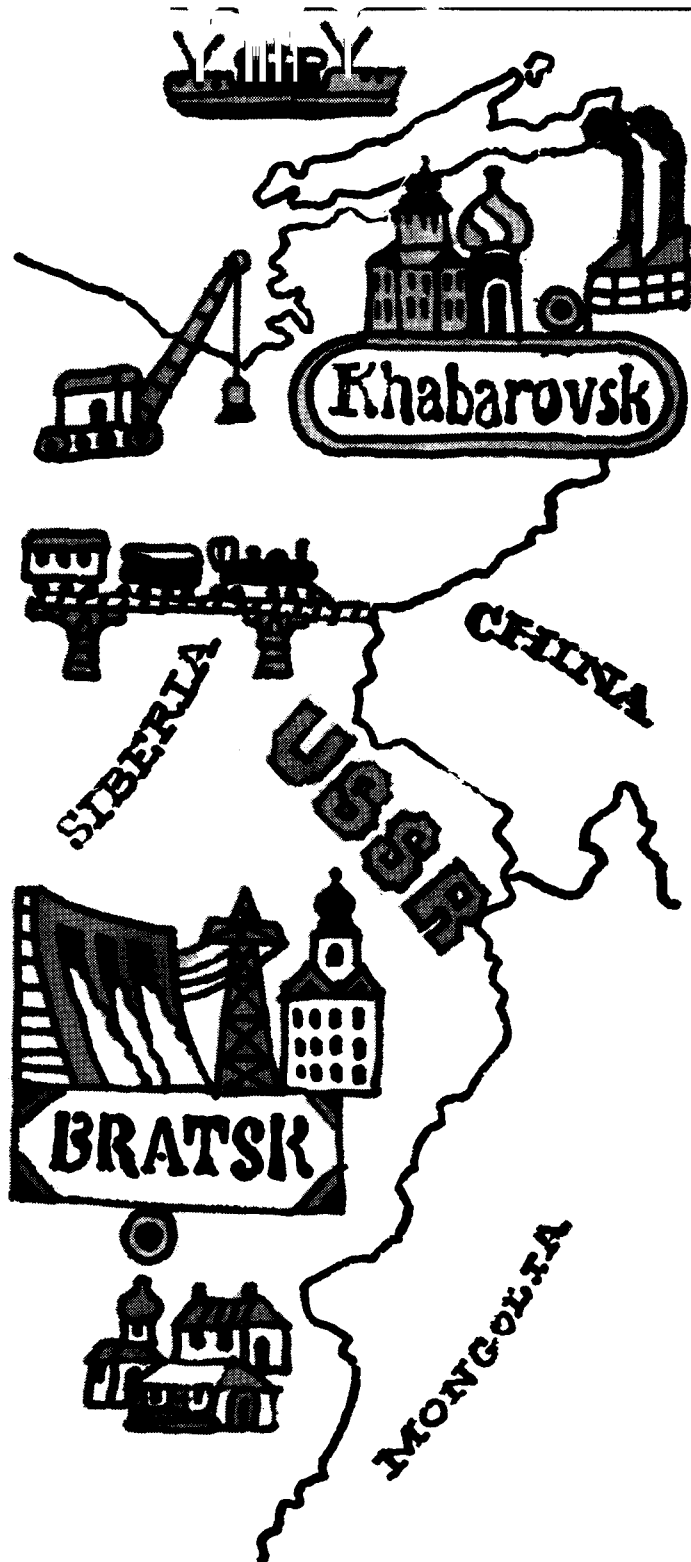
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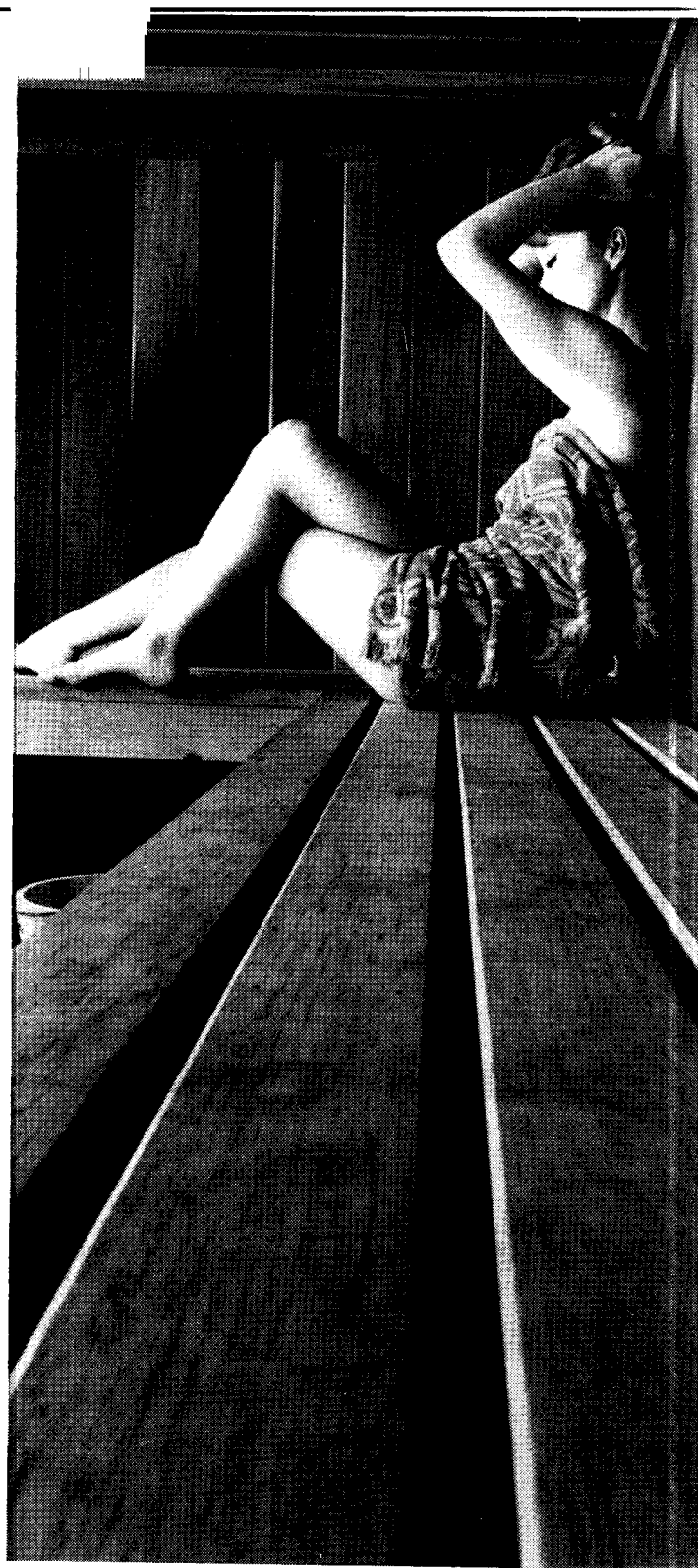
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Report on Taiwan

1962-1963 to attempt to establish air superiority in the Taiwan straits, but the cutoff of advanced Russian aircraft and parts has made this impractical. From radar screens on Taiwan and Quemoy, visitors may watch as the Red Chinese Air Force goes through tactical training over the mainland. Such training has been drastically reduced because of a shortage of aviation fuel.

American aid

There is no schism between the United States and Nationalist China, like the Sino-Soviet rift, but the U.S. announcement that its aid program to Taiwan will be slashed requires some readjustment in Taiwan. American-aid planners believe that the Formosan economy is at the takeoff stage and that enough growth can be generated in the private sector to maintain the present relative prosperity. They foresee a phasing out of American aid by 1968. This would imply, however, some reduction in military expenditure, and it is on this point that the Nationalist officials disagree with Washington.

The American viewpoint is supported by several economic indicators which show increasing exports and production capacity. But, despite convincing statistics, Nationalist leaders are reluctant to pare the 600,000-man armed forces or reduce its expenditures.

Most outsiders do not fully realize the central role of the military in the economy and in the political structure. In addition to getting a large slice of the budget, the military also receives significant subsidies. The military is sold over 200,000 tons of rice annually by the national food bureau, which makes the sale at lower than cost and writes off the loss. Military factories produce goods for civilian markets with the profits going for military uses. Servicemen get a premium rate on savings deposits and ride public transport at half price. Military freight goes for half price on the railroads, and utility bills of the military are frequently not paid.

This situation constitutes a drain on resources and has resulted in

severe inflationary pressures. These pressures would have been more severe and damaging were it not for the economy's great increases in productivity, which in turn can be attributed in large degree to the over \$3 billion in U.S. aid since 1951. Taiwan's economic progress, despite the burden of an outsized military establishment, is indeed remarkable and provides an example of an American aid program that has been a net success.

Signs of dissatisfaction

Since the Nationalists consider they are still in a state of civil war, they feel that these drawbacks resulting from a large military force are justified. But there are some real problems to be faced. It is no secret that the government is as concerned with political reliability as it is with military efficiency. This is common in Asian nations where the military's role in politics is woven into the national fabric. This insistence on political reliability most often takes the form of entrusting top jobs and awarding promotions to officers and noncommissioned officers who came from the mainland originally.

Because the bulk of the rank and file troops in the 400,000-man army are Taiwanese, this can be expected to create morale problems. Nationalist spokesmen say this point is exaggerated by critics, as is the whole argument of Taiwanese (7 million) resenting the control of the island by former mainland Chinese (3 million). But it is true that the Nationalist Army has an uncommon number of generals (900) and colonels (5820) and that the middle-officer ranks, which some Taiwanese have reached, are now stagnated with little chance of promotion.

Because of the very real economic upsurge, which has made the Chinese on Taiwan incomparably better off than those on the mainland, political "outs" find little fertile ground for recruitment of followers. There have been, however, some signs of lessened unity in the ruling Kuomintang Party. These include the resignations of Premier Chen Cheng and others. Chen remains as the nominal vice president, but the resignations are indicative of maneuvering within the high echelons.

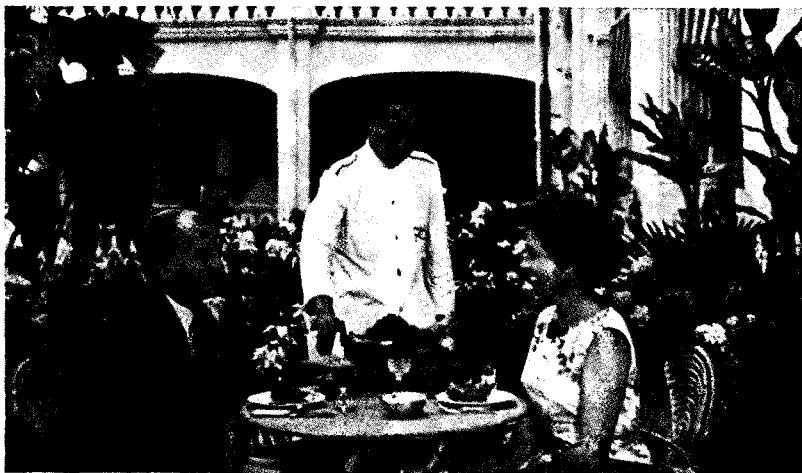
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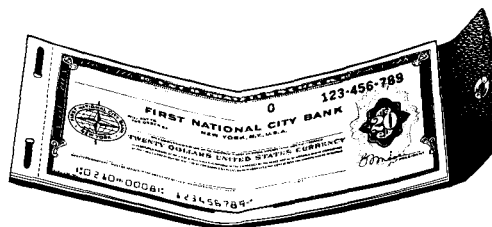
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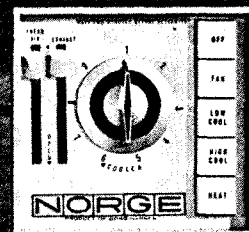


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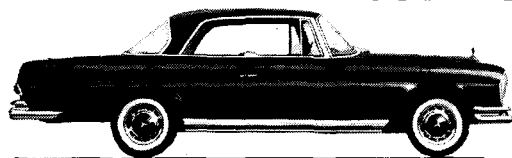
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Report on Taiwan

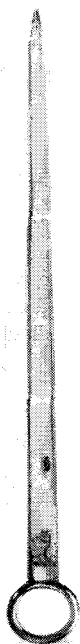
Behind much of this maneuvering is Chiang's son Chiang Ching-kuo, an army officer and head of the secret police. He is believed to be the power fulcrum on the island at present and will be the key figure in the question of succession when seventy-six-year-old Chiang Kai-shek passes from the scene.

Economic gains

Despite these strains and stresses and a damaging typhoon last September, Taiwan made some notable economic gains during last year. The September typhoon casualties were 239 dead, more than 300 injured, with 8000 houses destroyed and 12,000 damaged. Relief and reconstruction in the wake of the storm, which struck in the northern Taipei-Keelung area, were swift and efficient and testified to the healthy state of the economy. The storm destroyed some vegetable crops but brought enough rain to save the year's second rice crop, which had been threatened by a long spell of dry weather.

Taiwan's exports have been growing in volume and variety over the past several years and in 1963 reached record levels. Much of the gain was accounted for by new manufacturing and processing industries, but a sharp rise in world sugar prices and greater export of this commodity added immeasurably to the overall trade jump. According to the Foreign Exchange and Trade Control Commission, Taiwan's exports for 1963 were \$350 million compared with the previous year's record \$240 million.

Since the Nationalists are as adamant in their refusal to accept a "two Chinas" concept as are the Communists, any change must be pegged to the international situation. On Taiwan today, thoughtful citizens seem to agree that most of the questions concerning the future of this rich green island are bound up in a combination of three important factors: the United Nations vote this autumn on the seating of Communist China, United States foreign policy, and the question of the succession of leaders in both Nationalist and Communist China.



1720-1793

Skewer
by Wm. Moulton III

The tradition that is Towle began over two centuries ago with the great Moulton family of silversmiths. They pursued their craft until 1857, when they succeeded by Anthony F. Towle and William P. Jones.



1744-1816

Porringer
by Joseph Moulton III

The Towle silversmiths are still in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where Joseph Moulton trained his sons, Ebenezer, Enoch, Abel and William IV —still following the same tradition of unhurried craftsmanship and quality.



1768-1824

Cup
by Ebenezer Moulton

One of the four grandsons of William Moulton III to be famed silversmiths. The nineteenth century brought a great demand for fine New England silver. Many of these cherished pieces were carried West in the dowries of brides.



1772-1861

Tankard
by William Moulton IV

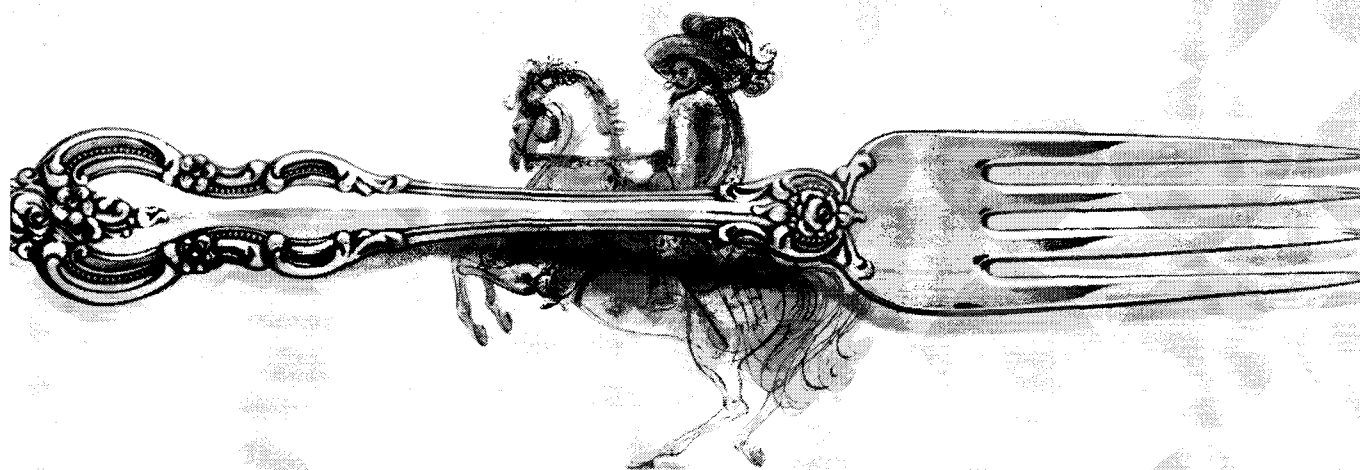
Perhaps the greatest of the Moulton silversmiths created this classic tankard. William is also remembered for having introduced a talented apprentice, Anthony F. Towle, who was to carry his tradition into the next century.



1895

Fork
by Towle

The craftsmanship of two centuries is exhibited in the fine silver designed by the Towles (sixteen of whom married Moultons over the years). To this day every tine of every Towle fork is hand-polished for perfect service.



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The Atlantic Report RWANDA



THE central African Republic of Rwanda lies isolated and landlocked between the Nile and Congo River basins some 1000 miles from the Indian Ocean and 1600 miles from the Atlantic. It is roughly the size of Vermont and has the highest population density in Africa South of the Sahara (245 persons per square mile) and the lowest per capita income (\$50 per year).

Rwanda has always known population pressure on scant resources; yet, in the midst of this scarcity one sector of its population evolved a highly intricate society, which has today fallen apart. The consequences of the destruction of that society and the attempt to replace it with another lie at the root of Rwanda's present tragic situation.

The population of Rwanda is divided into three distinct tribal groups sharing a common language. The pygmoid Twa constitute less than one percent of the population and are rarely seen, being hunters and forest dwellers. The short, stocky, Bantu, Negroid Hutu represent 85 percent of the population. They were the first to fell Rwanda's forest, to clear the brush, and to cultivate. They never evolved a centralized political system, and their reliance on small units formed around clan chiefs made them highly vulnerable to invasion.

Some four centuries ago a tall, slender, haughty, exquisitely aristocratic people known as the Tutsi conquered Rwanda through a combination of force and persuasion. Although they never constituted more than 15 percent of the population, their hierarchical organization, built around a king known as the Mwami, their development of specialized warrior castes, and above all their possession of cattle enabled them to dominate the Hutu. Reputed to have originated in Ethiopia or the Nile Valley, the Tutsis were the outer fringe of a great southbound pastoral migration.

The Tutsi sacred cows

The Tutsi promised protection and cattle to individual Hutu, who in turn accepted the Tutsi as their lords to whom they owed personal services and a portion of their crops, and who

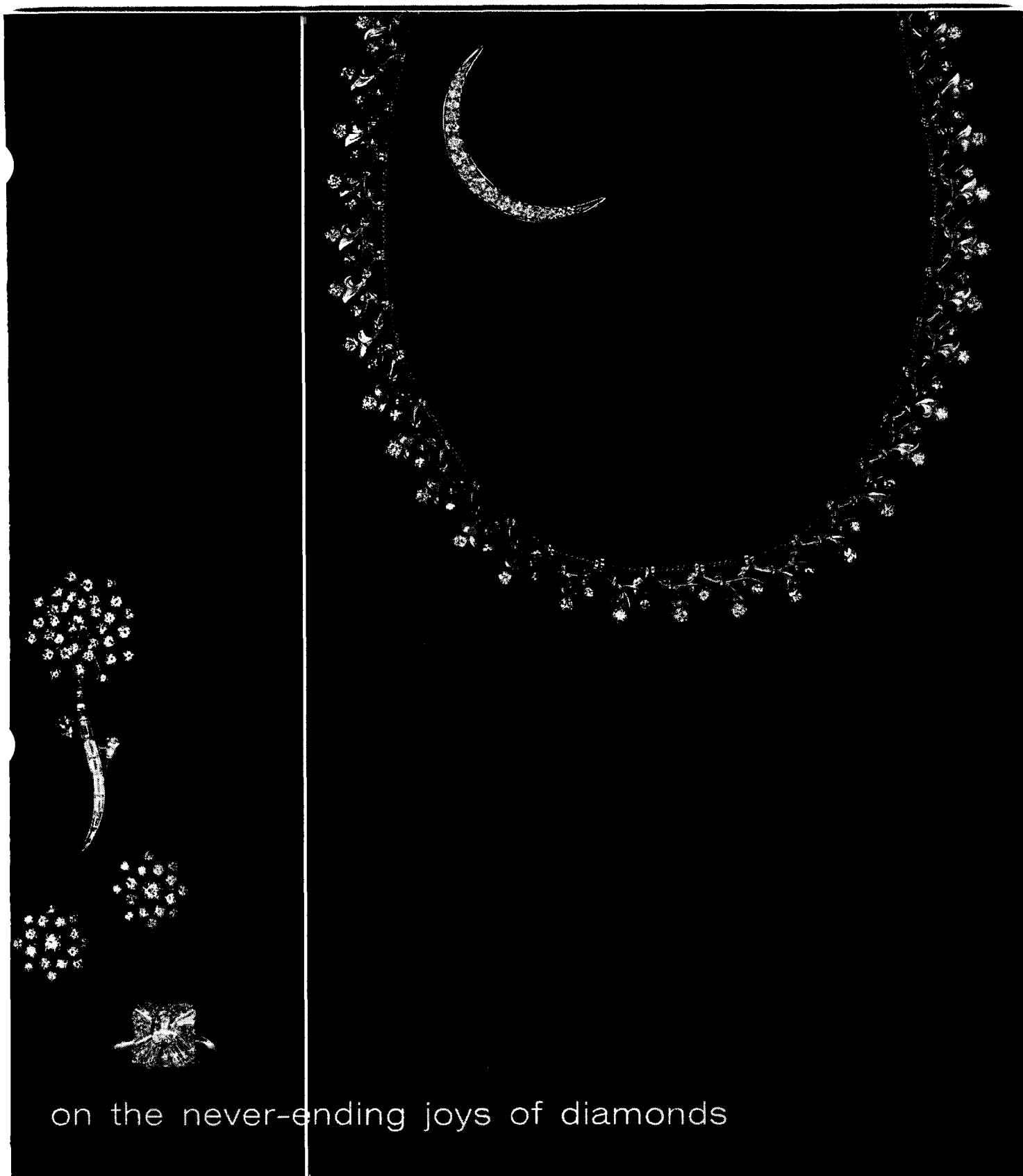
eventually secured possession of all cattle and land. Each Tutsi was the client of another Tutsi patron, the Mwami being at the pinnacle.

This feudal system was justified by an elaborate ideology which had as its essential premise the fundamental inequality of human beings. According to legend, the first king of Rwanda had three sons, Gatwa, Gahutu, and Gatutsi. In order to choose his successor he entrusted each one with a pot of milk to guard overnight. The gluttonous Gatwa immediately guzzled down the milk; Gahutu dozed off and let the pot spill, returning it half empty the next day; but the faithful Gatutsi stayed awake to guard it throughout the night. Therefore the King chose Gatutsi as his successor, to be forever free from manual labor, with Gahutu who lacked self-control as his eternal serf, while the avaricious Gatwa was banished.

This legend reflects the reality of four centuries of Tutsi domination whereby a small and highly self-conscious minority indulged in the pleasures of a distinct leisure class through the exploitation of the Hutu majority. The basis of this exploitation was the cow. The highly exotic, sleek long-horned *Ndanga* cattle were the only recognized form of wealth, and Hutus could obtain them only by serving their Tutsi masters, who could at any time break the relationship and regain all the cattle they had lent to their clients.

It was not until 1894 that the first European entered Rwanda. Four years later Rwanda and the neighboring Tutsi kingdom of Burundi came under German rule. Both countries had first been allotted to Germany at the Berlin Conference in 1885, during the colonial scramble for Africa.

At the end of the First World War Belgium acquired a League of Nations mandate for Rwanda as partial compensation for war reparations which Germany would be unlikely to be able to pay. The Belgians continued the German system of indirect rule, relying upon the Mwami and the Tutsi officialdom and confining administrative posts and education to the Tutsi elite.



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Report on Rwanda

While never directly attacking the basis of Tutsi rule, the colonial period set in motion forces which led to its eventual destruction. Foremost among these forces was Christianity, which preached the equality of all men in the eyes of Christ. The Catholics took an early lead and soon converted the Mwami and his court; through the Church the Hutus could aspire to status, education, and authority, which were denied them elsewhere. The introduction of cash cropping and cultivation of Arabica coffee provided Hutu peasants with an income and lessened their reliance on their Tutsi masters. Finally, because of population pressures, thousands of Hutus migrated to neighboring territories, where some were exposed to and returned with ideas of democracy and majority rule.

The sudden attainment of political independence by the former Belgian Congo, and United Nations pressure on the Belgians, who exercised a trusteeship for Rwanda, caused political activity in Rwanda to spurt. It was obvious that unless the Hutus seized power before the Belgians left, an independent Rwanda in Tutsi hands would forever enslave the Hutu. Yet the Hutus were handicapped by their lack of education and experience and their inborn submissiveness.

The rise of the Hutus

On July 24, 1959, the forty-six-year-old Mwami Rudahigwa died suddenly under mysterious circumstances without having designated his successor. This proved the occasion for the decisive clash between the Tutsi and the embryonic Parmehutu, the political organization of the Hutu, led by Gregoire Kayibanda, former seminary student, guide at the Brussels World's Fair, and editor of the Catholic newspaper. While the Tutsis quickly installed the Mwami's nephew as the new king and prepared a terrorist campaign against leading Hutu politicians, the Hutu masses staged an uprising under Parmehutu direction. The Mwami was deposed and fled the country along with thousands of other Tutsi refugees, and a provisional Hutu government was installed.

Two extremely bitter years followed, during which a United Nations-supervised referendum resulted in an 80 percent victory for the Parmehutu Party and the decisive rejection of the monarchy. Periodic fighting between Hutus and Tutsis continued, and additional thousands of refugees fled the country.

Meanwhile, in neighboring Burundi, to which Rwanda was linked by a customs and monetary union, the sixty-four-year-old Mwami Mwambutsa used the political skills garnered through fifty years on the throne to hold his country and Tutsi rule together. While Rwanda achieved independence on July 1, 1962, as a republic, Burundi remained a monarchy, and ideological strains caused relations between the two countries to deteriorate rapidly.

Among the 100,000 Tutsis who fled Rwanda prior to its independence and the 250,000 who remained behind, there are many who refuse to face a life of permanent exile or to accept Hutu rule. Four centuries of domination have led them to believe that they are superior to the humble, submissive, and physically inferior Hutu. Among the hard-core exiles a secret terrorist organization known as the Inyenzi was formed. This became the focus of counter-revolutionary activity directed at overthrowing the Rwanda government and restoring the monarchy.

Rwanda enjoyed relative peace for eighteen months following independence while the Inyenzi confined their activities to agitation among the Tutsi refugees. The dedicated government of thirty-seven-year-old President Kayibanda instituted an austerity program unique in Africa. The government was less successful in persuading the population to continue the highly unpopular antierosion works and the supervised growing of quality coffee which the Belgians had maintained through compulsion. The government's greatest achievement was in abrogating the feudal contracts over cattle and land, which had been the nexus of Tutsi domination.

Invasion by refugees

This period of calm has been rudely and decisively shattered by three invasion attempts mounted by the

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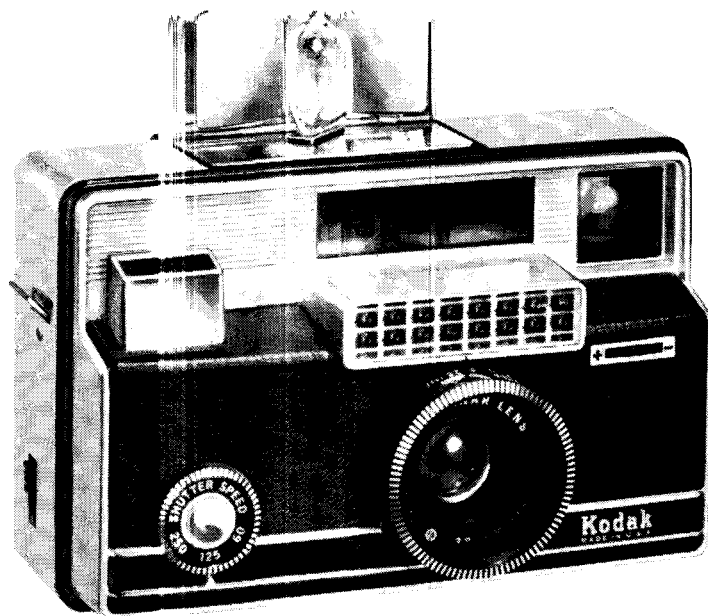
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Report on Rwanda

Inyenzi. The first of these occurred on November 25, 1963, when 3000 Tutsi refugees in Burundi began a march toward the Rwanda border to "return to their homeland." The marchers included old men, women, and children, as well as three truckloads of arms. The marchers were spotted by missionaries and UN refugee officials, and the Burundi government intervened to turn them back.

The second invasion attempt occurred on December 20, 1963, one day after the conclusion of a conference between the Rwanda and Burundi governments in which they agreed to dissolve their customs and monetary union. The invaders struck this time at Nemba on the Rwanda-Burundi border. They were armed only with homemade rifles, spears, and bows and arrows, and first attacked a Rwanda military base under construction, where they seized light arms and two jeeps. The invaders then proceeded north toward Kigali, the smallest and probably worst-defended capital in the world, with a population of 4500 and one paved street. They advanced to within twelve miles of Kigali before they were intercepted by the Rwanda Garde Nationale. The invaders fled, suffering heavy losses, after a battle waged with modern weapons but highly reminiscent of an intertribal skirmish.

The Rwanda government was panic-stricken by the news of the second invasion attempt. Rwanda's mountainous terrain, lack of village life, and open borders make it ideal for terrorist operations. The one-thousand-man Garde Nationale had its hands full defending the capital and the border posts, and the defense of the country would have had to rely on the civilian Hutu population taking up arms.

The government took two measures to guard the country against further invasion and internal subversion (the second group of invaders had made contact with local Tutsis). Prominent Tutsis throughout Rwanda were arrested and herded to government prisons, where after severe beatings the majority were released. However, all those whose names had been found on a list of people whom

the invaders planned to install as government officials were shot. This list had been taken off the body of a Congolese mercenary killed while fighting with the invaders.

The second measure was to send a minister to each of Rwanda's ten prefectures to organize the "self-defense" of the civilian population with the aid of the local prefect and the elected burgomasters. The individual situation in each prefecture and the attitude of local officials, rather than government policy, caused the subsequent massive reprisals and massacres of the local Tutsi population which have been so widely reported.

The worst slaughter took place in Gikongoro prefecture, where the dense tropical forest provides an open border with Burundi. Here, word had been received that Kigali had fallen and the former Mwami restored. Local Tutsis had for several days prior to the invasion been boasting of their hopes of returning to power and had been congregating around the former royal residence, located in this prefecture. Whether spontaneously or upon the orders of local officials, the Hutu population arose against the Tutsis in this prefecture.

The most reliable estimates of the numbers killed are between 10,000 and 14,000. The population used any weapons nearby, mostly hoes and long knives for cutting grass, resulting in hideous atrocities. Bodies were dumped into rivers and streams, left alongside roads to be scavenged by wild animals, and buried in mass graves.

Elsewhere in Rwanda timely action averted tragedy. Thus, in Kibungo prefecture on the Tanganyikan border the Catholic White Fathers prevailed upon the local authorities not to excite the Hutu population. The result was relative calm; Hutu and Tutsi celebrated Christmas mass together, and local Tutsis turned over to the authorities an Inyenzi invader hiding among them. Yet the White Fathers were convinced that had a single Tutsi hut been burned, all the Tutsis in the prefecture would have fled.

There was never a government policy of genocide against the Tutsi.



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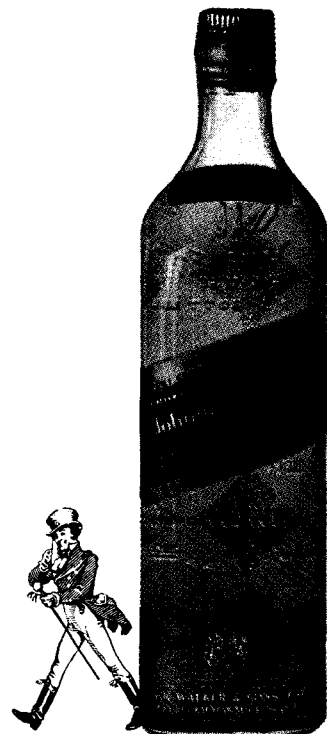
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Report on Rwanda

Beginning on Christmas Eve 6000 Tutsis, including 5300 women and children, fled into Uganda, with 13,000 head of cattle. No attempt was made by the Rwanda government to interfere with this defenseless horde or even larger masses of refugees who fled into Burundi, the Congo, and Tanganyika. Other thousands of Tutsis took refuge in Catholic mission stations within Rwanda, where they believed they would be safe because of Catholic influence in the government. While the government tried to induce these internal refugees to return to their homes, it took no action against them.

A third invasion attempt occurred at Kizinga on the Uganda border on December 27. At this point 500 well-armed Tutsis, coming mostly from the Congo, were met by a force of the Rwanda Garde Nationale, which had been alerted for several days to expect an attack. The invaders were repulsed; more than 300 were killed, and the others were taken prisoner by Uganda officials.

A call for UN help

This invasion attempt prompted the Rwanda government to cable U Thant for UN assistance. Max Dorsinville, personal representative of U Thant in the Congo, arrived in Kigali on January 1 and spent several days in the country before going on to Burundi. His failure to protest vociferously or threaten international action enabled the reprisals to continue, and they were not brought under control until mid-January, largely as a result of pressure from Catholic and Protestant authorities and foreign embassies within Rwanda. Meanwhile, the world remained almost totally uninformed, since Radio Rwanda is too weak to be heard outside the country and Rwanda has no newspapers except a monthly bulletin in Kinyarwanda.

Today Rwanda remains in a state of constant military alert, with passes required for traveling within the country and military roadblocks maintained on the principal roads. The effects of the invasions and of the security situation have been disastrous for the Rwanda economy. The cash sector, dependent almost en-

tirely on exports of coffee, is dying, and the standard of living has fallen markedly. The subsistence sector continues to supply adequate foodstuffs, although malnutrition is widespread. Rwanda hopes to create its own currency, although its foreign-exchange reserves are depleted and its balance-of-payments deficit is chronic. Only Belgian and other external aid and technicians are keeping the nonsubsistence sector of the economy alive.

The 150,000 Tutsi refugees huddled along Rwanda's borders provide a constant security threat and a fertile ground for Inyenzi agitation. Their presence makes life impossible for the Tutsis remaining in Rwanda, who are regarded as suspect by the Rwanda government.

Urgent measures are required to prevent Rwanda from erupting again into violence and to restore hope to its crippled economy. Among these are military measures to control the refugees and prevent further invasion attempts by the Inyenzi. The neighboring governments of Uganda, Tanganyika, and the Congo are using the limited military means at their disposal toward these ends, and the Burundi government is under pressure to do likewise. Also required is external assistance to enable the permanent resettlement of the refugees in the neighboring countries, where fortunately there is ample unused arable land.

Finally, even if the Tutsi question is resolved, Rwanda still faces a galloping population increase threatening its meager resources. The strength of Catholicism within Rwanda and the traditional high regard for children rule out artificial methods of population control. Meanwhile, at the present rate the population will double within twenty-three years, and unless a long-term economic plan is implemented to increase agricultural productivity and bring additional lands into cultivation, the only alternative will be a return to pre-colonial Malthusian methods of population control. This can be averted if economic planning, technical assistance, and external aid to the total sum of \$8 to \$10 million a year are forthcoming. Otherwise, Rwanda is likely to remain on the world's conscience.

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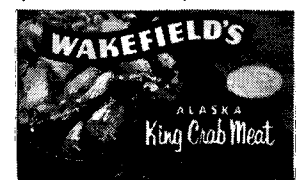
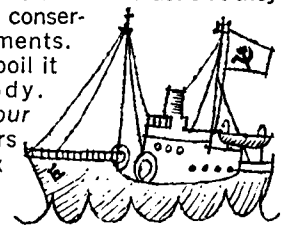
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THE aggressive clamor of French Canadians for a special place in the Canadian sun is arousing the animosities and counterclaims of other ethnic minorities all across the country. As a result, Canadian preoccupation with American domination, American economic and cultural penetration, and American foreign policy has ebbed to the lowest point in a decade. This fact is sharply etched by contrasting the 1963 and 1964 budgets of Minister of Finance Walter L. Gordon.

The steady growth of American ownership of Canadian industry aggravated Canadian-American relations throughout the Diefenbaker Administration between 1957 and 1963. When the Liberals, under the leadership of Lester B. Pearson, turned out the Diefenbaker Conservatives in April, 1963, everybody hoped that friendly relations would be restored. The fundamental problems of the Canadian economy, however, have always tended to submerge the differences between political parties. There is nothing more fundamental than \$20 billion — the size of U.S. investment in Canada.

In selecting Gordon as Minister of Finance, Prime Minister Pearson chose a brilliant Toronto business consultant who is also one of the country's pioneer worriers about American control of Canadian industry. Gordon's other main worry was Canada's headlong rush into debt under the Diefenbaker government. His first budget bravely tried to put a halt to both. He proposed to levy a 30 percent "take-over" tax on sales of shares to foreign interests when the purchase was made to gain control of any company. He also proposed to double the withholding tax on the profits of American subsidiaries until 25 percent of the capital stock was sold to Canadians. To bring the budget closer into balance, he made all construction material and all machinery of production subject to Canada's 11 percent sales tax.

It was quickly demonstrated that Gordon's take-over tax was unworkable. The business interests which had supported the Liberals "to get rid of Diefenbaker" deserted Gordon in droves.

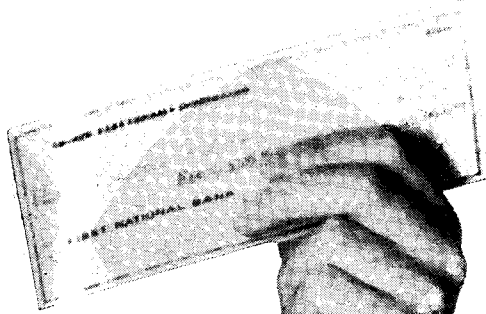
The construction industry joined the manufacturing industry in outraged protest. Gordon was forced to withdraw his take-over tax and stretch out the application of the sales tax. The process of American absorption of Canadian business has continued. The budget imbalance reached \$700 million in 1963, and a smaller deficit is forecast for 1964. Nevertheless, Gordon brought in a completely standpat budget for 1964, which made no important change in anything except to cut the withholding tax on American-subsidary corporate profits from 20 percent to 15 percent.

French separatism in Quebec

The best explanation for this complete reversal of form is that the Pearson Administration hopes to buy another year in which to find solutions to the country's internal difficulties. Of these, the outbreak of French separatism in Quebec is the most ominous. It is significant that even before Parliament passed the budget, Pearson and Gordon led a federal delegation to Quebec City for a conference with the premiers of the ten provinces. The conference, the latest in a long series of inter-provincial palavers over tax sharing and welfare responsibilities, settled very little. The concessions obtained by the other provinces failed to satisfy Quebec. Its refusal to participate has delayed the adoption of a comprehensive national pension plan. Pearson's announcement after the conference that the federal government would put the plan into effect without Quebec has set Ottawa and Quebec City on a collision course.

As relations between Ottawa and Quebec deteriorate, the problem of French separatism deepens. Unless this crisis is solved, it may lead to the destruction of Pearson's Liberal Party and turn Canadian politics into a bitter contest between English-speaking and French-speaking factions. Pearson's problem is complicated by the fact that he heads a minority government. In a House of Commons of 265 members, he has only 129 members. The Conservatives have 95, a strife-torn Social Credit Party 24, and the New Democratic Party 17. Only the divisions in the opposition ranks keep the Liberals in power.

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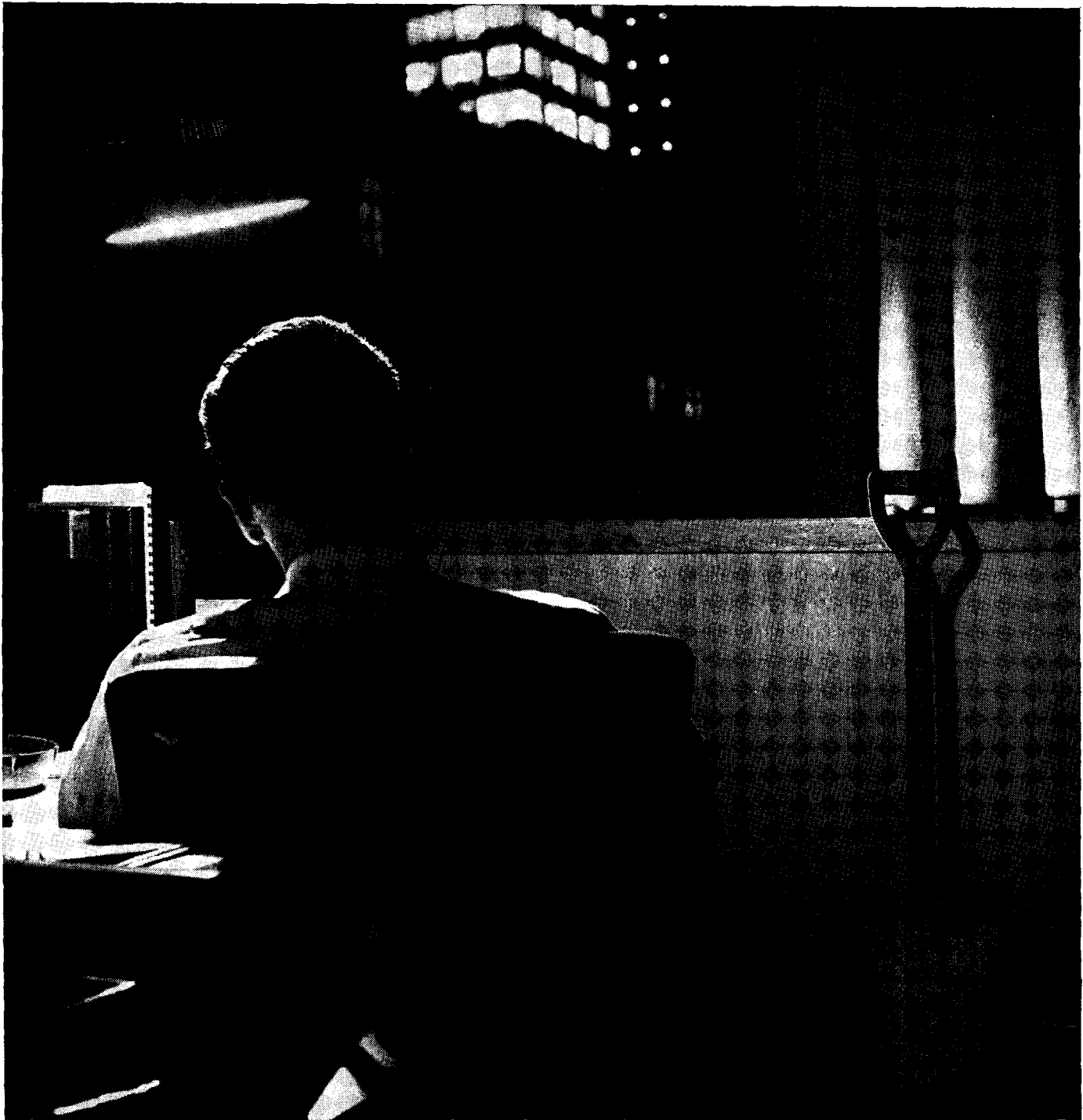
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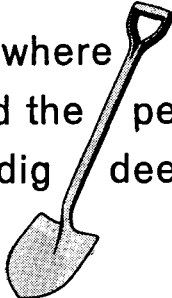
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Report on Canada

French Canadian nationalism in milder form has been a vexing problem of Canadian life for more than fifty years. French Canadians account for 5,500,000 of Canada's population of 19,000,000, and of these, three quarters live within Quebec Province. Quebec itself has a population of 5,000,000, made up of 3,254,000 who speak nothing but French, 600,000 Anglo-Canadians who speak nothing but English, and 1,338,000, mostly French Canadians, who speak both languages.

Canada's financial capital

The English-speaking Canadians live mainly in Montreal, where they dominate the industry, commerce, and finance of the province and, to a large extent, of the country. Only since World War II has Toronto seriously challenged Montreal as Canada's financial capital. Montreal is home for both Canadian railways, for two of its largest banks, for its great insurance and mortgage companies, and for 2,000,000 people. Until World War II, French Quebec was prepared to leave most of industry, finance, and commerce to the English. Predominately rural, farm-oriented, French Quebec was parochial, introverted, and isolationist. It participated hardly at all in the First World War and as little as possible in the Second.

World War II ended the rustic idyll. Young people from the farms and villages flocked into the cities by the thousands to take jobs in war factories and in the vast industrial expansion of the post-war era. Few were equipped by education or training for modern industry.

Until this year when the provincial government took over, education in the province was still controlled by the Roman Catholic Church. Its goal had been to train people for the Church, for politics, and for the law, not for business or science. Large families and low income forced many children out of inadequate schools with only a smattering of knowledge. They came into the labor market further handicapped by inability to speak English. It was small wonder that the better-paying jobs in Quebec industry went to the English Canadians, that

the French Canadians were the last hired and first fired and got all the dirty work to do.

For two hundred years, French Quebec sought to maintain its own culture and language by isolating itself from the main currents of English Canada. Similarly, the English-Canadian minority sought to maintain its independence by holding fast to the English language and isolating itself from French Quebec. It was able to do so because the language of commerce was English. Where bilingual employees were required, as in department stores, hotels, public transportation, it was the French who had to learn English. It was a galling experience for race-proud young French Canadians to have to give up their native language in order to survive in their own country. Every time they had to answer a customer in English, they were reminded of their inferior status.

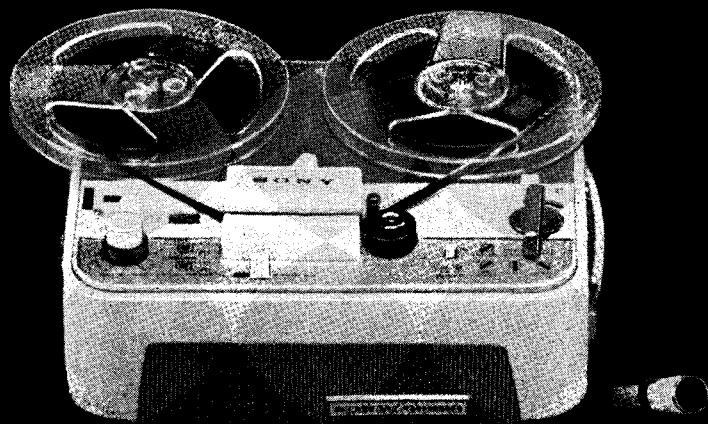
Lesage's reforms

For two generations Quebec has been governed provincially by a succession of corrupt, Tammanylike administrations. The last fell apart after the death of Premier Maurice Duplessis in 1959. For fifteen years, the Duplessis regime had kept a "states-rights" campaign mounted against the "centralizers" in the national government in Ottawa.

A new group of dedicated Liberal reformers headed by Jean Lesage and René Levesque swept into power on a wave of patriotic fervor in 1960 that somehow synthesized the age-old pent-up resentments of French Canada. They promised not only to put an end to corruption, which they did miraculously, but to build, within Quebec, a great industrial commonwealth in which French Canadians would find full scope for their ambitions. To achieve this, it would first be necessary to force Ottawa to grant Quebec fiscal autonomy, so that the money being taxed out of Quebec by Ottawa would be spent in Quebec by Quebec.

Quebec fell into step behind the reformers, but when the march toward Utopia slackened, groups of student-led extremists got into the act. Separatist sects sprang up, and violence broke out. There was an epidemic of mailbox bombing that

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Report on Canada

terrorized Montreal, war memorials were desecrated, armories were dynamited, and arms depots looted.

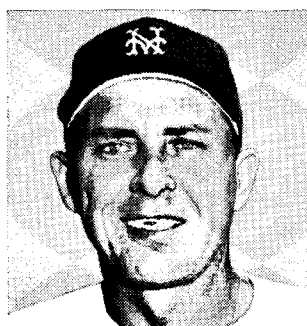
In the meantime, the Lesage government threw its full weight behind the drive for a better deal for French workers. The combination of violence and government pressure got the message across to English-speaking Quebec industry.

There followed a lot of frantic hunting to find French Canadian vice presidents to improve corporation images. Personnel policies were revamped to open avenues of promotion for French Canadians. Top executives were ordered to join in crash programs to learn conversational French. The language barricades around the English enclave began to come down. Between the accession of the Lesage Liberals in Quebec in 1960 and the success of the federal Liberals in 1963, a good start was made in righting some of the ancient wrongs in Quebec.

Squabbling over revenue

The Lesage drive for Quebec fiscal autonomy, however, bogged down. Under the Canadian constitution, the provinces are responsible for all educational and social welfare services, but their taxing powers are limited to direct taxation. The dominion government is unlimited in its taxing powers and is consigned no social responsibility. To finance needed social services, the system worked out has been one of sharing costs, with the dominion bearing the larger share and the provinces handling administration. The rich provinces, particularly Quebec, have campaigned to have the dominion vacate all or part of certain tax fields, such as income and corporation taxes, so that the provinces can finance their own welfare schemes. The poorer provinces reject this proposal; they want large subsidies from the dominion.

For more than thirty years the provincial governments have been squabbling with the federal government over division of revenue sources and social responsibility. Out of these agitations have come a succession of compromises for sharing revenues and responsibilities which

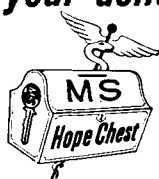


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Overweight children and teens often learn to eat excessive amounts of food at the family table

BEING FAT AND FLABBY not only may be unhealthy but also is looked upon, in this country, as very unfashionable. Overweight boys tend to be subject to as much scorn and teasing by their peers as are chubby girls, even though girls may often react more emotionally to the problem.

Losing excess weight usually is very difficult. It is always wise to have the advice and help of a physician in planning a weight control program. But parents who are truly interested in the healthful development of their children will make every effort they can to teach their children early in life to eat right—both in terms of providing essential nutrients and correct amounts of food to avoid adding extra and unnecessary pounds.

In most cases, overweight results from consuming more food, or calories, than the body needs. Some studies suggest there may be a relationship between obesity and physical inactivity. Parents should encourage otherwise healthy children to engage in a reasonable amount of physical exercise, and wise parents will set an example by doing the same thing.

PLAN FOOD INTAKE CAREFULLY

If children are taught fairly early in life to select foods valuable in terms of providing essential nutrients (protein, minerals, vitamins, etc.), it may be easier to help them control calorie intake, and it may be possible to avoid some of the confusion about whether certain foods are "fattening" or not. There is far too much folklore and not enough sound information in many weight control programs. Too many people depend upon the lures of "quick cure" artists who sell almost-magic programs and pills for losing weight without effort.

A weight control program is likely to succeed more readily if it is part of a plan for developing lifetime eating patterns. Unless the physician advises otherwise, a sensible program can be based on the Daily Food Guide which nutritionists have developed. The Guide fits the entire family. The person concerned about weight control can make selections from the same foods as other members of the family, but quantities will have to be adjusted to the calorie level desired.

THE GUIDE CAN HELP WEIGHT WATCHERS

By selecting foods as recommended in the Daily Food Guide, yet being certain that total calorie intake is balanced with daily energy needs, or is lower if weight reduction is the goal, the person concerned with weight control does not have to be treated as an "odd" member of the family. See instructions below for obtaining a complete copy of the Daily Food Guide, but here is an example of how the Guide suggests food selection to provide for a balanced diet:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: Children and teen-agers should drink 3-4 glasses of milk daily, while 2 glasses are recommended daily for adults. (Equivalent amounts of

milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream fit the pattern too.)

An 8-ounce glass of milk provides about 150 calories. We refer to milk's calories as "armored calories" because, unlike "empty calories," milk provides several important nutrients. Milk is the best food source of calcium (which is recommended in the diet of adults as well as for growing children and teen-agers). Milk also supplies riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism) and high quality protein which provides amino acids needed for body tissue development and repair. Milk also furnishes other vitamins and minerals.

Whole milk includes about 3.5% fat, and fat is necessary in the diet for such purposes as supplying essential fatty acids and for the transport of vitamins A and D. For a moderately active adult man, two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide 10-15% of his recommended daily calorie allowance. For a moderately active adult woman two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide about 14-20% of her calories. For teen-age boys 4 glasses of milk supply 18-22% of calories; for teen-age girls 25-30% of calories. These same quantities of milk, for each age group, also supply about 25% of the man's daily protein allowance, 31% for the adult woman, 35-44% for teen-age boys, and 45-50% for teen-age girls.

Milk is especially helpful in weight control diets because it does provide several essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories. In those cases where physicians recommend extensive reduction in daily calorie intake, low-fat or skim milk may be used instead of whole milk.

The Daily Food Guide recommends food selections from three other groups to round out the sources of essential nutrients. These are: (1) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (2) Fruits and Vegetables; (3) Breads and Cereals. Additional foods may be selected from outside these groups to provide the total calorie intake required by the individual.

Families who use the Daily Food Guide in meal planning and who help the young understand what food can, and cannot, do for them will find it easier to develop in the young those eating habits which are more likely to provide the essential nutrients and calories in sufficient amounts to maintain proper body weight. Food consumption is an important part of weight control. Teaching children to eat right can help.

For complete information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

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Report on Canada

satisfy nobody, and a patchwork of welfare services with costs shared between Ottawa and the provinces. The system is a product of necessity. The taxable profits from Canadian big business drain into Quebec and Ontario, where so many of the head offices are located. This drainage shrinks the taxation base of eight provinces and expands that of the two central provinces. Without Ottawa functioning to spread the wealth around, some of the "have not" provinces would be unable to maintain a decent level of social services.

New tax deal for Quebec

Immediately following the 1963 general election, in which Premier Lesage supported the Liberals, he announced that he was giving Ottawa one year to come up with a new tax deal for Quebec. When the Pearson government proposed to enact a national social security scheme, which Canada now lacks, Lesage declared that Quebec would not participate. Nor would it accept federal aid for education. Nor would it accept a national health scheme. It wanted "fiscal autonomy," the return to Quebec of "its" tax sources, so that it could finance its own welfare schemes.

Naturally, the Pearson Administration could not accede to Quebec's demands without provoking all the other provinces. Instead, it sought conciliation by a passionate courtship of French Canada. It launched a royal commission to encourage the spread of "Bilingualism and Biculturalism" across the country. All the federal government publications and releases are now printed in both English and French. So are all the tax forms and official documents. The publicly owned Canadian National Railways is being bilingualized, along with the civil service. The name of Trans-Canada Airlines is being changed to Air Canada, and its timetables are printed in English and French. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is scouring the hinterland for announcers with French accents.

Wanted: more French

Far from mollifying Quebec, the Pearson appeasement program

seemed to have made everything worse. René Levesque, the leader of the immoderate wing of the Lesage government, has repudiated the bicultural commission. Quebec wants the Canadian constitution to be rewritten to recognize Quebec's proper "national" status. Quebec, Levesque and his colleagues insist, is not like any other province. It is an equal partner in confederation and hence equal to the whole of English Canada. French Canadians have a right to have their children taught in French everywhere in Canada, Levesque has asserted. What French Canada itself wants is less bilingualism and much more French.

Nothing could be better designed to arouse the anger of the rest of Canada. West of Ontario, the French language is never heard. Canadians of Ukrainian and German origin far outnumber French Canadians there and regard the whole bilingual uproar as a personal affront. So do a dozen other racial minorities in the west, to say nothing of the majority of British stock. To many thousands of Canadians, particularly in Ontario, "French" has been a dirty word since the failure of Quebec to support wartime conscription. Most of the wartime sores, however, were slowly healing when the violence broke out in Quebec.

The saving grace in the Canadian situation is what Joseph Stalin once called the logic of things. Despite the separatists, who now number one out of eight in Quebec, Canada cannot exist without Quebec, and Quebec cannot exist without Canada. Everything is against separation; commerce, industry, finance, and transportation are so inextricably interwoven that untangling the Quebec parts is impossible. This, if nothing else, will keep the country together.

It is at the moment difficult to draw any firm conclusions. There is no way of telling whether Canada is at the beginning of a crisis, or is reaching the end of another chapter in the continuing story of mutual vexation between French Canada and English Canada. All that is certain is that Canadians are a lot more concerned about their own problems and are worrying a lot less about their neighbor.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Must the colleges police sex?

SIR:

Writing from a headmaster's point of view, I question seriously what I take to be John T. Rule's basic premise in "Must the Colleges Police Sex?" (April *Atlantic*). Unless the schoolboys who graduate every year in June undergo miraculous transformation before they enter college three months later in September, it seems to me that to be truly effective, the colleges must make the assumption that their students are *not* mature. It just could be that the colleges give students so much freedom so abruptly that their sense of responsibility is often overwhelmed.

I take sharp issue with teachers in schools or colleges who assert that the way to reach students is "to treat them as adults." They should treat students neither as adults nor as children, but as persons — persons who are becoming adult. By the time a student graduates from college he should, surely, approach adulthood. But even then, he cannot be more than a young adult; and to assume that his maturity comes sooner, as if it were a prerequisite of matriculation, is, in my opinion, foolish.

JAMES HOWARD
Headmaster, Blair Academy
Blairstown, N. J.

SIR:

We should thank John T. Rule, professor of engineering graphics and onetime dean of students at M.I.T., for posing in your April issue the question, "Must the colleges police sex?" I spent six years in one of the dormitories at M.I.T. as

faculty resident and housemaster, and I am obliged to him for exposing to open debate his particular reasoning on this difficult subject.

Professor Rule initiates his discourse with the statement, "The sources of student belief lie . . . in a shift of society's mode of judgment away from moral codes based in religion toward those based in individual psychological consequences." Judgments in every age are made in terms of goals to be achieved. It would be helpful to know more precisely what personal goals for the student Professor Rule is concerned about.

The above statement could mean that the absence of emotional distress is the significant value goal by which personal and social conduct are to be judged. However, it is clear that absence of emotional distress is not a goal that is particularly prized in an academic community. Students are necessarily subjected to great emotional stress by the demands of high academic standards and intense competition. Discipline is fundamental to academic achievement. It is not the discipline of the policeman, but of the disciple who willingly accepts the rigors of apprenticeship for the goal of mastery. Where goals are clear, self-discipline follows naturally. Well-defined goals for the communal life of a college would similarly permit the natural development of self-discipline. Where the college accepts responsibility for the nonacademic phases of student life, is it prepared to raise and require standards of personal relationships that are commensurate with those it requires academically?

To be permissive in parietal rules without clearly defined standards and in a community that perceives but dimly the principles of human relationships is to invite sexual anarchy. Although there is an essential conservatism and idealism in any body of aspiring young people, nevertheless I question the wishful assumption that students are best qualified to lead in the creation and application of communal goals and standards.

Where Professor Rule lists revolt and experimentation as two of the main elements in learning to accept social restrictions, I would insist that learning is more constructively accomplished by aspiration than by revolt. In the area of human action, thought experiments are one thing, but real experiments are another, because once action is taken, it is not possible to return to the starting place. What the student needs is not rationalization for accepting social restrictions, but personal and professional goals that can capture his allegiance and by which he can judge the restrictions of his society.

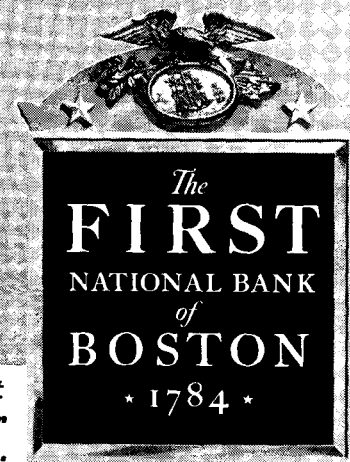
Refusal to admit girls into men's dormitories, or vice versa, is neither a punishment of the innocent nor the application of a double standard, one for adult society and the other for the student. It is not customary in any society for men and women who are not of the same family to entertain each other in their bedrooms.

Is the answer to a publicized "double standard" in sexual mores for men and women more sexual license for women or more sexual restraint for men? Advocacy of more

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sexual license, now that birth control removes the danger of pregnancy from the woman, is not a standard that inspires most of us. And this assertion is made in full realization of the aching need for affection and acceptance that every student feels under the stress of academic discipline.

Finally, the administrative authorities should recognize that goals and standards of excellence necessarily imply consequences for those who do not choose to commit themselves to these goals or to accept these standards. This is a simple fact.

Colleges may choose to set only academic standards; but then they should not accept the responsibilities of a dormitory system. They may also set standards for their dormitories but make dormitory residence optional. This would seem to me to provide the type of freedom Professor Rule is concerned about while allowing the college to proclaim to the student and the world what it believes is excellence of character and of personal relationships. To provide dormitories for all without standards of excellence and with the type of permissiveness advocated by Professor Rule is not only to invite confusion but also revolt. For revolt against anarchy and lack of leadership occurs as inexorably as it does against authoritarian legalism.

JOHN B. GOODENOUGH
*Lincoln Laboratory, M.I.T.
Lexington, Mass.*

SIR:

The number and the extent of the problems which our society faces are too great to allow stagnation. Mr. Rule's standpattism in such a crucial concern as sexual morality is exemplary of the perverse and insidious thinking in the administration of many colleges.

ERIC BREGMAN
*Harvard College
Cambridge, Mass.*

SIR:

John T. Rule, in his article "Must the Colleges Police Sex?" presents the thought that any standard a college might set to prevent immoral sexual relations is punishment in advance. If this is the case, should we then do away with all standards in every phase of life and let evil run rampant? Freedom of sex and morals has caused the downfall of

many strong nations in the past and can do the same to the United States of America in the future.

WILLIAM C. CARSON
*Minister of Christian Education
First Baptist Church
Merrick, N. Y.*

SIR:

I judge Mr. Rule's statement, "Limiting immorality is not teaching morality," to be a well-defined basis for his argument. The fact that he can sympathize with both the student and the administrator on the subject of restrictive legislation on campus makes it evident that he is a knowledgeable observer of this situation.

But how can the college, especially one that is state supported, effectively regulate a rather lenient system of legislation for the students? In a number of colleges where leniency now exists, administrators find themselves confronted with capacious arguments from students as to whether dormitory doors are to be open, unopened, locked, or unlocked while a student is entertaining someone of the opposite sex. This is just one of the many disparities that have arisen between students' wishes and administrators' ideals.

SUZANNE GOYETTE
*University of Miami
Coral Gables, Fla.*

SIR:

A college has no more right to direct the sexual conduct of its students than it does to prescribe what food they should eat or to dictate in any of their other private affairs. If the parents of a particular student who is a minor choose to regulate his behavior, this is a matter between the student and his parents and should be of no concern to the college. Otherwise, the student's free time, like anyone else's, is his to do with as he wishes, when he wishes, and where he wishes, so long as he stays within the law.

GEORGE H. BOOTH
Columbia, S. C.

There is obviously no simple or ready solution to the problems posed in Professor Rule's article. The opinions it evoked from ATLANTIC readers were as widely varied as the policies followed by the colleges themselves — public and private — in regard to sex on the campus. We are indebted to Professor Rule for having set forth facts and realities in the present-day situation which all

readers must consider before reaching their own conclusions on the subject.

—THE EDITORS

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

After reading "Zuppa Soup, Etc." by Charles W. Morton in the April *Atlantic*, I must bring to your attention a delicacy offered by the Hanover Inn, Hanover, New Hampshire: "Baked Macaroni and Cheese, Au Gratin."

D'ARCY EDMUNDSON
Winsor, Vt.

SIR:

The *Atlantic's* article "The Ghastly Blank" (February), excerpted from Alan Moorehead's *Coober's Creek*, is a picture of Australia as it was a century or more ago.

To people who still regard Australia as a "huge unknown wilderness," the following current summary may provide a relevant surprise.

On a percentage basis, Australia is more highly industrialized and urbanized than another rather well-known developed nation — namely, the United States.

Australians, per capita, drive more automobiles than Western Europeans; they save more money, read more books, own more of their own homes, manufacture cheaper steel, use more electric razors, and drink more scotch than Americans.

ARTHUR DENNING
*Commissioner for New South Wales, Australia
New York City*

SIR:

As president of the American Recorder Society, I should, were it possible to take J. G. Mitchell's "confession" ("Drop Thy Pipe . . ." in the March *Atlantic*) seriously, scurry down to the nearest tailor to be fitted for sackcloth and ashes.

What baffles me is that it took him fifteen years to realize the recorder is a difficult instrument to master. Most recorder players get to know that in the first six months.

Yet thousands stay with the instrument year after year. Why? The amateur recorder player knows full well from his own experience what deep satisfactions can be derived from the instrument, and the professional has amply demonstrated what satisfying music can be extracted from it.

A. C. GLASSGOLD
New York City

Is integration the answer?

SIR:

In Oscar Handlin's article "Is Integration the Answer?" (March *Atlantic*), I find the following sentence: "No evidence supports the assertion that there are inherent disparities in the intelligence of human groups."

This statement is incorrect. There is a quantity of evidence on the subject, and it is overwhelmingly on the side of the existence of inherent intellectual disparities between races. While space does not allow my detailing this evidence here, I shall supply it to any reader who writes me.

Handlin is also incorrect in his assertion that black children at the bottom of classes in mixed schools "present no threat" to the white children. Experience has shown that both the white and Negro children suffer. I recommend on this point a reading of the opinion of the federal judge in *Stell vs. Savannah Board of Education*, 220 F. Supp. 667 (S.D. Ga. 1963).

Finally, I dispute Handlin's assumption that the Negro has a constitutional "right" to integration. No such right can be found in the Constitution save through the unique interpretation placed upon it by the Supreme Court in its 1954 decision. That decision has now been shown to have been based upon a misreading of the scientific evidence by the chief witness, as well as upon the omission of most of the relevant material (see *Stell, supra*). Thus, Handlin uses as the foundation of his argument the very point he has failed to sustain.

CARLETON PUTNAM
McLean, Va.

I long since gave up the hope of persuading Mr. Putnam. But the readers of my article will recall that I did not say that the Negro had a right to integrate, only to be protected against discrimination. That was the point of my argument as it was of the Supreme Court decision.

The STELL case, to which reference is made, is the product of a ruling by a Georgia judge; I have no doubt but that his decision will be overturned on appeal. I am also familiar with the "evidence" of inherent intellectual disparities to which Mr. Putnam refers. I have dealt with it, in greater detail than the article would permit, in my book *FIRE-BELL IN THE NIGHT*, which was published in May. — OSCAR HANDLIN



CUTTING A TENNESSEE WHISKEY TREE is the quickest step of the ancient process we still use to gentle Jack Daniel's.

Good woodsmen can cut a hard maple on high ground in 20 minutes. It takes 3 days to saw it up and properly rick-burn it to charcoal. Then it's packed tightly in vats 10 feet deep, and our whiskey is seeped down through it . . . drop by drop . . . for 10 unhurried days. This is the ancient Charcoal Mellowing process. And the sippin' smooth difference it gives Jack Daniel's is worth every minute it takes.

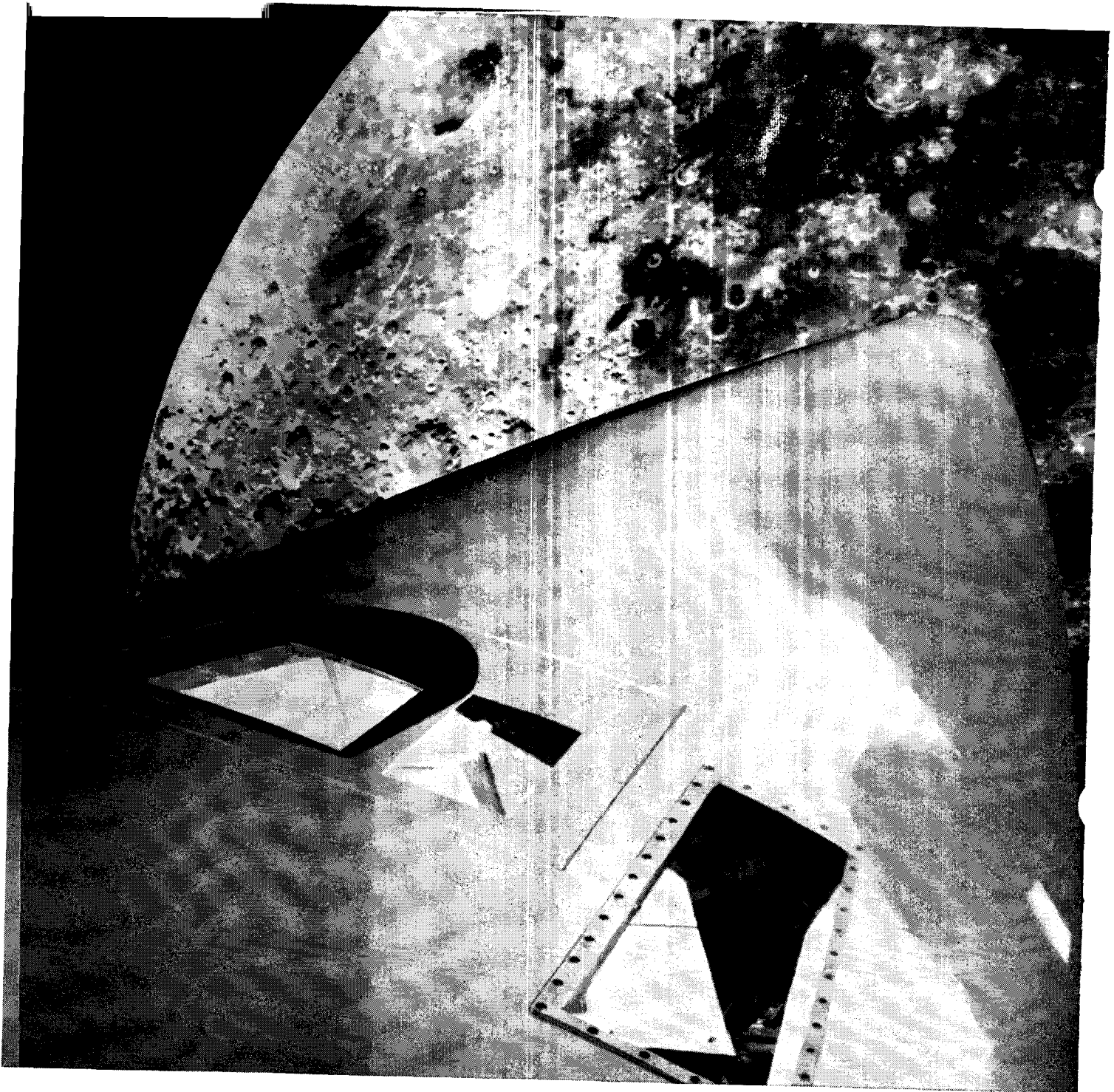


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Report on space travel:

IBM computers "land" a man on the Moon

A STUDIOUS young scientist named Dr. Bret Charipper recently flew to the moon.

For Dr. Charipper it was a routine trip. He made it in a spacecraft mock-up at IBM's Space Guidance Center in Owego, New York.

While his colleagues—and an IBM computer—monitored his controls, Dr. Charipper blasted his spacecraft out of a simulated orbit around the moon and watched the lunar mountains grow big on his viewing panel.

Six minutes later, he eased his craft down toward the designated landing area—the center of a large crater.

Though "simulated," these flights are of the highest scientific importance to



Men, with the help of IBM computers, are solving the problems of travel in outer space without leaving the ground.

man's travel in space. Thousands of them have been made by scientists at research centers studying space travel.

For instance, IBM computers are now helping engineers understand the complex problems that Project Gemini astronauts will encounter in space. Three minutes after each simulated flight, the computer prints out a record of the pilots' performance, including spacecraft control and landing accuracy.

Simulation—the science of testing events before they occur

Space travel is only one of many fields now being diligently explored by IBM computers, with the help of special simulation programs.

A simulation program actually supplies a computer with a mathematical "model" of a project *while it's still on the drawing board.*

The computer can then predict in great detail how that project will function under hundreds of different—or changing—circumstances.

IBM simulation programs are helping engineers find out how new highways will cope with different traffic conditions—before spending a dollar for their construction.

Other simulation programs are helping the U.S. Weather Bureau investigate ways to forecast weather months in advance. This research could someday lead to actual weather control.

Computer simulation is testing out the designs of tomorrow's passenger planes, the types of stores we'll be shopping in, and hundreds of new ideas that will improve our daily life in the years to come.

Computers don't think. They are only machines. But thinking men use them to analyze more things at once than the mind can possibly grasp. With the new simulation programs, computers are helping man's most daring dreams become a reality, including that eventual landing to explore the moon.

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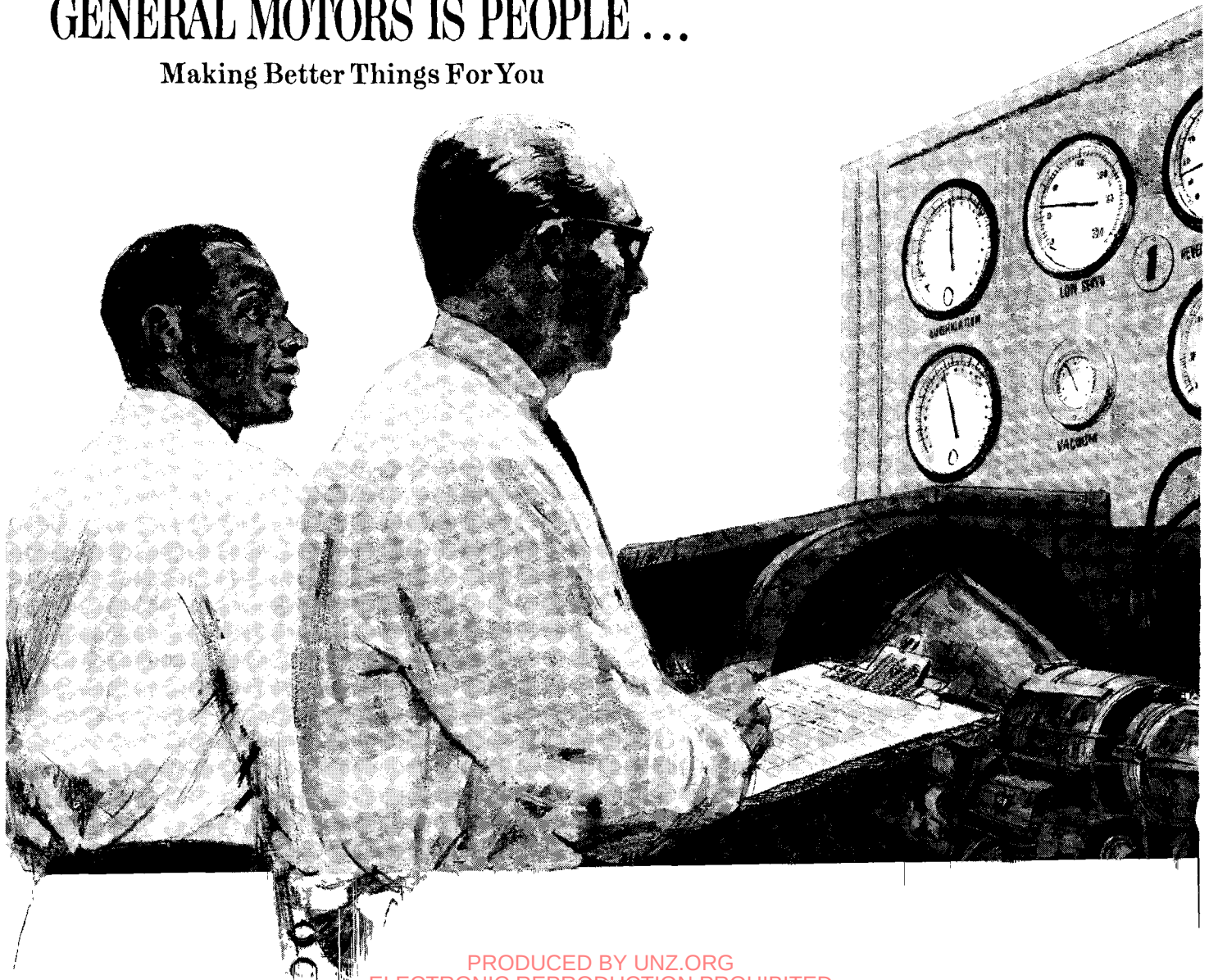
Assignment: Quality Control. He's a very special engineer at General Motors—a key man in a corporation which regards product dependability as a prime responsibility to its customers. He and a GM inspector are shown giving this transmission a final check. In addition to keeping an eagle eye on every phase of manufacturing, the quality control engineer is closely concerned with preliminary design and engineering. More than 13,000 individual parts go into a GM car, and every one must be as reliable as men and machines can make it. Raw materials, components, subassemblies—all get meticulous scrutiny. Tolerances to within *fifty millionths* of an inch are commonplace.

Among GM production employes, about *one of every twelve* devotes full time to quality control or inspection. Approximately 50,000 inspections are involved in the building of a single car. In addition, every machine operator has the responsibility for the quality of his work and performance of his machine. He can accept or reject any part he makes. His work is checked by the quality control engineer and the inspector, who analyze machine capabilities and predict machine inaccuracy *before* it occurs—not after.

They're mighty important people, these GM quality control engineers. They have an exacting job, and they take pride in doing it well. GM products bear witness to their effectiveness.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE ...

Making Better Things For You



THE PERMANENT POOR

The Lesson of Eastern Kentucky

BY HARRY M. CAUDILL

"Fifty years ago, 700,000 American coal miners were able to mine less coal than 140,000 dig today," says HARRY M. CAUDILL. What has happened to the men who have been replaced by mechanization in eastern Kentucky is but a part of the misery that afflicts many great cities. Harry M. Caudill, an attorney in Whitesburg, Kentucky, is author of NIGHT COMES TO THE CUMBERLAND.

THE Cumberland Plateau of Kentucky is one of the great natural resource regions of the American continent. Industrialists bought up its great wealth three quarters of a century ago and soon after 1900 commenced the large-scale extraction of its timber and minerals. When the development of the eastern Kentucky coalfields began, mining was largely a manual pursuit. Mining machines were displacing mules and ponies, and electricity was making it possible to do an increasing number of tasks with electric power rather than muscle power. Nevertheless, some of the undercutting of coal, much of the drilling, and practically all of the loading into cars were done by armies of grit-blackened miners. Industrial wages enticed thousands of mountaineers to turn from the plow and hoe to the pick and shovel. Hordes of Negroes were induced away from the cotton rows of Georgia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama and forsook plantation life for the mines. Shiploads of Europeans were brought to the southern coalfield. The extraction of the region's mineral wealth was undertaken in the atmosphere of a tremendous industrial boom.

The Depression destroyed the coalfield's prosperity, but the Second World War revived it, and for a few years the boom returned and the miner was again a useful and honored citizen. The coal

industry depended upon his skill and courage, and steel production, electric-power generation, and other basic industries were dependent upon coal. The collapse of the war and of the post-war boom is now history, and we have an opportunity to reflect upon the social, political, and economic consequences that result when a modernized industry is able to cast aside three quarters of its workmen within the span of a decade.

In the post-war years technologists were able to design and manufacture machines of remarkable power and efficiency. Their genius was nowhere better demonstrated than in the coal industry. Devices were developed for boring directly back into the face of the coal seam, and chewing out immense quantities of the mineral, thus eliminating the need to undercut or blast the seam. Simultaneously, the conveyor belt displaced the tracks, mining locomotives, and strings of cars in many mines. Roof bolting made its appearance. This method of supporting the roof eliminated the need for wooden props and proved most effective. A single mechanical loading machine could load more coal than two dozen hardworking shovelers.

Machines were costly, but investment capital was plentiful. The mine operators borrowed from the banks and mechanized and automated the mines and tipples to a remarkable degree. Big,

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amply financed operations bought up their small competitors. Many inefficient and nearly worked-out pits suspended operations altogether. Thus in a few years the fragmented and archaic coal industry became surprisingly modern and technologically advanced. The operators were delighted. Corporations that were bankrupt only a few years before now basked in a sustained new prosperity. For example, Consolidation Coal Company, which had been in receivership, paid off all its obligations and acquired a controlling interest in Chrysler Corporation.

While a new optimism pervaded the offices of the automated and mechanized companies, disaster befell thousands of the men who had depended for so long upon the old industry. By the thousands they found the scrip offices and payroll windows closed in their faces. Mining companies for which they and their fathers had worked, in some instances for two generations, simply vanished altogether. Some three fourths of eastern Kentucky's miners found themselves without work. They had become the victims of a materialistic social order which venerates efficiency and wealth above all other things and largely disregards social and human consequences. When they were no longer needed, their employers dropped them as a coal miner might have thrown away the scrip coins of a bankrupt company.

The legions of industrial outcasts were left with three choices. They could leave the area and find work elsewhere if employment of any kind could be found. Many thousands followed this course, and the population of the mining counties subsided dramatically. A third of the people fled from the shadow of starvation.

They could remain within the region and attempt to live by mining coal from the thin seams not monopolized by the big and highly efficient operations. These men could operate small "dog-hole" mines with little equipment and trifling capital, pitting their arms and backs against the tireless machines of their big competitors. They were goaded to desperation by the fact that in a camp house or a creek shanty a wife and five to ten children depended upon them for clothes and bread. They had been educated for the mines at a time when little formal education was required for that calling. Thus, in the contest with the big coal corporations they could contribute little except their muscles and their will. Thousands entered these small mines, often "gang-working" as partners and sharing the meager profits at paydays.

In the third situation was the miner who for one reason or another could not or would not leave the area, and found that however hard he toiled in the small mines his income was too meager to provide for the needs of his household. He and his family

became charges of the government. Federal and state agencies came to his relief with a wide variety of cash and commodity doles. He was confined to a kind of dull, bleak reservation-existence reminiscent of that imposed by military fiat on the reservation Indians of the Western plains.

Living by welfare, without work and without purpose save existence, these numerous mountaineers settled down to while away the years and await developments.

The men who left the region for the great cities of the North and Middle West did not always find smooth sailing. The rapid process of industrial modernization which had first, and so dramatically, waved its wand across the eastern Kentucky coalfield had penetrated into the immense industrial complexes of the nation's cities. Assembly lines which had traditionally required hundreds of swarming workmen were reorganized, and wonderfully efficient machines were introduced into the automobile and other great manufacturing industries. In many instances, these machines were guided by sensitive electronic masters which, with belts of punched plastic and electric current, could impose unerring and immediate obedience.

IN SOME respects, to be sure, eastern Kentucky is unique. Its people were dependent for fifty years on but a single industry, and, remarkably, they were an industrial people living in a rural rather than an urban setting. The coal industry, like extractive industries generally, invested little of its profits back in the region and allowed its communities to maintain schools of only the most rudimentary sort. It created an environment which left its workmen almost totally dependent upon their employers for bread and leadership, then provided only a small measure of the former and practically none of the latter. Nevertheless, the collapse of coal as a mass hirer of men left in the Kentucky mountains a splendid case study of the social and political implications arising from the displacement of men by machines.

Government at all levels was wholly unprepared for the dramatic developments that ensued. To be sure, these developments were a logical outgrowth of the continuing industrial revolution, which, once set in motion, appears to be destined to carry us inevitably toward a day when a few people and many machines will do the work for a leisurely population of consumers. But between the first spinning jenny and the distant utopia lie many pitfalls, some of which yawn before us today.

In short, government in our democratic society proved practically bankrupt of ideas when confronted with this new challenge. Hoping against

hope that expansion in other industries would eventually absorb the displaced miners, government agencies waited. When the stranded miner had exhausted his unemployment insurance benefits and his savings, when he had come to the ragged edge of starvation and was cloaked in bewilderment and frustration, government came to his rescue with the dole. It arranged to give him a bag of cheese, rice, cornmeal, beef, butter, and dried milk solids at intervals, and in most instances to send him a small check. Having thus contrived to keep the miner and his family alive, the government lost interest in him. Appropriations were made from time to time for his sustenance, but little thought was given to his spirit, his character, his manhood. He was left to dry-rot in the vast paleface reservation created for his perpetuation in his native hills.

And, inevitably, he fell prey to the politicians who dispense the bread and money by which he lives. Coal mining and thirty years of subservience to the scrip window had already done much to impair the mountaineer's ability to adapt well to rapidly changing circumstances. He had dwelt too long as a kind of industrial serf in company-owned houses, on company-owned streets, in company-owned towns. For too long the company had buffered him from the swift-flowing social and economic tides swirling in the world outside his narrow valleys. When his employers cast him aside, he still possessed only a single valuable remnant of his birthright — the ballot. He was essential to the politicians because he could vote, so he was placed in a sort of suspended animation in which he came fully to life only at election time. He became increasingly dependent upon the political machines that ran his counties. He accepted the food doles and the welfare checks and ratified the arrangement by voting for the men and women who thus sustained him. The politicians expanded their operations into other fields where public funds could make the difference between life and death. In all too many counties they captured the school systems, thereby acquiring large new sums to be dispensed as patronage. The positions of school-teacher, bus driver, lunchroom director, truant officer, and a multitude of others were treated as so many plums to be dispensed to the acquiescent, the obedient, and the meek. The union of school politics and welfare politics resulted in a formidable prodigy indeed. Its power was quickly recognized at Frankfort and Washington. New political pacts were made, and a wide range of state jobs were placed at the disposal of the local overlords. Thus their power became virtually complete.

Today in many eastern Kentucky counties political machines of remarkable efficiency are to be found. Their effectiveness surpasses Tammany

Hall at its best. In a typical county the school board and state agencies control the biggest pay-rolls. The politicians who run them can also reach and influence the many small merchants, automobile dealers, and service-station operators with whom they do business. Thus they are masters of the majority of those who still work for a living.

The state and federal governments act as tax-collecting enterprises, which funnel vast sums into the hands of merciless and amoral local political dynasties. The county machines dispense the funds so as to perpetuate themselves and their allies at Frankfort and Washington. Increasingly, these omniscient organizations manage to gather into their hands funds and gifts from private charities, including even the American Red Cross. Taxpayers in fifty states, oblivious to what their dollars buy, pay little heed to this ominous course of events.

These developments raise a disquieting question which Americans have never confronted before:

How fares the American concept of government of the people, by the people, and for the people when a clear majority become permanently dependent upon and subservient to their elected leaders?

Indeed, can democratic government survive at all in such a setting?

THE situation in eastern Kentucky is new to the American scene, but much of the pattern is as old as Rome.

In ancient Italy the social order was remarkably healthy so long as the populace consisted, in the main, of freeholding farmers and self-employed artisans and artificers. The scene darkened when Roman armies conquered distant territories and sent home multitudes of captives. The rich bought up the small plots of farmers and cultivated the resultant plantations with the labor of slaves. Other slaves were set to work in mass manufactories. Because of their great numbers, their carefully planned organization, and their specialization, they were able to produce far more cheaply than their self-employed, free competitors. The corporations that ran these huge enterprises provided grain, leather goods, cloth, and weapons for the empire. The free men and women flocked to the towns and cities to cluster in slums. To keep them orderly the government fed them, clothed them, and entertained them with games. An astoundingly complex system of doles and subsidies was perfected to sustain the idled millions of Roman citizens. In idleness the Roman decayed. He became bitter, vengeful, irresponsible, and bloodthirsty. The mutterings of Roman mobs came to speak more loudly

than the voice of Caesar. Rome withered within, long before alien armies crashed through her walls.

These ancient events cast shadows of portent for us today. The machine is a far more profitable servant than any slave. It is untiring, wears out slowly, and requires no food or medication. Technological progress is inexorable and moves toward perfection. What will be the final consequences of it all for the American ideals of equality, liberty, and justice?

We are in the throes of a rapidly quickening new technological revolution. Fifty years ago 700,000 American coal miners were able to mine less coal than 140,000 dig today. Experts tell us that coal production may double by 1980 without any increase in the number of miners. Automobile production increases year by year, but the number of workmen declines. In every field of manufacturing, sensitive, accurate, unfailing steel monsters crowd men and women from workbench and turning lathe, from well and mine. On the land the number of farmers decreases as farms are consolidated into giant tracts. Tractors and mechanical cotton pickers and threshers have rendered the farm laborer as obsolete as the coal miner of 1945.

NEW turns of the technological wheel are in sight. In twenty years nuclear power may render all fossil fuels obsolete, valued only for their chemical derivatives. If this occurs, new legions of workmen will follow the coal miner into abrupt obsolescence.

On the material side, this revolution undoubtedly represents only progress. It brings us more and more goods for less and less work, thus bringing to fruition one of mankind's ancient dreams.

But what of man's social, spiritual, and political aspects? Is it possible we are moving rapidly forward on the one hand and going backward to barbarism on the other?

What is to become of the jobless miner who takes his family to a Chicago housing development, there to press in upon a onetime automobile assembler from Detroit and a discarded tool and die maker from Pittsburgh? What results when these men and their wives and children are joined by a Negro from Mississippi whose job as a cotton picker was taken over by a machine, or by a white hill-farmer from Tennessee whose ninety acres could not produce corn in competition with the splendidly mechanized farms of Iowa? Are the mushrooming housing developments of the great cities to become the habitations of millions of permanently idled people, supported by a welfare program as ruinous as the one devised by the Caesars? Are whole segments of American citizenry to be consigned to lifetimes of vexatious idleness, resentment, and bit-

terness? Are these centers to become vast new slums out of which will issue the ominous rumblings of titanic new mobs?

And what torrents of new bitterness will be added to the nation's bloodstream when computers send multitudes of white-collar workers into abrupt idleness in the mortgaged houses of suburbia?

In my opinion these questions pose the foremost issue of our time.

It strikes me that our scientists may develop the explosive power to send a few Americans to Mars while, simultaneously, our society prepares a vastly greater explosive power among disillusioned millions of Americans who remain behind on our own battered planet.

The industrialists who run the eastern Kentucky coalfield laid careful plans for the creation and use of mining machines but cast aside their mining men as lightheartedly as one might discard a banana peel. Most of the victims of this callous treatment accepted their fate resignedly. Some did not, however, and in the winter of 1962-1963 the hills in four eastern Kentucky counties resounded with gunfire and nocturnal explosions. For several months a situation bordering on anarchy prevailed across a wide region. Tipples and mines were blasted. Automobiles, power lines, and mining machines were destroyed. Such acts were committed by desperate men seeking to strike at a social and economic order which had rejected them.

Today the challenge of eastern Kentucky is a great national challenge. If we can triumph over it, the solutions we find will offer hope to the entire nation. Increasingly, the agony of eastern Kentucky is but a part of the misery that afflicts great cities, mill towns, and mining regions everywhere. The pain grows out of the evil paradox of mass idleness in the midst of booming production.

Liberty, like a chain, is no stronger than its weakest part. If the freedom and well-being of a part of the people are lost, the freedom and well-being of all are mortally imperiled. If the nation writes off our southern highlands as unworthy of rescue and rehabilitation, then the nation as a whole is unworthy of survival. As an optimist and a liberal I believe that the nation will rise to the challenge of the depressed and backward Appalachian region, and that in so doing, it will find many of the answers that democracy requires for survival throughout the nation.

A population equivalent to the present population of New York State is being added to the nation every four or five years. Technology eliminates some 40,000 jobs each week. These facts tell us that we must successfully master new frontiers of social justice, and do so in a hurry, or become another nation of regimented serfs.

A social and political crisis of the first magni-

tude will confront America before the end of another decade. Substitutes for such presently accepted goals as full employment will have to be found. Fresh definitions of the concepts of work, leisure, abundance, and scarcity are imperatively needed. Economic theories adequate to an infant industrial revolution are wholly unsatisfactory when applied to a full-fledged scientific revolution such as that which now engulfs us. The complexity and interdependence of the scientific-industrial nation call for national planning and action. Government must and will intervene more and more in the nation's industrial life. The destiny toward which we move is a national economy under the law. A radical change in public attitude toward law and government is necessary if the general welfare is to be achieved without the total sacrifice of individual liberty. Having bargained for the benefits of technology on all fronts, law is our only means of assuring that it serves the common good.

In 1963 the American economy brought unprecedented prosperity to some 80 percent of the people. Simultaneously, a segment of the population as numerous as the inhabitants of Poland consisted of paupers, and 5.5 percent of the nation's breadwinners were without jobs. Clearly a new tack must be taken soon unless America the Beautiful is to become a crazy quilt of bustle and sloth, brilliance and ignorance, magnificence and squalor.

For more than a dozen years the prevailing political ideology has implemented a *de facto* return to the Articles of Confederation. This doctrine holds that action at the state or local level is admirable while any direct effort by Washington to deal with social or economic malaise is un-American and dangerous. The result is a growing paralysis of the national government as an instrumentality of the public will. This reasoning has brought tremendous outpouring of federal grants-in-aid to states and communities, under circumstances which en-

tail much waste and, often, minimal benefits.

In eastern Kentucky, and in many other depressed areas, the state government will not act effectively to combat poverty and economic decline because it is allied to or controlled by the interests that produced the problems. Thus, state officials talk piously about reform but strenuously oppose any real effort to attack the status quo. They respond to the political machines nurtured by welfare grants and founded on impoverished and dependent citizens. It is not too much to expect that, as matters now stand, federal funds trickling through state treasuries will finance the rebuilding of new political machines in practically every state — machines more odious than those once bossed by Crump, Pendergast, and Hague.

Common sense and past experience argue strongly for a system of federally administered public works. Only in America are able-bodied men permitted to loaf in idleness amid a profusion of unperformed tasks. Should not the thousands of jobless Kentucky coal miners be set to work reforesting the wasted hills, building decent consolidated schoolhouses and roads, and providing decent housing in lieu of the dreadful shacks that now dot every creek and hollow? And why not a modernized version of TVA — a Southern Mountain Authority — to develop the immense hydro- and thermal-power potential of the Appalachian South for the benefit of the entire nation, and to stop the hideous waste of the land now being wrought by the strip- and auger-mining industries? What of the possibility of an educational Peace Corps to break the old cycle of poor schools, poor job preparation, poor pay, and poor people?

Unless the nation can profit from the terrible lesson eastern Kentucky so poignantly teaches, new multitudes of once prosperous Americans may find themselves slipping inexorably into an economic mire that breeds poverty, despair, dependency, and, eventually, revolution.

BOOKS and MEN *There is a widespread curiosity about the manuscripts known to include prose and poetry about the Second World War which Ernest Hemingway did not release for publication before his death. The first of the posthumous volumes, A MOVEABLE FEAST, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May, is the subject of this lively evaluation by ALFRED KAZIN, and it is hoped that there will be others to come. All of the Hemingway papers and manuscripts will eventually be placed in the care of the Kennedy Memorial Library.*

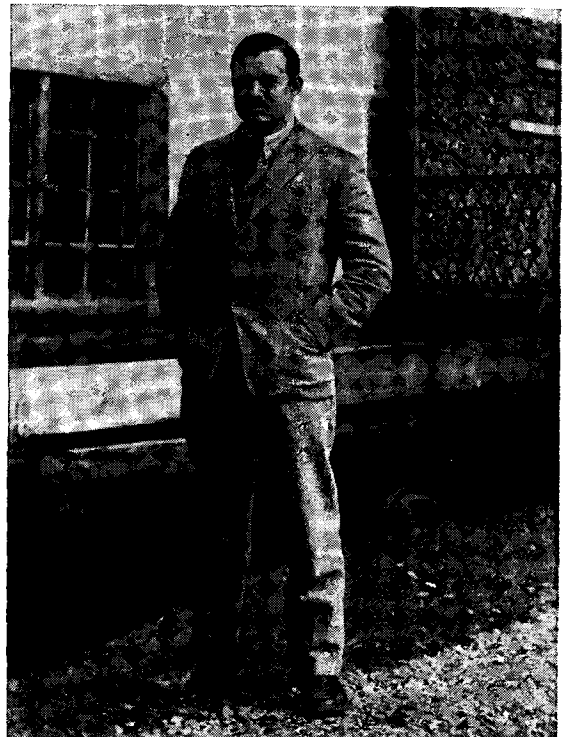
Hemingway As His Own Fable

by ALFRED KAZIN

THE other day I heard a solemnly uninteresting young writer say that when he wrote fiction, he never thought of real people and situations; novelists who "used" real people lacked the imagination of art. It always does me good to hear such strictness from people who have no great instinct for narrative. They remind me of the many first-class writers who have consciously altered, combined, and retouched real facts to provide us with pleasures of the imagination. To recall the model is to see how life verges on imagination. Every person's life falls into fiction whenever he writes it as a story.

Of course, there have been remarkable novelists who never consciously had to use models at all, whose characters mysteriously appeared all entire to their minds. Faulkner said this about the Compson children in *The Sound and the Fury*, and I believe him, as I believe analogous claims by Balzac and would not have believed them if presented by the authors of *La Chartreuse de Parme*, *David Copperfield*, *War and Peace*, *Ulysses*. On the other hand, every reader of fiction knows the exquisite cruelty of being forced to join some novelist's family and to suffer his family troubles all unchanged and unassimilated by art. Indeed, when you consider how many people turn to "fiction" only to discharge at us their awful relatives and lost loves, it is remarkable how steadily, still, good novelists depend on real people in order to create imaginatively. A good novelist will often return to facts already used in his fiction, even recorded in his memoirs, in order to make fresh use of his imagination.

Ernest Hemingway constantly used real people and situations in his fiction. He also liked to write "personal" books about bullfighting in Spain and hunting in Africa, as he liked to write about wars he had seen and to make pronouncements about other writers. He was a legend, and he liked to write about himself, wryly but not self-deprecat-



Hemingway in Paris

ingly, against the background of the legend. He was one of the most famous people in the world, he was literary material to people who had seen him once in a restaurant, and he was always conscious of himself as he was, as he had been, as he still wanted to be. He read everything written about himself and suffered over it. He was a secretly vulnerable man, yet he was fascinated as well as provoked by the literary use that others made of his books. By the time he sat down to write anything, he was so conscious of what he had experienced, what he had already written about it, and what others had written, that he had as much to triumph over the critics, imitators, and scholars as he did over his early self. Hemingway

Photograph from A MOVEABLE FEAST by Ernest Hemingway, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1964.

wrote so much, in his fiction and out of it, about his parents, his wives, his hunting companions, his newspaper cronies (sometimes using their real names and known nicknames). he was so open, interested, and driving in this use of his experiences, that the real question about him is not whether he invented anything, but why his own life became the very ritual of his imagination. Obviously he sensed a design to his life, immanent but never yet finally expressed. Like Nick Adams in "Big Two-Hearted River," the last and subtlest story in *In Our Time*, Hemingway had to go back to the country of his youth, back to that burned-out land in upper Michigan, to those favorite fishing places beyond the swamp that now looked so shadowy in the half-light. He was still testing himself, ritually repeating certain exertions when, in and out of his fiction, he described writers learning their craft as if each were still a young fisherman and camper laboriously making his way, alone, through broken country.

So much impulse to autobiography probably springs from some deeply uneasy sense of one's self as detached from early kindred and natural ties. But to a writer like Hemingway the effect of such detachment is not to make oneself powerless, but, on the contrary, to be seized by the possibilities of a new subject — by the self as an aesthetic and dramatic unit whose moving, walking, eating, drinking, loving, fearing, and tasting become marvelously vivid material. People today are notoriously not more independent and self-directing than they used to be, but more personal, more concerned with the self, more solicitous of and interested in the self than people used to be. Romanticism, psychology, and middle-class solicitude for oneself have made up the background of our interest in Hemingway. And it is the intense, almost clinical accuracy with which Hemingway has been able to convey the self's sensations, as if each were called up for some separate erogenous zone, that is behind the physical excitement with which one reads Hemingway even at his worst. Hemingway is the great modern poet of the self as all-sufficient subject. What the self thinks, wants, eats, drinks, loves, and hates, Hemingway had put into relief as sharp and beautiful as the head of a lady poised against far-off mountains and valleys in a painting of the Italian Renaissance. But to be this much concerned with the exact feel of pebbles in your boots and the shock with which your shoulder can receive the recoil of a gun, with the coldness of a martini glass in your hand and the brightness of the stars overhead as you make love, is to identify the strength of writing with the presentation of the self. So much emphasis on the self as artistic subject is to turn other people into irrelevancies and distractions.

But the subject fascinated Hemingway; his lyric imagination was bound up with it; like a matador performing best the turns he has made famous, Hemingway was sure of success whenever he turned to certain rites of hunting and fishing, certain memories of Paris and Spain. No matter how often and subtly he had used them before, he had still once more to return as autobiographer to the scenes he had used first as a writer of fiction. Whatever the original incident might have been, the memory of it had for him become a fable whose very nature it was to be retold and to be changed every time it was brought out again.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is surely one way of writing fiction, and for the fiction writer who may have slowed up, a way of getting back into fiction. The reader of Hemingway's posthumous memoir of Paris in the twenties, *A Moveable Feast* (Scribner's, \$4.95), who of course already knows a lot about Hemingway, quickly suspects that whatever may have been the original facts behind Hemingway's ruptures with Gertrude Stein, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ford Madox Ford, and Hadley Richardson (the first Mrs. Hemingway), he will never get them here. The book is too splendidly, too artfully written; the chapters are sketches and anecdotes often as fine in their texture as Hemingway's famous stories; the dialogue is too witty; and the real plot of the book — a young writer's struggles, his success, and the loss of innocence, first marriage, and youthful happiness — has been used up in so many novels and plays that Hemingway was smart to try this as memoir, though you cannot tell the truth about marriage in an autobiography, for in marriage there are two characters.

Hemingway used to say that he wanted to write a novel about his home town, Oak Park, but could not for fear of hurting living people. Most of the people he pulls to pieces in this book, including the second Mrs. Hemingway, are dead, and, of course, Hemingway is not around to hear the protests anyway. Yet it is highly probable that in this book he did a job on Gertrude Stein, Scott Fitzgerald, and Ford Madox Ford because the failed writer, the neglected genius, the has-been writer was a type that always pleased his imagination; Oak Park, actually, was a subject he had never tried directly. And while he is as mean — and as stealthily mean — on the subject of other writers' anxieties and absurdities as even a writer can get, it is also a fact that the Paris setting of his early strivings was a subject he could always "handle"; he never handled it more suavely and lyrically than he did in this book.

A Moveable Feast is a fable, not because the ma-

terial in it is untrue, but because it has been so lovingly cherished and retraced by the author himself. The uneasy Hemingway at sixty-one fondly draws his portrait at twenty-two: strong, modest, loving, learning to write, steeling himself to write even though he does not sell. He has given up journalism in order to write stories in Paris, he has a wife and young baby, he is so poor that he wears a sweatshirt for underwear, he is often hungry. But this is Paris in the early twenties, the best place in the world to live and work, for the French have a way of life into which all needs easily fit, as they have cafés where a young fellow can sit for hours over a *café crème* and write "Up In Michigan."

See him now in his café with his sweatshirt under his shirt, his blue-backed notebook to write in, his two pencils, and his little pencil sharpener — he is so hungry that his characters talk about food all the time, he is interrupted by effeminate poseurs and would-be writers, but the quiet old waiters wounded in the war smile on him, and all Paris waits after work to be walked in, to be enjoyed like a woman. He is making history. After him, no good young writer will ever want to write like John Galsworthy, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, Compton Mackenzie, G. K. Chesterton. You think this is less of an American fable than Huck Finn on a raft, Ben Franklin waiting for his kite to be hit by lightning? In this book there are details of a young writer's thinking and living as he struggles to master his trade, walks in Paris that take you straight into a writer's mind, that could not have been written if Hemingway had not already prepared us to regard the writer as a hero. And the uneasy Hemingway of 1959 or 1960 quickens to the young Hemingway of 1921 when he remembers the goats in the Paris streets that turned their heads like tourists, the "sound and serious" fishing he watched along the Seine, the emptying of the cesspools into horse-drawn tank wagons at night, the boxers in the Stade Anastasie waiting on tables in the garden before they went into the ring that was in the garden. Hemingway learned to write in that city which above all cities makes a beautiful picture of itself, the city full of pictures and painters; he learned to write by looking at pictures. Now, when we read him, we see a picture — Utrillo might have painted it.

All of the sadness of the city came suddenly with the first cold rains of winter, and there were no more tops to the high white houses as you walked but only the wet blackness of the street and the closed doors of the small shops, the herb sellers, the stationery and the newspaper shops, the midwife — second class — and the hotel where Verlaine had died where I had a room on the top floor where I worked.

It was either six or eight flights up to the top floor and it was very cold and I knew how much it would cost for a bundle of small twigs, three wire-wrapped packets of short, half-pencil length pieces of split pine to catch fire from the twigs, and then the bundle of half-dried lengths of hard wood that I must buy to make a fire that would warm the room. So I went to the far side of the street to look up at the roof in the rain and see if any chimneys were going, and how the smoke blew. There was no smoke and I thought about how the chimney would be cold and might not draw and of the room possibly filling with smoke, and the fuel wasted, and the money gone with it, and I walked on in the rain.

In this picture he inserts a picture of himself to write about — the young American writer in Paris training at his trade as doggedly as a boxer, carrying a rabbit's foot in his pocket for luck, listening to older and more celebrated people, like Gertrude Stein and Ford Madox Ford, but not saying anything; the Midwestern boy, provincially shy but canny with the power of his secret talent, walking Paris with a writer's inward excitement, rapid moods, restless energy. In the early chapters there are details on a writer's daily regime that are more vivid than anything I have ever read — he lives with his work and he tries not to live with it; he waits, he knows when to stop and when to try again. Hemingway's treatment of his own talent, courting it, saving it, using it more cunningly than ever old Rockefeller used a dime, was the great affair of his life; he had, it must be admitted, an understandable horror of writers who "wasted" their talent, like Scott Fitzgerald. Writing was Hemingway's true life, and he recaptures the striving of it in rhythms so authentic that they make any writer catch his breath: "It was wonderful to walk down the long flights of stairs knowing that I'd had good luck working. I always worked until I had something done and I always stopped when I knew what was going to happen next. That way I could be sure of going on the next day. But sometimes when I was starting a new story and I could not get it going, I would sit in front of the fire and squeeze the peel of the little oranges into the edge of the flame and watch the sputter of blue that they made. I would stand and look out over the roofs of Paris and think, 'Do not worry. You have always written before and you will write now. All you have to do is write one true sentence. Write the truest sentence that you know.'"

All his writing life Hemingway labored after that "true sentence." He sought, I think, the sentence that would have the primacy of experience, that would relive a single unit of experience. Hemingway had often been close to death, he always felt death to be near, and his prose, like the poetry of the seventeenth-century metaphysicals, sought

to make the ultimate experience come close. Death might yet be recorded in the sentient flesh — as intimate a sensation as eating, drinking, and love-making. But the “true sentence” could be recognized only if it had the right cadence and the tease of subtlety in some culminating word. Hemingway wanted to unsettle the reader just enough to make him sit up and notice a different way of saying things. Hemingway says that at Gertrude Stein’s “they gave you good things to eat and tea and natural distilled liqueurs made from purple plums, yellow plums or wild raspberries. These were fragrant, colorless alcohols served from cut-glass carafes in small glasses” — the borrowing from French usage of the general term *alcohols* cleverly makes you think of the deliberateness of style that went into more than the serving of drinks at Gertrude Stein’s.

In Paris, where the sense of style is everywhere, so that one looks around for the one mind that planned it all, Hemingway achieved such an instinct for how words should sound and how a sentence should hang, that very often the “true sentence” pleased him because it was the mellifluous sentence, the artly balanced sentence. In time Hemingway became as fond of his sentences as a matador of his veronicas, and the “true sentences” were too often a run of sentences chic and marvelously phrased, displays of his technique. Long after Hemingway had shown that he had trained himself well, that his labors had paid off, that he was well and truly the best writer of his weight, he kept trying to put the competition down. He was very shrewd in sizing up and putting writers down. But so much grim struggle had gone into carving his own portrait that he had no mercy for those who slowed up or fell down. And since he was always estimating and challenging himself with the same ferocity, it is no wonder that in this book he went after such eccentric fumblers, and comparative failures as Stein, Ford Madox Ford, Scott Fitzgerald just before he blew the top of his own head off.

The suggestion of Gertrude Stein’s abnormality is malicious in Hemingway’s most disingenuous manner; equally so is the account of Scott Fitzgerald’s sexual anxieties and marital troubles. There is no reason why a powerful writer and thus a natural egotist should pretend to total and indefatigable amiability in the style made notorious by a recent Vice President. But what is disagreeable about Hemingway’s portraits of Stein, Ford, Fitzgerald is the advantage he takes of their weakness — Stein never really made it as a writer, Ford became a garrulous snob, Fitzgerald was driven by a wife who was literally insane. Hemingway, like all writers, pretended to more inner authority

than he possessed: the great thing about writing is that it compels you to a show of strength that sometimes becomes real. But with all this, Hemingway should really not have derived so much pleasure from the suffering of others, for his own self-portrait here is so innocent, straightforward, and he-manly that it forces the reader to doubt him and therefore his version of others.

The defect of autobiography, as compared with formal fiction, is that it must always justify the narrator — probably that is why it gets written. And some forty years after his first marriage, Hemingway still needed to explain why it had collapsed. The explanation is right in the tradition of American failure. Scott Fitzgerald made it to justify his concern with them in his work, and Hemingway even laughed at him for this. The rich. The rich are not as we are. The rich come in and spoil everything. Once there was a writer, with a wife and a young baby. He was perfectly innocent, the virtuous apprentice, a devoted husband — until he published his first novel, whereupon the “rich” saw that he was a comer and took him up. The winter that he and Hadley went skiing in Austria “was like a happy and innocent winter in childhood compared to the next winter, a nightmare winter disguised as the greatest fun of all, and the murderous summer that was to follow. It was that year that the rich showed up. . . .

Before these rich had come we had already been infiltrated by another rich using the oldest trick there is. It is that an unmarried young woman becomes the temporary best friend of another young woman who is married, goes to live with the husband and wife and then unknowingly, innocently and unrelentingly sets out to marry the husband. When the husband is a writer and doing difficult work so that he is occupied much of the time and is not a good companion or partner to his wife for a big part of the day, the arrangement has advantages until you know how it works out. The husband has two attractive girls around when he has finished work. One is new and strange and if he has bad luck he gets to love them both.

This passage about the collapse of Ernest Hemingway’s marriage to Hadley Richardson is, by implication, an attack on his second wife, Pauline Pfeiffer. Can a man really put so much of his intimate history into a few lines? Can he really tell the truth about two marriages in a few lines tied together by the theme of the hardworking narrator’s own innocence, in a form which permits no qualification, no footnotes, no contradictions, no hesitations? Perhaps not, but it has to be admitted that no one knows the whole truth about anybody, and that autobiography is not the place to look for the “truth” — not if a talent like Ernest Hemingway’s is writing it.

BOOKS and MEN *In the eyes of many Americans, says GERALD W. JOHNSON, "the reign of Edward VII was, at most, a pale afterglow of the departed Victorian splendor." But in Sir Philip Magnus' carefully documented biography KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH, published last month by Dutton, the reader finds a monarch whose nine-year reign profoundly influenced the course of history.*

A King in Spite of His Mother: Edward VII

by GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE Queen of England — repeat, England — wrote to the Crown Princess of Prussia — repeat, Prussia — with reference to the Prince of Wales, "I hope you have 'germanized' Bertie as much as possible, for it is most necessary."

Read in the political context of 1964, an assertion by a reigning Queen that it is "most necessary" for a future King of England to be thoroughly germanized leaves one — what shall we say? — well, call it bemused. One might echo Andrew Lang's comment on the metamorphosis of a pair of lovers into birds:

'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang,

but it does not apply, because this King reigned, not in antiquity, but in the first decade of the present century. He was Edward VII.

Yet the tale is undoubtedly true, for the letter was found among the Queen's papers by a scholar of unimpeachable veracity, and the same attitude is reflected in a great many other documents, examined by Sir Philip Magnus in his *King Edward the Seventh* (Dutton, \$8.50). There is no escaping the fact that in the considered opinion of Queen Victoria it was essential to make a King of England German in spirit; which implies that in some respects the thinking of Victoria Regina, separated from us by less than two thirds of a century, was closer to that of the legendary Hwang (circa 2650 B.C.) than to the modern temper.

The line of demarcation is sharp. Victoria was the last occupant of the British throne who believed wholeheartedly in the mystique of the blood royal. Edward, her son, accepted and defended it, but because it was expedient to do so, not because he gave it full faith and credit. If he had believed as his mother believed, he would never have understood how ruinous to the monarchical principle was

Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and Alexandra the hour after their marriage, 1863. Courtesy of Radio Times Hulton Picture Library.



the conduct of his nephew William of Germany. If kings ruled by divine right, how could an individual among them destroy that right? But if the royal prerogative derived from a mundane source, then one royal mountebank might easily shatter its basis.

Edward VII had no doubt whatever that it was his duty and in his interest to stop the besotted William before he ruined all European monarchy. Accordingly, he arranged the concert of powers that eventually did destroy Imperial Germany, but not soon enough to effect the survival of European royalty, which today clings only to the northeastern fringe of the Continent in the Scandinavian highlands and the Rhine delta.

Contemporary British politicians — conspicuously, Arthur Balfour — sourly denied that the King had anything to do with this. They would. They wanted to keep the credit exclusively to themselves. But Sir Philip Magnus, in his carefully documented biography, establishes a high probability that had

there been no Edward VII, there would have been no Triple Entente, and without the Entente there would have been no concerted resistance to the Kaiser in 1914. By that time Edward was dead and gone, but his work lived after him.

This probability alone would be sufficient justification for the time, the labor, and the skill that Sir Philip has lavished upon the life of this King. The work needs justification in the eyes of Americans, who have been pretty well persuaded that the reign of Edward VII was, at most, a pale afterglow of the departed Victorian splendor. As regards the government, this may be true; but Magnus argues, plausibly indeed, that as regards the monarchy, the reverse is true. He portrays Edward as the last King of England who was *de facto* as well as *de jure* royal in that he personally bent the trend of history more in his nine years than his mother did in her sixty-four.

If that is the case, he deserves attention. A typical American may be as astonished to find a biographer of British Kings concentrating on this man as he would be to find a biographer of Presidents devoting long labor and hundreds of pages to the career of Franklin Pierce; but by the time he has finished Magnus' book, the American's astonishment will be assuaged.

The story would have remained a fascinating, if appalling, story had Edward Wettin — it was after his time that his family became the House of Windsor — been the son of a nonconformist parson instead of the son of a Queen.

For Edward's personal — he had no private — life is almost a textbook case of the baleful influence of good women. Edward's mother, his wife, and his sisters were all women of the type conventionally described as good. It may be argued that no human being massively infected with moral certainty can be really good. The women in this case were certainly decorous, and why they did not utterly destroy the youth passes understanding.

This suggestion perhaps will shock Magnus, who is scrupulously deferential to the ladies; but he is, after all, a scholar before he is a courtier, and when he finds a fact he sets it down as he finds it, seldom assuming to deduce a moral. He finds as a fact that only one of Edward's mistresses did him any serious damage, and by inadvertence rather than by malice aforethought, while at least one was a salutary influence in that her tact and intelligence smoothed over many minor irritations that otherwise might have developed into serious and injurious quarrels.

THIRTY years ago, Lytton Strachey, ably seconded by the coalition of Laurence Housman and Helen

Hayes, instructed Americans regarding the abnormal ascendancy that Albert, the Prince Consort, exerted over Queen Victoria. But all three, as creative artists, handled the subject gingerly; Magnus, as annalist, doesn't handle it at all. He merely records the facts, more often than not in the Queen's own words, and always as they are presented in some official record, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusion.

The inescapable inference is that the case was pathological. After Albert's death his widow spent a full decade in a seclusion that, as far as the nation was concerned, was virtual hermitage. She spurned her duty to act as a public figure and was infuriated by any suggestion that she was under obligation to give direction and tone to social life in London. For years on end she never set foot in her own capital, and her letters were filled with descriptions of the dead man so extravagant as to verge upon pagan idolatry.

The horrible phase of this dementia, however, was that it produced a phobia against her eldest son. Albert was already a sick man, although he was preparing to attend some public function out of London, when talebearers came to him with news that Bertie had landed in a scrape with a young actress, who was boasting of the affair. Albert was exasperated, naturally; but he was a German prince who had lived all his life in royal courts, so the idea that he was jarred to the bottom of his soul by the news is beyond credulity. However, he interrupted his journey long enough to have nineteen-year-old Bertie on the carpet and give him a tongue-lashing that apparently was a classic; then he went on to keep his appointment, but on arrival felt so ill that he took to his bed, from which he never rose again.

The attending physicians were in no doubt whatever about their diagnosis. It was a typical case of typhoid fever, in those days endemic in England. The period of incubation, we have since learned, is such that the idea that anything that Bertie did or failed to do could have infected his father with *Bacillus typhosus* is sheer lunacy; nevertheless, Victoria conceived and clung to the idea that her son had killed his father, and it poisoned her relationship with Bertie for years. "Much as I pity, I never can or shall look at him without a shudder," the Queen wrote to her daughter; and when the Prussian Crown Princess continued to remonstrate, "if you had seen," Victoria wrote, and then described Albert's death, "I doubt if you could bear the sight of one who was the cause."

This was bad enough, in all conscience, but Victoria contrived to make it worse. To her *idée fixe* that her son was a monster of iniquity, she added the even more preposterous notion that he was irremediably puerile. The idea that he must

From Cannes the Prince and Princess went on the royal yacht to Rome, where they were joined by the King and Queen of Denmark and entertained by King Victor Emmanuel. The Prince exchanged civilities with the Pope, who had impaired himself in the Vatican; and, after staying in Florence, Venice, and on Lake Como, he returned to Marlborough House on 1 June in good health and stouter than before his illness.

And so on, and so on, through hundreds of pages describing thousands of vacant days. His Royal Highness went to Goodwood for the races. He went to Ascot for the races. He attended parties and balls. He gave parties and balls. He went to Scotland for the grouse shooting, to the Black Forest for the pigsticking, to Nepal for the elephant hunting. He danced. He gambled. He engaged in flirtations. In a divorce case, "he perjured himself like a gentleman," though Magnus says in that case, for once, he was innocent. He became snarled in a messy business involving cheating at cards. But only on the rarest occasions did he have any perceptible contact with politics, business, art, science, or literature; and this for fifty-nine years.

What converts the story from mere vacuity into corrosive irony is one's awareness that while this inane drama was being played right up against the footlights, behind the painted scene that cut it off, a tremendous battle of ideas was being waged, not by pasteboard puppets, but by huge and solid men. The sequel proved that Edward's head was by no means as empty as his life, so it is beyond belief that he was completely oblivious of what was going on; he must have heard, if dimly, the clangor of steel on steel as the empire was being hammered into shape; he could not have missed completely the shouts and curses, the roars of rage, and the yells of triumph of the empire builders.

Within his arm's reach, yet cut off by impalpable but impermeable convention, they passed: Melbourne and Palmerston, Lord John Russell and plebeian John Bright, Gladstone, Disraeli, Parnell and wily Joe Chamberlain; then, at the very end, the Welsh silver-tongued Lloyd George, and the smart, brash young undersecretary, Winston Churchill. The Queen preferred to have him converse with royal rather than "common" duchesses, and she would have been most displeased had he filled Marlborough House in the evening with such odd fish as Darwin, Galton, Lyell, and Huxley; or the controversial Carlyle and Spencer. Alfred Lord Tennyson would pass muster, but not mere scrib-

blers of the order of Browning, Swinburne, and Rossetti — not to mention that vulgarian, Rudyard Kipling.

So Edward lived and moved and had his being among the blue-blooded insignificant, the great masters of the trivial, the world's supreme authorities on the proper knotting of a cravat and "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." It is a long, long tale of gilded dreariness, of perfumed vacuity, that would have been depressing had it been inflicted upon a noodle, but that was tragic when imposed upon a man of parts.

For when the old Queen died at last, King Edward found that most of the burly empire builders had gone before her; in the shoes of Gladstone and Disraeli, Balfour and Campbell-Bannerman were shuffling dispiritedly, while the insolent and rattlebrained Wilhelm II of Germany was strutting all over Europe and threatening to pull down the whole monarchical system.

Even the simulacra of statesmen who had succeeded to the real ones in both Paris and London knew what ought to be done — namely, to establish a firm coalition of Britain, France, and Russia; but none had the force to capture and control public opinion in either France or England. Then the King stepped into the breach. At the critical moment, he visited Paris, and by an exhibition of personal adroitness, vigor, and courage that would have done credit to Elizabeth the Great, in one week he converted a coldly hostile reception into a roaring acclaim, under cover of which the French government managed to put through the agreement.

Returning to London, Edward repeated the feat, less spectacularly but effectively enough for the Cabinet to bring the House of Commons into line. Yet Balfour said that the King really had nothing to do with establishing the Triple Entente!

So he has acquired a permanent niche in history, none too great, perhaps, but distinctly his own. Edward VII, *Dei gratia* King, Emperor, Defender of the Faith, was in truth just that. Banished to a world of shadows for fifty-nine years, he yet retained a core of reality that showed when the test came. *Dei gratia?* Why not? It was certainly not by the grace of his mother, not by the skill of his ministers, not by the political maturity of his subjects, that he remained a man and did not degenerate into a uniformed manikin. Then let piety have its say: when all else worked together to effect his destruction, God saved the King.

An Atlantic Portrait

ANDREW WYETH

by E. P. Richardson

A move from Detroit, where he had been director of the Detroit Institute of Arts, to Delaware made E. P. RICHARDSON and his painter-wife neighbors of Andrew Wyeth at Chadds Ford. He gathered the illuminating detail of this appraisal from conversations during the past winter. Mr. Richardson is now director of the H. F. du Pont Winterthur Museum.

MR. WYETH," said a New York painter to him, "I enjoy your work very much. I like it at a distance, but when I come near I am always disappointed to see that there are objects."

Andrew Wyeth paints with a brilliance and authority that have imposed him upon an art world preoccupied by ideas diametrically opposed to his own. Art criticism in our time tends to be dogmatic and rigid rather than flexible and receptive. Twentieth-century theory says that this is the age of abstraction, that the observation of nature is finished as a source of painting; therefore, an artist like Wyeth has no right to exist. As one of the most articulate spokesmen of the New York school, Professor Sam Hunter of Brandeis University, put it in the catalogue of the Seattle World's Fair, 1962, "In view of the achievements of the Abstract Expressionists in the Fifties it is no longer possible to assume that the opposing currents of realism, expressionism, a traditional romanticism and abstraction are of equal validity." There is, he said, no valid work independent of the New York school's "formal and ideological preoccupations."

Wyeth causes difficulty, however, even for many of his admirers. He is an extremely well-known and popular painter. A series of exhibitions since the age of twenty and frequent reproduction have made his works familiar to a wide audience; yet



misunderstandings are oddly mixed with admiration. Some, like the New York painter, find his work too real; others who enjoy his reality find it sad, lonely, lacking in color.

This disturbing, challenging quality in his work is perhaps the source of an atmosphere of legend that has grown up about him — a curious legend, because it is composed of negatives yet is admiring. He never goes anywhere; never takes part in artists' life; never goes to openings of exhibits or studio parties where artists gather; never travels; never went to school; has never been to Europe; never this, never that. Yet out of all these negatives has come an art whose impact upon the consciousness of his fellow countrymen is positive, by any standard. When the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo held an exhibition of his work in 1962, a quarter of a million people visited it in six weeks. Connoisseurs and country gentlemen, politicians and museum curators, housewives and Hollywood actors, all form part of his audience. When a selection of his drawings and studies were shown in

Photograph by Kosti Ruohomaa. Courtesy of Black Star Publishing Company.

the Pierpont Morgan Library, they held their own in decision and authority in that august company.

I am not a realist at all. The subject is unimportant.

In the roaring torrent of words and images which in this age of publicity pours upon our consciousness at each moment of our lives, the condition of independence is some degree of self-controlled solitude. Wyeth has maintained his independence by living outside the major colonies of artists. He passes his life between Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, in winter and Cushing, Maine, in summer. He was born in the one and has spent nearly every summer of his memory in the other. His work is deeply engaged with the landscape and people of these two tiny hamlets.

The islands and peninsulas of the Maine coast, with its spruce forests and tidal rivers, its unpainted houses, and hayfields forgotten among the spruce woods, have an intense meaning for countless thousands of Americans, blended of memories of childhood holidays and of the remarkable character of the landscape itself.

Chadds Ford in Pennsylvania is, on the contrary, in a virtually unknown part of our world. Between the Delaware and the Susquehanna rivers the rolling piedmont upland pushes down to within sight of tidewater. One can look out from hilltops three hundred feet above sea level to see the sun shining on the great bays into which the ships bring the iron ore and the oil of twentieth-century industry. In the eighteenth century the Brandywine, which finds its way down over ledges of granite through those hills, was the seat of one of the great industrial complexes in the American colonies: it had waterpower and water transportation; iron ore in the hills, and wool and wheat on their fertile surfaces.

The tobacco culture of Chesapeake Bay never penetrated those hills. The Dutch (who called the Delaware the South River), the Swedes, and the English Quakers who settled there built forges and water mills instead of plantation houses. Like good Netherlanders and Englishmen, they built their towns of brick, but their mills and forges and houses in the countryside were made of the gray-brown stone of the hills. Countless numbers of these stone buildings still stand, forming one of the beautiful regional architectures of the United States. What they look like, and how integral a part of the hills they seem in winter months, when Wyeth is in Chadds Ford, you can best see in his pictures.

I confess that I, too, approached his work with a misunderstanding. The haunting eloquence of his works, especially of the last decade, has a very strong attraction for me. It deals with people and places of strong and distinctive character. The

spruce woods and tidal bays of Maine are part of my own memories. Chadds Ford, five miles from where I now live, in the months of January to March looks everywhere like a Wyeth, and each bend of the road brings the pleasure of recognition. Its bare fields and stone buildings give a sense of the past flowing into and mingling with the present that is not often so vividly felt in the landscape of North America.

Wyeth lives in a mill which he has recently bought, a mile or two up the Brandywine from his former home. I first saw this mill in a driving snow-storm. The snowflakes swirling around the massive stone walls, the silence of the storm, and the ink-black waters of the millrace made an unforgettable impression. The mill was built in the early eighteenth century. Gunfire of part of the Battle of the Brandywine rattled around it, but the Quaker miller, true to his principles, left that day blank in the mill's daybook rather than mention the fighting.

The mill walls stand firmly, though water rushes through an empty hole where the wheel once was and the interior is a ruin. The Wyeths were living at first in what had been the granary, which they rebuilt and occupied while the miller's house was being reconstructed. What had been, shortly before, a ruin open to the sky had become a home, warm, sweet with the smell of the wood fire and the Christmas tree; behind the Christmas tree one could read a name and numbers scratched on the plaster by an eighteenth-century miller. Last fall they were in the house itself, which Mrs. Wyeth has reconstructed inside with love and great taste. The low-ceilinged rooms with white plaster walls are furnished with Chester County furniture, whose combination of rustic strength and elegance I find very appealing; as in an Italian house, a few good pieces fill and furnish a room.

Circumstances had taken my wife and myself to Rome last autumn. We were talking there one night at dinner about Wyeth's art. We had been to see a sculptor, Giacomo Manzù, who lives in the summer months in a tomb on the Appian Way. In what had been a farmhouse hidden within the superstructure of the vast, round, fortresslike mass of the tomb was a charming modern villa, from whose windows we looked out upon the brown Campagna and the avenue of tombs and pines stretching off toward Rome in the distance. The Campagna, like a battlefield or a place which once was sacred, is haunted: it is a place where one feels alone, yet not alone, for a sense of something once present and now gone hangs in the air. It made me think of the mood of Wyeth's Chester County. Was this what he saw in his subjects and made me feel so strongly in his work?

"Tell me about Chester County," I asked him when we returned. "Why is it so important to you?"

He looked a little puzzled. "I love the name, Chester County. But I've only lived in it two years. The house on the other side of Chadds Ford where I was born, where we lived until we moved into this house, Brinton's Mill, is in Delaware County. But they were all one, originally." To make my question clearer, as I thought, I spoke of the quality of the landscape around Chadds Ford, which all feels to me like the quiet fields around the stone Quaker meetinghouse where the Battle of the Brandywine took place, and of how the sense of the past permeates it everywhere.

"I don't have much feeling for the past," he said. "My feeling for history is not connected with dates: it is the way the landscape looks in the moonlight." He paused a moment. The image of moonlight on the brown fields outside evidently turned his thoughts to a matter on which he felt a strong need to defend or explain himself.

"I have been criticized greatly for the lack of color in my work," he burst out. "My father used to say to me, 'Andy, use more color.' It was not my father so much as the people in the commercial field with him who criticized my lack of color; this bothered him, so he kept after me about it, although I think it was his friends' criticism rather than his own.

"Do you remember a picture in the Buffalo exhibition called *Brown Swiss*? It is just a house in some fields. The whole picture is mud color. I don't consider myself particularly an artist, so far as picking a color to paint; my color is organic; it is simply part of me. I saw that house once in just that light and wanted to paint it. I remembered the miller who lived there and how he used to come to the door, when I went there as a child, all covered with flour dust, all one color except his eyes, which were reddened by the dust. My reason for painting it was just that tone, that light."

Far from being troubled by this aspect of his work, I explained, I enjoyed it. I hold an unfashionable opinion that the French Impressionists painted beautiful pictures; yet because they eliminated the range of tone — that is, light and dark — and relied instead upon variety of hue — the color spectrum — their effect had been to impoverish the language of painting. Their influence had, I thought, put painting since that time on the wrong track, and it pleased me to see a painter once again use a rich range of tone and simple scale of hue, as painters had done from the time of Bellini and Titian to the middle of the nineteenth century. This unorthodox opinion seemed to surprise and please him.

But I still wanted to understand his relationship to his two subjects, Maine and the country around Chadds Ford. Why just these two, Chester County and Maine?

He hesitated a moment and his wife, Betsy, observed, "Why, you have often said to me, 'This is all I have room for in my heart.'"

"All I know," he said after a pause, "is that I am not a realist at all. This was brought to a focus for me by the death of my father. It was a tragic death; he was killed at a railroad crossing near his home. My difficulty — and my great urge — is that subject is unimportant. The less there is in the subject, the more I can pour myself into it. The familiar frees me. If I go to a place with marvelous settings, I am caught — caught by the object. I take pleasure in other landscapes, but I don't have any personal need to release it.

"Now that picture" — pointing to *The Trodden Weed*, two booted feet tramping across brown grass — "is not a great picture, but to me it has something to do with my father. I never painted his face, but I have done some things more like my father than if I had done his portrait. When I was a child I used to go into his studio, which is still there, over at the other house. The vestibule, I remember, was always cold; and a couple of prints, snowy landscapes of Switzerland, hung in it." (Andy's grandmother was Swiss; she was the daughter of one of Agassiz's assistants, I learned later.) "You see a patch of snow in the background of that picture? To me it is all based on the experience of that cold, damp room."

Caught by the object

I was curious to know what he meant by this phrase. "I have a very strong feeling," he explained, "that the more objects you use, the less there is in the picture. Robert Frost is deeper than his New England subjects. I have painted old farm wagons and things like that, but I think this is the weakest part of my work."

At this I put in a word in defense of his old wagons. Things used by men, old and worn by use, take on a life and personality which, I said, he painted with remarkable eloquence. "Oh, I never doubt the object; I doubt the way I paint it. You know, I have imitators who seem to me to be just painting objects. This is the weakest part of me.

"I must have some personal experience of a thing. This past fall, in Maine, Betsy had placed a pumpkin on top of a post in our lane. I used to walk up that lane every morning to have breakfast with Betsy's father. He was dying of cancer; I had breakfast with him every day, and we had wonderful talks. One day as I walked by, that pumpkin suddenly expressed to me all the falls I could remember. As a child I was alone a lot; I used to walk in the fields where there were pumpkins. I used to make jack-o'-lanterns; sometimes I cut

NICKY AND JAMIE

Water color, 1963

*Collection of the Virginia Museum
of Fine Arts*

Photograph by Gilbert Ask

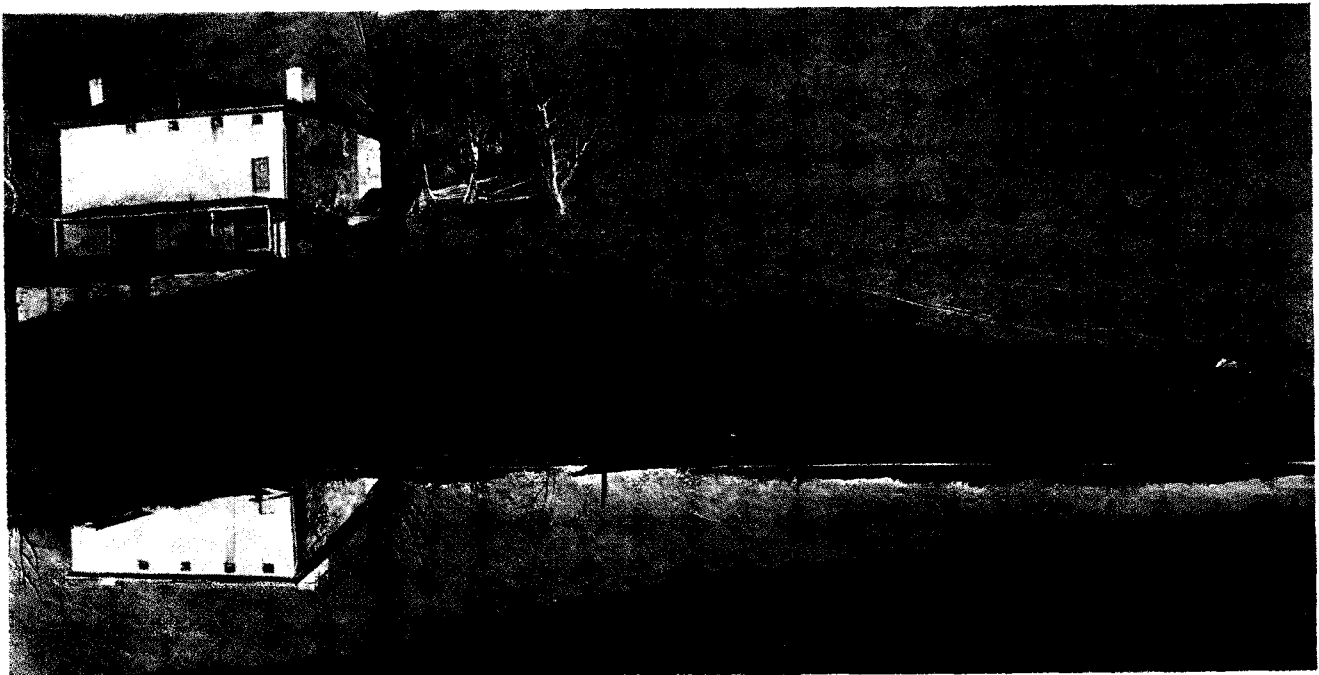


First Study in India ink. Photograph by Gilbert Ask

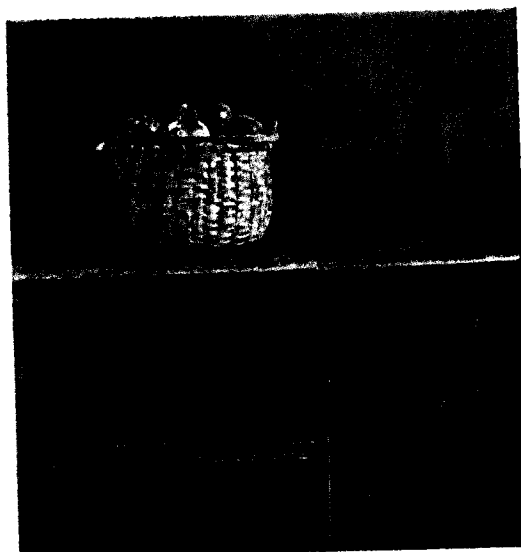
BROWN SWISS, Tempera, 1957

*Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander M. Laughlin,
New York, N. Y.*

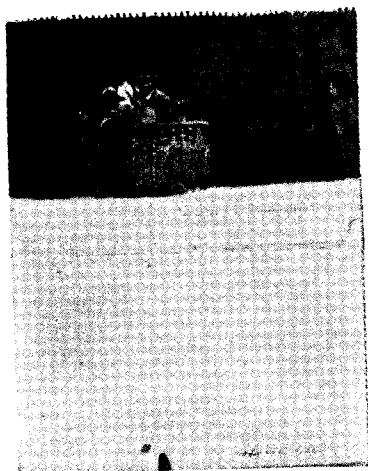
Photograph by Paulus Leeser



WOLF RIVER APPLES, Tempera, 1959
Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin II
Photograph by Paulus Leeser



Preliminary sketch at the beginning of a letter
September 24, 1959
Photograph by Gilbert Ask



THE FUR HAT
Water color sketch, 1962
Photograph by Gilbert Ask



ADAM, Tempera, 1963. *Private Collection. Photograph by Richard Briltain*

them in the fields. I remember the smell of a pumpkin when you cut it open."

Abruptly, he left the room, and returned bringing a large water color. It represented a pumpkin on top of a weathered fence post rising from a tumbled stone wall. The orange pumpkin gleamed in light against a dark background which suggested without describing a woodland.

"I don't pick a subject because I think it will be an effective composition. What I wanted was to express the strange waxy surface of the pumpkin; the pungent smell; the post, too, was a wonderful, organic thing. I painted that in two afternoons; I went back the second afternoon to get some of the textures I wanted. But when I think of it, I don't remember the painting, or the planning of it as a picture. I remember the smell of the spruce woods behind. Perhaps I was thinking, too, of the smell of pumpkins. I wanted to express the sadness of this fall, and how there were other pumpkins in all the farms around. A chipmunk lived in that wall. We always called him George. When I showed the picture to my father-in-law and talked to him about what I should call it, he said, 'Why not call it George's place?' So, *George's Place* it is."

It was becoming clear to me as he talked that the aura of memory which is so strong in Wyeth's pictures is not an element observed in the subject and painted by him; it is a feeling in the artist himself, intensely felt and powerfully expressed in a mysterious but cogent way through the subject.

I am a fanatic about painting. Nothing means anything to me but painting. . . . If I were taken to another part of the country which I didn't know, I doubt if I could paint anymore.

The mingling of memory and observation, of feelings and the objects which arouse them, is not a new thing in painting: it is as old as the art itself. In our century, however, it has become a rarity. The theories of our time (which is a time of theories) hold observation to be a mechanical copying and consider emotion free to express itself only when it is detached from observation.

I was interested to hear what more Wyeth, who uses observation with wonderful skill yet does not consider himself a realist, would say about this ancient yet forever mysterious paradox of the art of painting.

"I am a fanatic about painting," he said. "Nothing means anything to me but painting. But just to put down tones doesn't excite me. It gets to be a cliché, a mannerism."

I reminded him that Leonardo da Vinci had written of how the art continually declines and deteriorates from age to age when painters have no other standard but the works of others. Wyeth

agreed with this. "Mannerisms take over when you cut yourself off from nature," he said.

"I don't know — if I were taken to another part of the country which I didn't know, I doubt if I could paint anymore. I am excited by tone, but I have to have a feeling first. Do you remember a picture I did of a blueberry box and an enameled cup in the grass? I called it *A Quart and a Half*. I had been painting my wife asleep in the grass [*Distant Thunder*, 1961]. It was a big tempera, and I had worked on it a long time. Then she went away; came down here to open the house. I went out the next day and saw the cup, which her mother had given her, and the blueberry box still there in the grass, just as she had left them. It struck me so that I painted the picture."

My father taught me remarkable things, but not only in the studio — just living with him.

The education of painters today tends to come much later in life than it once did. It is often forgotten, too, that painting is a craft as well as an art, and, moreover, a difficult craft. The apprentice system which gave the artist his training in earlier centuries took a boy in his early youth and made him learn his skill from the ground up, not only drawing and painting but grinding colors, preparing canvas, and learning every other part of the artist's craft. Painting, considered as a skill, involves two things: dexterity in handling certain tools and control of the hand to make it do exactly what the mind wishes to do; and knowledge of materials and processes, each of which has its own possibilities and limitations.

The ready-made artists' materials invented in the nineteenth century enabled painters to do without knowledge of their materials. In our time the training of the artist has come to be considered a training of the mind rather than of the hand and arrives later and later in life: some artists begin painting after getting a Ph.D. degree from a university, or even after reaching the age of retirement; in either case, it is too late to achieve an exact muscular control of the hand.

Wyeth is a very rare instance today of an artist who was trained in the studio, from childhood, by his painter father. A delicate child, the youngest of the family, he was never sent to school but educated at home. His father was severely criticized then, as Andrew Wyeth is criticized now for following the same system of home education for his son Jamie. But he believes that artists are at their most open stages of development between the ages of six and sixteen and should not be shut up in a room all that time.

In Wyeth's case there was no lack of discipline. His father gave him the strict training of the old

academies: first, drawing in charcoal from casts; then, when the boy had achieved a certain proficiency, drawing from the model, and the study of William Rimmer's *Anatomy*. "He would have me make drawings from the model, then turn my back and draw it from memory. But he never talked about technique. 'Andy,' he said to me, 'I want you to learn to draw so that when you want to express yourself, you won't fumble.'"

While the son was in training, his father was at work in the next room as a busy, successful illustrator and mural painter. The boy learned more by observing, as boys will, than from actual teaching; his schooling was, in fact, an apprenticeship, an important and normal form of education three hundred years ago, but today hardly more than a word in the dictionary. "My father taught me remarkable things, not only in the studio but just living with him. He didn't put fences around me. He gave me the appetite for looking deeper, made me see the depth of an object. He made me paint still life, and would say to me, 'When you're doing that form and shadow, remember it is not just a shadow. It is something that will never happen again just like that. Try to get that quality, that fleeting character of the thing.'"

"The remarkable thing about Andy and his father," said his wife, Betsy, "was the lack of rebellion."

"We believed absolutely the same things, but we went about it in a different way," was her husband's comment. "He was far from a simple man. He thought a great deal about art. My father was going through a terrific transition in the period when I was forming. He was studying Cézanne and the modern French. He painted many abstractions toward the end of his life. He got to know Christian Brinton, who wrote books on Zuloaga and on the Russian moderns of that time. Brinton used to bring European painters down to see him. My father told me that one Russian painter said to him, 'Mr. Wyeth, there is too much painting in your work to be good illustration, and too much illustration to be good painting.' This kind of thing shook him. The trouble was that everything he did was from imagination, not from nature; and this left him open to attack, and made him falter. At the end, though, he swung back to believe in what he had originally believed in."

Anyone who paints objects is in a very dangerous position.

Wyeth had his first exhibition of water colors at the age of twenty, at the Macbeth Gallery; and he always speaks of its proprietor, Robert McIntyre, with great affection and respect. Those who remember his early work can appreciate what a

long road he has traveled. His youthful water colors were almost explosively emotional, quick and dramatic responses to nature. When Peter Hurd, thirteen years older than Wyeth, came to study at Chadds Ford with N. C. Wyeth, and eventually to marry Andrew's painter-sister Henriette, he taught the boy to use both tempera and fresco. Something in Andrew Wyeth's nature responded to tempera painting — he liked its dryness, its precision, its possibilities of effects both of depth and strong pattern. He began to work in tempera in a new direction which did not please his admirers.

We had been talking about the combination of freedom and control which his work now shows to an extraordinary degree. "I agree with Pollock, and Kline, and de Kooning that there must be no laws: there must be complete freedom. But they lack the object. I'd like to have the effect of complete freedom, but I also want the object. I'd like to paint the thing just as it might happen to look as you walked by. I don't mean a snapshot; it's more than just a glimpse — but I love that quality of the unexpected." I remarked that you can only do this if you have such complete control of your technique that you can forget it and think only of what you wish to say. "Oh, yes," he said, "I believe in discipline." Pointing to the portrait of Nicky on the wall, "Howard De Vree once told me to my face that I was wasting my time to do this kind of thing. He ripped me apart in his review and said it to my face in the gallery. He loved the freedom of my early water colors and thought I would lose it all. I was trying to learn to draw. The whole reason for doing so was to get freedom *and* this other thing."

"Does it bother you when people take your love of objects as lack of imagination and think you are just painting the old oaken bucket?" I asked.

"No, no. Anyone who paints objects is in a very dangerous position. When I am misunderstood, I think I have failed. I never have any doubt about the object; I doubt the way I have done it."

Sad? I don't know why.

Why do you think, I asked, that so many people think your work is sad?

"Sad? I don't know why, I'm not sad. Perhaps they think so because it is low in key. People confuse dark color with sadness. Unless your work is calendar color, it disturbs them."

"I think they're fearful of the dark. Robert Frost strikes people the same way. I get many letters from women who grew up in the country. My work seems to remind them of the way the world used to be; and they are sorry their children cannot have the experience they remember. I believe

people think my work is sad because they are afraid of solitude and silence. I love to be by myself."

The danger of anything closely done is that people feel that the technical means are the end of the thing. That's just the beginning. A picture is not like a piece of jewelry.

The artist who wishes to observe and to use observation today as a vehicle of the imagination has a long and solitary road to travel. There are such artists. Our civilization is woven of many strands, not one only, and there are, and always will be, artists whose material is the outer world and who wish to see, as Edith Hamilton said of the Greek poets, "the things men live with, noted as men of reason note them, not slurred over or evaded, not idealized away from actuality, and then perceived as beautiful." But Andrew Wyeth is the only one of these artists who has forced his acceptance as a modern master by critical opinion in spite of the prevailing mental climate of our time: and even his art is widely misunderstood.

"The danger of anything closely done," he once remarked, "is that people feel that the technical means are the end of the thing. That's just the beginning. A picture is not like a piece of jewelry."

As a boy, Wyeth admired Howard Pyle's illustrations. His father had studied with Pyle and owned not only his illustrated books but a number of his originals. The boy's interest was both in the romantic appeal of the illustrations for a twelve-year-old and, as he says, in a certain truth and technical clarity that Pyle stood for. When about seventeen, Wyeth discovered Winslow Homer, whose water colors appealed to him greatly. Then came the discovery of tempera, taught him by Peter Hurd, and a dissatisfaction with the wild expressionism of his early water colors. Two old masters also taught him. The first was Dürer, whose water-color drawings had a strong influence, due probably, as he says, to their textures, which he wanted to get in his tempera. A later influence was Rembrandt's drawings. "My father was a great lover of Rembrandt and had books of Rembrandt's drawings in his library. But with me it was a kind of natural uncovering of Rembrandt's drawings. I loved the richness and the mystery of them."

It was also characteristic of these artists to approach their work by way of intense preliminary study. Since his father's violent and tragic death turned Wyeth to the emotional side of realism, he has also developed a method of work which enables him to combine the spontaneity of the first glimpse with the sustained, easy power of a highly disciplined talent in action. He is basically an outdoor painter: that is, he works from nature,

and the beginning of each picture is a fresh personal experience. This is often a momentary effect of light catching and transfiguring a familiar object. He does quantities of quick brush drawings of such fleeting moments in the life of nature; these serve to put down very directly and hold the experience that excited him. The subject may be hardly recognizable in these first studies.

Sometimes such a study will be all that he does; sometimes, looking over these studies afterward, he will find that he wants to develop an idea into a picture. In this case, he will go back and do many more studies, a dozen, two dozen perhaps, giving each element its own intense scrutiny, until the whole falls into place in his mind and he knows every detail by heart, before painting it. But the goal is always to achieve the effect of that first momentary flash of excitement and delight. "I hate composed pictures," he says. The quality of a momentary shock of recognition, but expressed with the clarity of deeply considered understanding and with the power of a highly trained instrument of expression, is not easily arrived at. Chardin once quoted a painter friend Lemoyne as saying that "one needed thirty years of practice to know how to keep the qualities of a sketch." Wyeth has achieved that quality today: the combination of perfect freedom and exact control is one of the most distinctive things about his art.

An example. The germ of *Brown Swiss* was the gleam of light on a white wall against the tan-brown earth. Wyeth put this down in quick sketch, as free and emotional as his first water colors. Between this first quick note and the finished picture came twenty or thirty drawings: the house from various angles; the cattle which were standing in the foreground and which disappeared, except for their name, from the final work; even a deer hanging by a rope from one of the trees, which also does not appear.

A more recent example is a picture called *Adam*. Adam Johnson, an old Negro farmer who lives just over the hill from Wyeth's studio, has been the subject of many of Andy's pictures. The bond of friendship between the two is deep and usually unspoken, but once Adam said, "I feel about you as a brother, Andy." Wyeth has painted many subjects around Adam's farm and goes there often on his walks.

One afternoon in late winter, getting on toward spring, he found Adam cleaning out his pigpen, getting it ready for a new litter. The old man, who is very deaf now, did not hear Wyeth's approach but came slowly down the slope, a frown of concentration on his face. The evening light glowed on the faded blue of Adam's country clothes and on the bleached boards of the pigpen, and a flock of starlings flew like black arrowheads up

into the sky: that was the moment of experience. Wyeth made the water-color sketch of it reproduced here.

About a month and a half later, looking at the sketch in the studio, he thought there was something grand and elemental about the old man's figure. Although he had painted both man and place many times before, he went back and made perhaps twenty-five careful studies — of Adam's face, his clothes, the boards of the ramshackle pigpen, a post at the right, an overturned tin pan; how a piece of burlap was tacked across a gap in the boards — from various directions and at different times. "I like to move around, look at the thing from all directions. It's what seeps in from the object unconsciously that concerns me. I keep these drawings around, not to copy, but they give me warmth. All those shapes of the pigpen — you know how Negroes of that generation put things together. He was a wonderful elemental figure coming toward me out of chaos. That, and the amber light, were the reasons I did it."

Dry brush is a great medium. But I can't control it. And if I can control it, it's no good.

Wyeth's painting style is a dialogue between spontaneity and discipline: between a passion for freedom and immediacy on the one hand, and on the other, a conviction that the wonder of the objects which make up this world can be grasped only by the most painstaking and loving study.

Like a number of notable American painters of the past hundred years, therefore, he finds water color congenial and uses it as a major, not a minor, medium. After the facility of his early water colors (which he looks back upon now as dangerous), he hit upon a method of painting that appealed to him: he calls it dry-brush water color. This is not a unique invention. Fifty years ago, for example, when a great deal of magazine illustration consisted of pen-and-ink drawings, the tool used by illustrators was not a pen but a fine water-color brush, dipped into India ink and drawn to a fine point between the fingers, or on a rag, squeezing out the excess ink in the process. A fine-pointed brush could draw as delicate a line as a crow-quill pen, yet it had a flexibility of stroke which no pen could give, or, with a dip of the brush, could turn into a thunderous wash.

Wyeth fell accidentally upon this combination of drawing and painting in water color. A picture called *Faraway* (1952) of his son Jamie in a coonskin cap, he considers his earliest use of dry brush in a painting that satisfied him and which he allowed to be exhibited; but the technique is so natural an expression of his temperament that it must have been long germinating. Dry-brush water

color can be done either out of doors or in the studio. He considers it his most natural and spontaneous medium and speaks of it simply as "carrying water color a little farther." It seldom happens that he does not use both dry and wet brush together.

I complained to him a little about the things listed as dry brush in catalogues of his exhibitions that seemed to me indistinguishable from straight water color. "I know," he said, "people call all sorts of things dry brush that aren't really. The real dry-brush water colors are things like the little Negro girl you saw in the last Whitney annual [*A Day at the Fair*, now in the City Art Museum of St. Louis], or *Quaker Ladies*, or *The Drifter* [the remarkable and touching portrait reproduced on the cover]. I use both together. It's very important to me to keep things fluid in the beginning. I'm not a careful worker. There are splatters of paint all over my studio. Many pictures remain so nebulous that I can't show them. Dry brush is a great medium. But I can't control it. If I control it, it's no good.

"Artists today," he went on, "think of everything they do as a work of art. It is important to forget about what you are doing — then a work of art may happen." This was a revealing statement from someone who is criticized for the perfection of his technique. Then he said again, "I want to keep the quality of a water color done in twenty minutes but have all the solidity and texture of a painting." Richness of texture within the broad tones of his pictures has become, in fact, as important to Wyeth as the precision of his brush-stroke. Unlike most painters, he works over his water colors: sometimes he will use opaque white to give density, or will lift off the color with any means at hand — sandpaper, or the palm of his hand pressed on the wet color — to give transparency. (Anyone who will examine Winslow Homer's apparently direct water colors will find that he also worked over them in all sorts of ways.) And although he says he can't control dry brush, his technique is now at the point of craftsmanship where skill becomes unconscious and the mind concentrates entirely on what it wishes to say.

In contrast to the freshness and spontaneity of his water colors are the paintings in tempera and the precise pencil drawings made as preparatory studies for them. At one time he used to make full-size, very detailed water-color studies for the tempera pictures, but the preparation he now prefers is pencil. "What kind of pencil?" I asked, thinking of the beautiful silvery quality of those drawings. "Just a regular store pencil, neither soft nor hard. I tried lithographic crayon, but I didn't like its scratchiness. I love the quality of pencil. It helps me get to the core of a thing, and it doesn't com-

pete with the painting. With pencil I can study things in detail — it gives me the architectural structure — but the color stays like a dream at the back of my mind until I come to paint.”

The medium for his most sustained and controlled statements is egg tempera, used on gesso panels just as it was used when Cennino Cennini wrote his description of the technique in fourteenth-century Florence. It is dry mineral pigment, ground to a fine powder, mixed with yolk of egg and thinned with water. Modern chemical pigments have not yet invaded the ancient technique, at least as Wyeth uses it; his colors are the old earths and minerals. Some he grinds himself; some come from his brother-in-law's ranch in New Mexico; some are from India, or Spain; and he showed me with delight his cobalt blue — ground lapis lazuli from Persia. His palette is the normal shape, but made of metal, with sunken cups, not unlike those of a biscuit pan, around the edge in which the colors can be kept moist; yolk of egg in a glass dish; pure water in another; and fine watercolor brushes. That is all.

Tempera is not a portable medium like water color: it is a slow, patient, detailed technique. “I enjoy having a picture in my studio that I can nibble on, and feel that I can come close to the essential. I don't know whether I can ever master it as I'd like. Not many people have, I believe. Even with Botticelli there is a falling off in his later things, don't you feel? The thing that makes me hang on to tempera is that if a picture does come off, it has a power and a solidity nothing else has; and there's a schematic quality about pure tempera that I like. It doesn't fit into the big shows of today: it's not spontaneous, it doesn't shine like oil,

it has a dry substance. But” — his eye lit on a faded blue jacket hanging on the plaster wall — “look at that blue. Nothing else can do the air within that shadow so well as tempera.”

The wealth of things around us for an artist to see is just unbelievable. To see it and to clarify it in my own mind. That is the thing.

Wyeth is an articulate person and his own best spokesman about his work. He has such an important talent for the difficult art of painting, his gifts of thought and feeling seem to me so exceptionally interesting and our time so ill-equipped to comprehend the imaginative use of observation, that I have let him so far as possible speak for himself. Good painting, however, like good art of any kind, rises from very deep sources in the human soul, deeper than words can penetrate; and it speaks to the wordless depths of others. To some degree, the observer sees his own reflection in the dark glass; and something always remains unexplainable.

What is very clear, however, is that here is an artist who deliberately and thoughtfully stands aside from the majority trends of today; who has gone back of contemporary art to another, older tradition of painting; and who has reasserted the values of this kind of painting with a mastery and an authority that all must recognize.

I like to think of Andrew Wyeth as I have seen him, leafing through a pile of his quick studies, pausing to look a little longer at this one or at that, saying with an eager note of delight in his voice, “The wealth of things around us for an artist to see is just unbelievable. To see it and clarify it in my own mind. That is the thing.”

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John R. Bunting

Since World War II, many changes have taken place in the structure of our economy. How effectively have businessmen responded to these changes?

JOHN R. BUNTING, vice president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, has lectured widely and is the author of the forthcoming book **THE HIDDEN FACE OF FREE ENTERPRISE**, to be published this month by McGraw-Hill.

WHAT'S AHEAD for Business?

SINCE the end of World War II, the American economy has performed with unparalleled efficiency. True, there has been some inflation, especially during the immediate aftermath of the war, but that was neither unexpected nor inexcusable. Four short, shallow recessions blemish the record too; and for the past five years Americans have come to be conscious of a persistent balance of payments problem, plus an inability to get the economy to a position of full employment.

By any comparative standards, however — whether its own record, or the past or present record of any other national economy — the eighteen years since the war have been the most prosperous, trouble-free years in the history of the American economy.

Yet, during this period significant changes have taken place in the basic structure of our economy. At the outset it may be helpful to list three important forces making for modification in the structure of our business society: 1) the Maximum Employment Act; 2) the emerging dominance of the corporate conglomerate; 3) automation.

The Maximum Employment Act was formalized in 1946. In large measure, its spiritual conception occurred a decade earlier in the New Deal. It was a natural outgrowth of the social reform that swept through the United States in the wake of the Great Depression. Despite the fact that the Act has been in existence for some time, few businessmen have properly assimilated into their thinking the tremendous institutional changes it has wrought. Of course, an overwhelming majority of the business

community did not agree with this Act when it was passed. Many still hold out against it. No businessman, however, should fail to realize how it has changed the cost structure of business.

Now there is every good economic reason for business to assume everyone in the labor force as a fixed cost. After all, what this Act means is that each person in the labor force is to be employed, or to receive income while temporarily unemployed. One way or another, business is going to pay labor whether working or not. Obviously, then, from the point of view of the economy as a whole, operations are more efficient at full employment because the unemployed remain in the overall cost figures, even though they make no contribution to production.

What this could mean in the not too distant future is that big business, at least, will assume all employees as a fixed cost much as industry in Japan and in some of the European countries does. All workers would be put on a salary basis and treated the same as office workers. Profits would bear the brunt and reap the reward of the vagaries in business activity.

The likelihood of this eventuality is reinforced by the growing dominance of the corporate conglomerate in the business world. The conglomerate is a large corporation diversified to the extent that within itself separate subcompanies operate in vastly different markets. The idea is to stabilize the income and earnings of the whole unit. But more than just a strong desire for stabilized income and earnings is powering the drive toward con-

glomeration. Corporations, huge and dominant in their own field, are inhibited by a sense of propriety — and a suspicion of what the “antitrusters” would do — from further expansion there. Awash in depreciation reserves, in retained earnings, and in other vestiges of cash flow, they seek profitable outlets for their funds and skills in other sectors of industry.

Many businessmen who are deeply involved in diversification deplore this trend. They recognize that the actions of the corporate conglomerate frequently are not in strict conformity with a market economy. These businessmen believe strongly that for a market system to work, business must try to maximize profits in each market. But the growth of the diversified large enterprise does not allow them to operate in this manner.

A firm that produces a variety of products and operates across many markets does not necessarily regard a particular market as a separate unit for determining business policy. Therefore, it does not need to attempt to maximize profits in the sale of each of its products. Some products may be classified as money-making items, some as convenience goods, and some as loss leaders.

The diversification of the large firm minimizes loss in one part by setting it against profit in another. This is a source of strength to the firm. In economic terms, however, such a spreading of risk nullifies, or at least blunts, the effect of changes in prices, costs, and profits as guides to economic activity. Profits from one activity subsidize the continuance of another. Survival of the fittest is abrogated. The selective forces of competition are ineffective.

Of course, management of a huge firm desiring to maximize profits may expand the profitable facilities and eliminate the others. But this does not follow automatically. The allocation of costs is usually the result rather than a source of a policy decision.

Most important, however, huge size, by necessitating the development of a corporate social conscience, strikes at the very foundations of the market system. The modern corporation cannot play the economic game in the traditional manner. It cannot convince itself, even, that an “invisible hand” will cause its selfish actions to be for the common good. It cannot pull out all stops to kill off competition. It cannot try to make as much profit as it might. Business actions can no longer be predicated on the simple motive of self-interest.

Large firms respect one another. Competition among them is intense, but there is a feeling of live and let live, cooperation, and recognition of priorities of interest in the hope of reciprocal recognition. There are even unwritten rules that cause large firms to refuse to try to win away important

customers of a large rival. They have to pull their punches in dealing with smaller rivals too. Frequently, it is wiser to let them live than to compete so viciously as to kill them off and bring on anti-monopoly proceedings of some sort. So the game can never be played on an all-out basis.

This is leading to a new concept of the American economic system. Economists have long held such a concept. Now the businessman himself is slowly coming to the conviction that he has a responsibility to discipline himself. He can no longer enjoy the luxury of believing in an economic system in which the lure of gain and an invisible hand would steer everyone and the whole economy in the right direction and at the right pace.

RECENTLY, we have come to be aware of another factor which is transforming our business system: automation.

Changes growing out of technological innovations have always been notoriously difficult to measure and are almost always much broader than imagined. The automobile, for example, did infinitely more than just supplant the buggy. It replaced staying at home, and is now transplanting cities, towns, and the whole countryside. Now automation may be replacing certain skills; but, more important, it is transforming our educational needs.

I do not mean to suggest that we shall have to train workers to man the new automated equipment. Computers and other forms of automated equipment are giant morons, not giant brains. Even the highly regarded programming of a computer is difficult, not because of the inherent complexity of the computer itself, but because of the need to spell out every step in painstaking detail. Just as most of the jobs replaced by the computer did not call for high intelligence or creative people, neither does most work with the computer. On the other hand, the incessant load of information emptying from the computer begs for more general intelligence in its use and interpretation. A more theoretical bent in education as opposed to our traditional pragmatic bias in this country would seem appropriate if we are to take full advantage of automation.

At the present time, it is quite possible that a structural change is taking place in the role which private capital plays in our economy. All the talk about automation over the past decade or so would suggest that spending for new plant and machinery has been tremendous. Actually, it has been anything but. The shortfall in plant and equipment spending has been obscured by the magnitude of the raw figures. They have been impressive.

The failure of investment in plant and machin-

ery is not a failure to grow, but a failure to grow enough to hold its proportionate part of GNP. There is a persuasive enough explanation for this. After the shortage-induced post-war boom in capital investment, a letdown was inevitable. Every capital-spending boom is bound to bring in its wake some excess capacity. In fact, the astonishing part is not that there has been a letdown, but that the letdown has been so gentle.

But an important part of the story remains untold. The amount of capital (plant and equipment) required per dollar of output — call it the capital-output ratio — has been declining. The Council of Economic Advisers has estimated that this ratio dropped from 2.3 (\$2.30 of capital to \$1.00 of output) in 1929, to about 1.8 in the period since the war. That is more than a 20 percent decline.

Other bits of evidence, difficult to validate, suggest that the capital-output ratio has been falling fairly consistently since 1900. All of this implies that quite possibly the American economy has reached the state where technological development is so productive that less is needed. In other words, the normal increase in productivity per man-hour will come from a lesser increase in capital.

What seems to be happening is that in an evolutionary way scientific processes, not just automation, are bringing the American economy to a point where smaller amounts of capital are producing larger outputs of consumables. In order that a relatively free market economy may adjust to this structural change, consumption expenditures as compared with saving must grow proportionally larger. In the absence of a steady stream of exciting new products, there is little chance of this just “happening” when needed. For a time, perhaps, the excessiveness of saving is disguised, as funds chase each other in the stock market and find outlet overseas. But if consumer spending stays at the same percentage of income, saving remains redundant and business activity is sluggish. In this situation, modern government moves in. Government spending in ever increasing doses is prescribed. After a time, however, it becomes obvious that government spending is growing larger absolutely and proportionately. Businessmen in particular become alarmed, and other antidotes are sought.

Unfortunately, it is particularly difficult for businessmen to see this problem in true perspective. First, they can scarcely admit to themselves the need for ever larger government spending and conversely smaller inputs of capital. Instead, they ask for larger profits, greater permissible allowances for depreciation reserves, and the like so that they can hike capital spending back to its former role in the economy. But their own efficiency and inventiveness prevent them from getting it there. It is a paradox not yet sufficiently comprehended that

the very productiveness of capital is, in the spending sense, leading to its diminishing role.

Were he to admit to himself that what is outlined here is really happening, what should be the policy of the businessman? Should he sit back and watch government spending grow absolutely and proportionally to compensate for the increasing excess of savings over investment needs? I think not. Without being ridiculously conservative about this, I am still persuaded that increasing reliance on government weakens a society. But I think, too, that misguided efforts to secure tax laws that will restore capital spending to its historic role in the American economy can badly distort our business system. Already, the ability of business to finance itself largely from the internal flow of funds, such as depreciation and undistributed profits, restricts the flow of capital between industries and has helped produce much idle capacity.

Rather, it seems, business should favor measures that would increase consumption at the expense of saving. I say this appreciating the difficulties of accomplishment. The schizophrenic businessman incessantly advertises to beguile the consumer into buying his product, but he has never identified himself with programs to raise overall spending at the expense of saving. This ambiguity has deep roots and will not be easily overcome.

THERE are measures that might be expected to increase spending at the expense of saving. One of these involves changes in tax rates. A steeply progressive income tax to redistribute income from the wealthy to the poor can reasonably be expected to increase spending. There are two fairly strong arguments against this. It has already been used rather extensively, thereby minimizing potential benefits from further income equalization. Perhaps most important, any increase in “progressiveness” might have most unfortunate side effects. Incentives are blunted as taxes near what high earners consider to be confiscatory levels. Already some in our society seem discouraged by tax rates. To incline the rate more steeply would not seem wise in spite of the fact that it could be expected to raise consumer spending proportionately.

The trend toward security is working in favor of spending increases. Job and income insecurity make prudent rather large savings even for those who are in the low income bracket. Conversely, the partially successful quest for security has raised spending to a larger proportion of income than would otherwise have been the case. If in the future more workers move from a wage to a salary basis, it would enhance the feeling of security and increase spending at the expense of saving.

Dollars going for research and development might mean more consumer spending. A steady stream of new civilian products is much to be desired. Nothing gives more momentum to spending than an exciting new product. Competitive pressure once seemed to squeeze new products out of our business system without a cent being spent directly on research and development. Times have changed. Now huge companies set aside equipment, space, and personnel to work adventurously on new things. Unfortunately, military and space requirements have caused government needs to dominate research. Civilian needs have suffered.

As unlikely as it may sound, a major change in advertising emphasis could be helpful. Protestations to the contrary, advertising has changed very little, except in technique, from what it was in its infancy. At its most effective it is gimmicky. At its worst it is an insult to the intelligence of ungifted children. Even so-called "institutional advertising" is usually a thinly disguised recital of the necessity for high profits.

I am not calling for educational advertising. Nothing would be duller than a steady diet of objective, thorough, educational ads. What is needed, I believe, is advertisements with broader perspective, advertisements that would have as their goal the widening of living horizons for Americans, advertising programs that would show Americans the way toward more enjoyable worthwhile living.

It would be difficult to accomplish this kind of advertising within the present institutional arrangements. Individual companies want identification for their products to increase company sales. I am asking advertising to lift consumers' sights. Individual company sponsorship would prejudice the goals narrowly and defeat the purpose. Mass business support, financial and psychological, would be required. Even more important, divorcement from sponsor pressure would have to be secured for the advertising agency involved. Perhaps the agency handling such an assignment would work on no other. The best marketing, economic, and advertising minds in the country would be called together for such a venture. It could evolve into the American answer to government planning.

Finally, and perhaps most important, the corporate-profits tax must be eliminated so that total profits of corporations can be reduced. Many industries have a relatively inflexible demand for their products. In other words sales are not dramatically affected by changes in price within certain limits. Also, some of these industries are dominated by firms with the power to administer prices. Although the case is not black and white, it is very probably true that given these circumstances firms

will pass along the incidence of the corporate-profits tax to the consumer in the form of a higher price. Such action restricts demand.

There are those economists who grant the theoretical sense of eliminating the corporate-profits tax, but aver that removal would not result in lower prices. In their view, firms would maintain present price policies and pocket the share now going to the government. I think they are wrong. The businessman does not admit it openly, but he is aware of the broad changes that have taken place in the American economy.

Truly our business society knows it is unrealistic to expect profits to be as high as in decades past. Formerly, high profits were needed to lure cash from current consumption into necessary investment in productive facilities. Now more current consumption is in order. Formerly, high profits seemed only just compensation for the tremendous risks undertaken. Financial panic could bring on depression, and ruin the soundest corporation. Now depressions are "against the law," and even recessions do not always check yearly advances in GNP. In this changed environment, are high profits necessary to finance proportionally less investment? Formerly, corporations did not generate as much of their investment funds internally. They had to show good profits to get needed money for expansion. Now huge depreciation allowances permit corporations to generate their own funds. It is clear to sophisticated businessmen that profits up to former standards are inappropriate to the times.

What all this means is that business can adjust to the structural change that a steady stream of scientific developments, including automation, is foisting onto our economy. To adjust, however, businessmen will have to change some of their long cherished biases. They will have to promote policies that will raise consumer spending at the expense of saving, give employees even more security, and accept as normal a somewhat smaller return as profit. Government will have to have the political courage to eliminate the corporate-profits tax. This tax is not what it seems to be. It has caused higher prices and has indirectly influenced corporate policies in a way that results in larger savings. Corporations seeing half of their profits taken by government, and not sure they can pass the tax on to consumers, probably are led to put emphasis on larger depreciation allowances. To the unsophisticated, however, elimination will seem to be a gift to the businessman.

If society does not go along with something like the prescription I have advocated, it is possible that government spending as a proportion of total spending will continue to rise.

In next month's issue Professor Neil W. Chamberlain of Yale will discuss "What's Ahead for Labor."



LOOK DOWN, LOOK DOWN

A Story by JESSE HILL FORD

JESSE HILL FORD is a Southern writer who received his B.A. from Vanderbilt University and his M.A. from the University of Florida, where he studied under Andrew Lytle. Mr. Ford, whose first story appeared in these pages five years ago, is now at work on his second novel.

SOMETIMES Mrs. Gannaway felt light as a thistle. That was how she knew she was dying, but it didn't bother her. She felt life drying up inside her, and when the last bit of its moist essence was gone she would float off to heaven, she would sail away.

Mrs. Gannaway drew a long breath. She stared doggedly through the back-porch lattices at the sweaty little man shoveling woods dirt from his pickup truck. With bones so light and frail and one veined hand resting on her cane, it was no problem for Mrs. Gannaway to stand up. Besides, she felt better standing up than sitting down, not like the fat young people she knew, always seeking a chair, always weary with carrying themselves about.

The gentle thunder of a jet plane roared in the August sky. The farmer paused to look for it, resting the shovel against his thigh and taking off his hat a moment to wipe the sweatband with a bright-red handkerchief. The black earth about his feet was like a pool of velvet. The rest of the lawn, shiny with heat devils, shimmered in silvery waves like puddles of molten lead.

The old woman shaded her eyes. The jet's roar faded. War and airplanes were joined for her like welded brass. Her son, Arthur Gannaway, her youngest, had been reported missing in 1943. Arthur's bomber had last been seen flaming and plunging toward the Mediterranean. Not until the

war's end had she given up hope. Only then had she taken Arthur's insurance money and purchased chimes for the First Methodist Church.

Watching the rich black dirt being unloaded from the truck drew some of the lonely coldness out of her body. She would have her rose garden now that Mr. Gannaway was gone. Mr. Gannaway had raised strenuous objections to everything, even to spending Arthur's insurance money for church chimes. He had said a hundred times that he could see no help for Arthur, or Arthur's memory, in the fact that "Rock of Ages" could be heard all over Somerton on Sunday morning and Sunday evening. Nor could he see that "The Old Rugged Cross," at six thirty Wednesday evening, helped either. Mrs. Gannaway had given specific instructions with the memorial chimes: Sunday, "Rock of Ages"; Wednesday, "The Old Rugged Cross"; noon on Christmas Day, "Silent Night."

Just as certainly, Mr. Gannaway would have scoffed at the idea of hauling in woods dirt at a dollar a load to make a rose garden. Thinking how Mr. Gannaway had pouted himself to death brought back some of her old anger against him. It gave her a furious, scalding sensation to recall how he had died as though to escape her. In dying her husband had served her with a final indignity, leaving her to face life alone, without any Mr. Gannaway to manage.

What a great handsome fool Mr. Gannaway had been. He had peddled jack lifts, traded mules, sold hardware, shoes, fences, tractors, popcorn machines, soda fountains, and electric guitars. He had been a good provider. In his prime he was a big-talking, rich-dressing, loud-laughing natural salesman. Luckily for him, he had a wife shrewd enough to take money from him before he lost it in bad investments or threw it away. All his married life Mrs. Gannaway had limited him to three cigars a day, with no one outside the family ever being the wiser. She had done other things. She had checked on Mr. Gannaway to keep him upright and good. She had not seen a little money spent now and then on private detectives as money thrown away. So long as Mr. Gannaway never could be sure *when* he was being watched, in other words!

Just so, she spied on the farmer through the latticework. Let him lag, let him make a mistake, and she would call to him. Otherwise she was content to talk to herself loud enough for the man to overhear. "Highway robbery," Mrs. Gannaway said. "Dollar a load for dirt - I know when I'm being robbed." She gave a short sigh. "But what can a defenseless old woman do?" The farmer bent to his work like a groundhog. His shovel scraped the wooden truck bed.

Were Mr. Gannaway alive he'd be outside in the yard now, talking so much the man wouldn't have time to unload dirt for listening. That was Mr. Gannaway, hardly married five years before he suddenly volunteered for the Army and wound up in France, a buck private in the rear ranks, but enjoying every minute of it. Even when he was gassed and shot through the elbow he wrote home glowing reports.

Let him mention Paris, which he often did while telling tales of the war, and he automatically winked every time and brayed with laughter as though whatever had happened to him in Paris had been much too wonderful for words. No doubt he had smoked too many cigars while overseas. What a terrible emptiness she had felt through all those months of his absence, knowing full well how incapable the man was of taking care of himself, so feckless and absentminded, so careless of his clothes. At last she got him back, nursed him, fed him and fattened him, and restored him to health.

Then it was time for World War II, and she was caught by surprise with all her children old enough to go and all but Arthur having inherited Mr. Gannaway's mischievous love of war. Her oldest, Edna, joined the Women's Army Corps. Philip, a doctor, went to the Navy. Fred Junior, just out of college, was drafted. That left Arthur, the only one Mrs. Gannaway had succeeded in raising as a conscientious objector.

As for Mr. Gannaway, incurable fellow that he

was, he tried to join everything - Navy, Army, Marines, even the Coast Guard - and they all turned him down. It was the beginning of the man's pouting ways, his being so fretted to be left out of the war. But if his father fretted, Arthur at least managed very well. The Army was going to take him, along with the other conscientious objectors, and use him for a guinea pig. The Army would try out poisons on him, Mrs. Gannaway had decided, or let him shoot new guns to see if they would blow up. She had warned him of this ahead of time, and Arthur was ready for anything. Though full-grown, he was as pure in his habits as a lamb. The boy neither smoked, like Edna, nor sipped whiskey toddies, like Philip and Fred Junior.

Test her memory as she might, Mrs. Gannaway always found Arthur perfect. Let the doors of the First Methodist Church of Somerton open, and Arthur was there with Mrs. Gannaway on his arm. Hadn't she known somehow from the first that anyone as good as Arthur couldn't live long?

Never a boy to carouse at night, Arthur had not wrecked cars the way his brothers had. He had not done other things Mrs. Gannaway felt it best not to think about, things that had required Mr. Gannaway's getting up in the middle of the night to fix, affairs involving strange young women and their vindictive kinsmen. Never a soul had threatened either to shoot Arthur dead or have him immediately married.

Soft-spoken and clean, Arthur had played the piano softly, for the most part hymns, but, again, such favorites of Mrs. Gannaway's as "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" and "Still Is the Night." Music made her heart ache so, she never touched the piano now but left it locked. Of late she only dusted it.

It had been Mr. Gannaway's secret purpose to entice Arthur out of his goodness and into the ways of the Devil, but Arthur could never be tempted. His father had tried to make the boy play canasta, but Arthur would never touch cards. At such moments Mrs. Gannaway could feel her breast rise with a lightness that told her plainer than words that someday she would have wings and someday Arthur would be a star in her crown.

Mr. Gannaway's trouble had been that when the Second War began he looked on Arthur not as a son but as a cell mate. With his other children gone to war without him, Somerton was Mr. Gannaway's prison and Mrs. Gannaway was his jailer.

She peered through the latticed wall and suddenly rapped against it with her cane. She clutched her handkerchief in her free hand and raised it to her nose. "Careful! Careful there!" she cried. Having spread the loamy soil, the little man was planting the first rosebush. "Mind how you handle those young bushes!" she said.

For an instant the man stopped working and

peered at the porch, his face shaded by the brim of his hat. His cheeks were pale as biscuit dough. He leaned forward and spat on the ground.

"I hope you're not chewing tobacco," Mrs. Gannaway said. "I don't allow it on these premises."

The farmer spat the quid lightly into his hand and threw it away. She had, she thought, a glimpse of his eyes then. They seemed moist, evil perhaps, and a little red and squinty. A lazy man's eyes, she concluded, thinking at the same time of Arthur's eyes, blue and pure as oceans, set like jewels in an angel's forehead.

Those last months at home Arthur had been like an angel chased by demons. Mr. Gannaway had given Arthur no rest — talking, talking, and always talking at him.

"What fun does a conscientious objector have?" Mr. Gannaway would begin. "Can you answer me that?"

"I just don't believe in fighting and killing," Arthur had said.

"But, listen! Boy, you go places! See sights you never dreamed about your whole life long. It makes you broad," said Mr. Gannaway.

"Then I'll stay narrow," Arthur said.

"For a son of mine to turn out a coward!"

"I'm not a coward!"

"Dad-durn scaredy-cat for a son!" Flinging off his coat, Mr. Gannaway would roll up his shirt sleeve. "Take a look! See there, where Fritz got me in the elbow? See there, scaredy-cat? I had the gangrene. Sure, you could see little bitty pieces of bone working their way out like maggots, and some shrapnel's still in it! Fellow next to me had the whole side of his head blown away. I laid hung up in barbed wire like a bug in a web, and they commenced hollering 'Gas, gas, gas!' Wasn't nobody around to put a mask on me. So I drew a whiff or two of that!" Mr. Gannaway must pound his chest and cough. "Down here it settled on me. I spit up blood, understand?"

"What does that prove?" Arthur said.

"I went to Paris," cried Mr. Gannaway, winking and laughing. "Great gad, wasn't Paris a wonderful place?"

ROLLING down his shirt sleeve, putting on his coat, going on with his endless tales about war, Mr. Gannaway began having a certain effect on Arthur.

Though it was long past, merely remembering the final fateful interview gave Mrs. Gannaway a present giddiness. The sun on the windshield of the farmer's truck glanced and struck her eyes. She reeled and caught the latticework to steady herself. Her throat hurt with the memory of Arthur, so tall and young, so pure when he came hesitantly where

she sat in the living room, sitting down beside her on the sofa and taking her hand with great tenderness. Just then Mr. Gannaway had come into the house from outdoors whistling a strange little march-time melody. Her husband's happiness threw her first into panic and then into despair. There was no need then for Arthur to tell her, saying it so softly: "Mother, I've joined the Army Air Force."

"But you'll be a mechanic. You'll put gas in the planes," she had said quickly. "Well, if it had to be anything —"

But there was Mr. Gannaway, suddenly grinning like one of his trade mules. "Wrong guess!"

"Arthur!"

"Oh, that's where he'll *start*, all right," said Mr. Gannaway, "but once he's shook off that dad-durn conscientious objector stuff, once he's proved himself, they'll promote him up to pilot — just see if they don't!"

"Ultimately, I'm going to fly," said Arthur.

"He's gonna drop *bums* on people!" cried Mr. Gannaway in a great, gloating voice.

Near to fainting, Mrs. Gannaway held to her senses. "The war will be over," she said. "It will end before Arthur can possibly be trained." That same night she wrote her congressman. She fell asleep praying and weeping. Hadn't she already realized no power on earth or in heaven could keep Arthur from being taken from her?

Feeling so faint, Mrs. Gannaway decided she must lie down. She rapped again on the lattices. "It's time for my nap," she said. "Come wake me when the roses are planted, you hear? Tap on my bedroom windowpane from outside."

The farmer looked up and nodded.

"Rap on my window," she said. "I'm a light sleeper, and I'll get up and pay you."

"Yes, ma'am," the farmer said in a muffled voice. She watched while he took a drink of water from the mason jar beside him on the running board of the truck. Then he looked up at the cobalt sky. She left the porch to lie on her bed.

Waiting for her dizzy spell to pass, she had a vision of Arthur's plane skimming high above the Mediterranean Sea with Arthur inside at the controls, the plane flying in the midst of a great formation headed like a flock of starlings to some distant goal of importance. They had left the curving North African shore behind and were flying over the great blue brilliance of the seas which Arthur had written her about so lovingly, time and time again. He had said that nothing was more beautiful, no earthly sight more magnificent than that distance of rippling azure beauty.

His words put her in mind of heaven and the shores of Galilee, of Christ's own eyes dazzling with the water's beauty. Arthur must have felt close to Christ, must have been thinking of Christ and noth-

ing else when a tiny spurt of flame popped out of his left wing and a jolt such as a passenger train makes when it starts told him his plane was stricken. There was no time left for anything. A few words of prayer, perhaps. Arthur might quickly have said: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name."

No more than that, because he was falling, wings broken like an angel's, and he must have wheeled over and over between sea and sky until it might have appeared to him that he was rising into heaven instead of dropping swiftly down to smash a cottony froth into those wide green waves. He must have glided then, going underseas slowly down and ever downward amidst brilliancies of sunlight spearing straight down into the Mediterranean from the meadows of paradise. About his neck on a golden chain he wore his mother's ring; in his pocket over his heart he carried his New Testament, both given him by Mrs. Gannaway when he left home. And Arthur was never found.

Never found, and in fact no one saw his plane strike the sea, though some had seen him begin his long fall.

Then, after the war, a lean ball-turret gunner who had been flying in the next plane when Arthur's was crippled had stopped by to see her. A pocked-faced young man with long, nervous fingers, he had not been the clean-cut sort. Smiling his queer, vacant smile, he had confessed to Mrs. Gannaway that he had been out of work, had flunked out of college after going back to school on the G.I. Bill. He had also put up a little time in jail, he said. For an hour the down-and-out fellow stayed and talked about Arthur, telling her Arthur had been very popular with the other men in his squadron. She knew this was a lie because Arthur had always been too good to be popular. Yet she enjoyed the visit anyway, and when the young man left she gave him fifty dollars, which he accepted with just that same queer smile. Watching the ball-turret gunner leave, she had thought that there was no justice in a world which let such as him live while it took Arthur away.

Yet the thought had no sooner occurred than she was sorry for it and silently prayed for forgiveness.

Arthur dead. Yet for some time he had not been officially listed as dead. He was kept on the roster of the missing until the very last days of the war, though she knew well enough he was dead. Strangely, Mr. Gannaway had never given up hope that Arthur might be alive somewhere. It was just another of Mr. Gannaway's follies that he clung stubbornly to his queer belief long after the government had sent Mrs. Gannaway the insurance money. Even on his deathbed, when Mr. Gannaway lay pouting himself into the next world, full of bitterness and spite for having been kept at home during the Second War, even then her husband had

held to the outlandish hope. It was his way of beating down his guilt and making his grief a bit more manageable.

SHE was so tired that lying on her bed didn't seem to help very much. Having lain down, she wanted to be up again, but then she felt her bones getting lighter by the instant, a strange, dripping sensation. Still and all, she must get up soon, she thought. She would be needed to make sure the man in the garden was still at work.

And, once finished, the garden would need her then just as the house needed her now. Brown-edged watermarks on the papered ceiling high above her bed were scars to remind her. Without her the house would be helpless. Should a pipe give way or the roof spring a leak from the winter rains, who would call the repairman if she were gone?

When last the roof leaked and the ping-ping-ping of water dripping into stewing pans and broilers had followed her about the house, Eve Craddock, a young woman who had since married and moved from Somerton, had come calling on Mrs. Gannaway. Speaking slowly and carefully, Eve Craddock, who was Arthur's age and had gone to high school with him, told what she had seen in Memphis.

She had seen a man playing the piano at the Peabody Hotel, with the band, and it had come to Eve that she knew him. Not until she had gotten all the way home to Somerton had she realized that the piano player was Arthur Gannaway. Then, because she had remembered Arthur was supposed to be dead, she had been hesitant about coming to see Mrs. Gannaway.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Gannaway said. "Arthur's plane fell into the sea." Still, she felt a cruel and wild hammering in her breast. "Arthur was killed."

"I was so sure it was someone I knew," Eve Craddock said. "I even went back to the bandstand a second time. I stood beside the piano. He played very beautifully, and except for a deep scar on his cheek —"

"Arthur had no scars, not on his face, not anywhere on his whole body," said Mrs. Gannaway. "But, all the same, I'll look into it. I can't thank you enough."

The young woman had seemed embarrassed. She hadn't quite known how to leave and had said over and again, "Of course, it wasn't Arthur." Yet, on the other hand, why had she come to see Mrs. Gannaway? When Eve Craddock finally left, Mrs. Gannaway had gone trembling to the phone and called a reliable private detective in Memphis, one who had done a bit of checking up on Mr. Gannaway for her in bygone years. She had risen the next morning at dawn to catch the early Memphis bus.

Though she had paid him fees, talked to him on the telephone, and received his letters, she had never before then seen Fred Atkins, the private detective, in person.

Instead of the bright young man she had always imagined him to be, instead of the piety and cleanliness she had known she was sure to find in him, she discovered in the real Fred Atkins a man of quite another sort. She saw an old man with spongy skin and whiskery cheeks, a stupid-looking old fellow in a wrinkled gray suit and dirty, frayed shirt cuffs.

Obviously the detective had not been able to hold on to any of the fees he had collected over the years. His tiny office consisted of a desk, two chairs, a telephone, and stacks of old newspapers and magazines. From time to time, while he talked to her, Fred Atkins glanced at a 1936 calendar on the wall beside his desk. Only the voice belonged to the Fred Atkins she knew. With grief bending her heart, she agreed that the best plan would be first to see the young man for herself. Mr. Atkins would take her to the Peabody Roof that evening, he said. "That way you can see for yourself if she really seen anything or not before I start *my* investigation. Rent yourself a day room at the hotel."

When he opened the office door for her to leave, her worst suspicions were realized. She smelled whiskey on his breath.

All that day, waiting at the hotel, she had sat on the strange bed putting her handkerchief to her nose time and again, thunderstruck by the sure knowledge that Fred Atkins' grammatical slips, far from being the kindly failings of a kindly, religious man, were proof of his commonplace origins. Not only was he not a Christian; the detective was a drunken boor.

Betrayal wound like a tight steel spring in her stomach. She was waiting in the lobby when Mr. Atkins finally arrived, an hour late and unsteady on his feet. He stumbled getting on the elevator and would have fallen had he not been steering her by the elbow. While the car rose briskly to the Peabody Roof he continued to grip her arm. When the door opened he steered her ahead of him once again, straight across a dance floor hazy with tobacco smoke, straight into the reek of everything she had hated her whole life long.

In the midst of the musicians playing vulgar rag-time a pathetic little man sat pawing the sawed-down piano. A scar slashed his face from chin to forehead, a jagged red stripe interrupted only by an eye which lurked deeper in its socket than the other one.

Closer and closer still Mr. Atkins pushed her, until only the clanging, skeletal piano separated her from the mutilated face. Then, without warning, the creature suddenly smiled, and Mrs. Ganna-

way dropped in a faint, her senses drowning in the evil thumps of the Dixieland music.

She came to with her feet propped up indecently, in the lobby again, lying on a sofa which smelled of stale cigars. Mr. Atkins bathed her temples with water from the lobby fountain. She lay stunned, as though crushed by a ton of falling ice. "Feeling better now? How about it?" The detective's voice seemed at a distance; the sound was like oil secretly cascading through a tube.

"I was just going to say it seems likely to me that this little fellow upstairs could be your son, Arthur," he went on. "I'll go have a word with him and —"

"No, thank you," she had replied, getting off the sofa and brushing Mr. Atkins away. When she rose to her feet he staggered back uncertainly, the dawn of a bleak astonishment flooding across his face, blurring his wrinkled features.

With a summoning of strength she struck him on the temple with her fist, feeling her hand break in a shooting pain that leaped into her shoulder and lodged there like a white tongue of flame. Fred Atkins smacked the lobby floor like a fish on a stone slab. With her purse in her unbroken hand, Mrs. Gannaway walked straight out and across the street to the bus station, supported by the pain in her arm.

Because she was up in years it had taken her hand six months to heal. Abscesses had formed. There had been the threat of gangrene and no comfort at all except in reflecting that Mr. Gannaway had gone through much the same thing with his elbow and had bragged about it until the very day of his death. In the midst of her pain, Mr. Fred Atkins had sent her a bill for two hundred dollars, which she paid.

Then, while standing on the back porch that winter, looking through the lattices and thinking there was no comfort left in the world, she had conceived of the rose garden, even while a cold rain poured on the hard clay ground.

Still, she was midsummer getting the project under way. Late, and everything was late, and all her children gone now. Mr. Gannaway gone off and nothing ever on time anymore, yet quite suddenly it seemed to her that the garden was finished. She saw that the roses were all blooming. Then she, Mrs. Gannaway, with the effort of one deep frothy breath of indrawn air became as light as autumn's spider webs. She drifted slowly as mist through the rose garden. The chimes at the First Methodist Church began sounding. Gently she went, wafted along. Then she soared. Without warning she rose and was disappointed by the blinding flash of the sun, falling and covering her, as it did, like golden feathers. Yet the surge of disappointment left. For as suddenly as the sun faded, the sea appeared. One final breath, and she felt herself swiftly rising into the dark green fire of its waves.



TO ROB A MUSEUM

BY SIDNEY PETERSON

Born in 1912 in Oakland, California, SIDNEY PETERSON has had an unorthodox career. Among other things, he has been a draftsman for a naval architect, founder of a film company in Seattle, a television director, and a writer of cartoon scenarios for United Productions of America.

WHEN the Boston Museum of Fine Arts lost its priceless fourth century B.C. golden-winged Greek Nike (Victory) for single pierced ear last year, there was more than the usual spate of heightened speculation.

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there. . .
as in the case of an earlier and no less celebrated rape. Others recalled the lines written by Louis Shreve Osborne in the *Harvard Advocate* for November 10, 1871.

Maiden's hair is tumbled,
And then and there appeared
Cunning little ear-ring
Caught in student's beard.

Did the affair of the tumbled maiden illuminate the *disparition* of the pendant goddess? Who knew what the beard of some larcenous art lover might have contained? Shakespeare had spoken of beards stuffing.

to stuff a butcher's cushion . . .
but not of stuffing beards. Lear lovers will recall the
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren

who built their nests in a beard and students of history did not forget that Gaspard de Coligny, the Huguenot admiral, once employed his as a pin-cushion in which to park toothpicks.

Such crimes, says *Life* magazine of what it calls the "rising tide" of art thefts, are committed "more often for love of kicks than for money and are consequently the most difficult to trace." Is it going too far to see in the art criminal's "love of kicks" something corresponding to the desire for panache of a more flamboyant age, a psychological hunger for

acts not so much of protest as of defiance, a kind of intermittent running amuck in museums?

Museum News prefers to describe the "rising tide" as a "rash." The Legion of Honor in San Francisco recently lost a small Delacroix drawing. A thousand people were in the adjoining rooms when the thief lifted the protecting glass and absconded. The Jamestown Foundation has offered a \$500 reward for the return of a seal of that tasteless monarch James I. The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Collection in Williamsburg is missing a small water-color portrait of Miss Rebecca Freese of Cairo Forge, New York. A ten-inch bronze by Picasso disappeared from the Galerie Chalette in New York last summer. At the same time, the World House Galleries lost a Renoir sketch valued at \$9000. In 1962 two paintings were taken from the University of Nebraska. One of them was a *Golden Age* by Benjamin West. It was valued at \$6500 and turned up in Baltimore when a fence tried to sell it to a dealer. Abroad, the "rash" included some petty pilfering in the Vatican and the extraordinary lifting (through a skylight) of Rubens' *Heads of Negroes* from the Brussels Museum of Ancient Art. With the exception of the theft of the original of the picture on the Belgian 500 franc note, all of these crimes have been mere peccadilloes compared with the theft of the Nike, an object as precious in its way as the Cellini *salière* or the *Mona Lisa*.

With or without beards (and it should be recalled that the mustache painted by Duchamp on a reproduction of the *Mona Lisa* transformed it, in the eyes of many, into a work of art), it is impossible to consider the subject of museum thefts without reconsidering the stealing of Leonardo's masterpiece by an

Gold earring: Goddess of Victory driving a two-horse chariot; Greek, fourth century B.C. Reproduced by permission of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Italian patriot in 1911 — usually described as one of the three greatest individual thefts in the history of art, the other two being the snatching of Gainsborough's questionable *Duchess of Devonshire* and the pillaging of Van Eyck's *Polyptych of the Mystic Lamb*.

A thirty-two-year-old house painter (like Hitler) named Vincenzo Perugia had worked for a while in the cleaning and restoration department of the Louvre. Early one morning, wearing his workman's blouse, he went into the Salle Carré, removed the *Mona Lisa* from its frame, and carried it off without being challenged. Two years later, a Florentine dealer named Geri received a letter from Paris saying, "the work of Leonardo da Vinci is in my possession. It is my dream to restore the masterpiece to the land whence it came and the spot which inspired it." Subsequently, the thief turned up in Florence. He was arrested, and the painting recovered. Because he had a record of previous conviction, having been sentenced for robbery with violence, and because the police found a list of names of collectors and dealers in his room, including those of Rockefeller, Morgan, and Carnegie, it was supposed that his motives were something less than unmercenary. The patriot, however, stuck to his story of restoration and revenge for the looting of Italy by Napoleon. He received a nominal sentence at the hands of the Italian authorities.

Obviously Perugia's resemblance to Hitler was purely occupational and coincidental. The two men were not in the same league. In the thirty-nine volumes of photographs of objects stolen by Reichsleiter Rosenberg and his staff, submitted as evidence at the trial of the major war criminals, 21,903 works were represented. The total number of objects confiscated in "the interest of national-socialistic ideological and educational research" for the enrichment of the Third Reich and the systematic cultural impoverishment of the occupied countries was much greater. Miss Ardelia Hall, the Arts and Monuments Officer in the U.S. Department of State, has estimated that more than a million works of art were recovered, identified, and restored after the war in the American zone alone. Innumerable objects were not recovered.

The proportion is contrary to the general rule, which has it that most stolen works of art are recovered, either through police action or the intervention of conscience. The odds against success in the field of art thievery are, in fact, so great that they would be considered prohibitive in almost any other field of criminal endeavor. The same odds do not, of course, prevail in cases of fraud, forgery, and the like, although there, too, the risks tend to be high. According to Commissioner Jean Belin of the Sûreté, there is only one really foolproof racket in the art world, and that is the one of selling and reselling the same picture in a country in which the exporting of

important works is prohibited. The work is sold to a foreign dealer, and arrangements are made to paint over it and deliver it abroad. When the paint is removed, a substituted daub is revealed. The original remains where it was. The dealer has no recourse. Comfortable livings are being made in the practice of this dodge.

With the statistical orgy of Nazi looting, pillage, confiscation, and destruction barely behind us, it is difficult to take seriously the idea that the disappearance of, at most, a few dozen objects over a period of some months and in almost as many places constitutes a "rising tide." A "rash"? Perhaps. The trouble with rashes is that they can mean anything and often do. What we need is not so much a metaphor as a sense of proportion which will enable us to change scales at will and view the single isolated (relatively speaking) event as having more than a statistical importance. We must master the art of looking through both ends of the telescope at once, as it were, not in order to see a crime wave where one does not exist or to deny its existence if it does, but to grasp the elementary truth that the significance of the theft of a work of art may be as difficult to comprehend as the work itself.

PSYCHOANALYSTS who have concerned themselves with the study of thieves and thievery tend to agree that it is important to note from whom objects are taken; whether, for example, a father substitute is involved, as in plundering from an employer or the like. They have no hesitation in stating that such thefts are symbolic of active castration wishes rooted in a form of envy based on what, in women and girls, has been rhetorically described as "the cosmic injustice of their [feminine] bodily configuration." Marie Bonaparte plunges a little more deeply into the mystique of *Tiefenpsychologie* by proclaiming apodictically that the taste for collecting things (presumably regardless of how they are collected) always has an *origine anale*.

The case of William Randolph Hearst and the silver object reserved for another customer illustrates how difficult it is to make a firm distinction between the compulsive collector and the more kleptoc maniac. The great man simply pocketed the object and refused to part with it until threatened with the police. No crime was committed, but the intent was unmistakable. Many have been jailed for less. The dealer, in this case, was Duparcq, then head of the well-known firm of Crichton Brothers. Since the anonymity of the other customer has been preserved, it remains, I suppose, possible that her name was Rosebud.

If it is important to note from whom objects are taken or stolen, it is perhaps equally so to note what

they are, or even, occasionally, what they are not. Thieves do not necessarily lack taste or, for that matter, distaste. The art student apprehended in Philadelphia who was accused of stealing a Renoir after he had admitted making off with works from museums in Nice, Perigueux, Montreal, and Pittsburgh denied the charge indignantly, and declared that he did not like Renoir. In this case, the criminal did not lack money. He stole impulsively to satisfy an irresistible need. Courts in most states have held that an irresistible need is not a legal defense unless there is also an inability to distinguish between right and wrong. The same courts have yet to determine whether a dislike of Renoir is a legitimate form of insanity.

THAT mere disapproval may account for some thefts from museums is suggested by the common practice of stealing library books to prevent their circulation. It is easier, of course, to destroy or deface than it is to make off with something, and thus vandalism is more common than thievery. Probably the ideal situation for the really disturbed kleptovandal is one that combines the possibility of gratifying both impulses, as in the case of Lord Elgin and his marbles. Half of the works "stolen" by that celebrated diplomat from the Parthenon and other structures on the Acropolis were sunk at sea, and the damage inflicted on the buildings (already sadly damaged) by the removal was considerable. The French have coined the word *Elginisme* to characterize all similar acts. The theft of the *Mona Lisa* by Perugia was an act of *anti-Elginisme*, inspired, at least somewhat, by patriotic sentiment and disapproval of Napoleon. Lord Elgin's excuse involved disapproval of both Greeks and Turks as custodians of works on which they set no value at the time. The plea has been disallowed by no less an authority than Charles De Visscher, professor of law at the University of Louvain and a judge of the International Court of Justice.

Another celebrated case of *anti-Elginisme* resulted from Sir Hugh Lane's failure to have his signature witnessed when he attached it to a codicil in his will. Sir Hugh was the director of the National Gallery of Ireland, and as a result of a misunderstanding with the city of Dublin about how his collection of pictures would be housed, he left it to the National Gallery in London. He changed his mind in the unwitnessed codicil, but the law is clear about such lapses, and the paintings went to London. There was a great deal of agitation, but the British government decided to keep them there. Forty years later, Berthe Morisot's *Jour d'Été*, one of the thirty-nine works in the Lane collection, was stolen from the Tate Gallery. The Irish Student's Coun-

cil at once announced its full responsibility. The actual thief was an Irish sympathizer who had a permit to copy and carry canvases in and out of the gallery. Four days after he had accomplished his mission, the painting was delivered to the Irish Embassy. Barnett Hollander, in his exhaustive *The International Law of Art*, writes the whole thing off as a "stunt for publicity."

Greeks are at least as patriotic as Italians and Irishmen and, retrospectively, there were those who hailed the theft of the Boston Museum's Nike as a possible act of *anti-Elginisme*. The return of the world's most precious earring to "the land whence it came and the spot which inspired it" might easily have resulted in a nominal sentence at the hands of the local authorities. The law is not entirely uncapricious in making the punishment fit the crime of stealing works of art. Rosenberg was hung, but the half-wit who smashed the Duke of Portland's precious Barberini vase in its showcase in the British Museum back in 1845 received the alternative sentence of a fine of three pounds or two months at hard labor. Hollander simply comments that in this case "the statute failed to cover the outrage." In many states, a similar act would still be regarded as a mere misdemeanor.

Undoubtedly it is easier to destroy a vase than to remove a statue from a pediment, just as it is simpler to make a getaway with a small object than with a large one. Also, some media are more vulnerable to either destruction or theft than others. Marble and plaster are particularly stimulating to vandals. Both thieves and defacers seem to have a special feeling for photography. The Museum of Modern Art in New York has suffered more in defense of its sixth-floor tearoom than from depredators in the galleries below, but they turned out in large numbers for the enormously successful Family of Man show some years ago.

It is no secret that the same human family has an affinity for gold. "*L'homme ne résiste pas à la magie de l'or*," says Maurice Rheims in his entrancing *La Vie Étrange des Objets*, which was, at least partly, why, we may assume, Egyptian clergymen used to bury their glittering imperial mummies at night, and even resorted to the device of building false tombs. Fake paintings abound and gilded imitations of precious ornaments are not unknown, but no one has proposed a false museum as a security measure.

The concealment of works in limestone caves, subway tunnels, and such unlikely places is as far as we have gone. It should be remembered, however, that the situation is not yet as desperate as it will be when, as Gerald Reitlinger anticipates in his *The Economics of Taste*, "everything down to the least glass paperweight is in a cultural institution of one kind or another." When that brave day comes, as there is every indication that it will, museums will

be forced to take the most extreme precautions against mobs of frustrated collectors refusing to fall, as Reitlinger says, "below the level of magpies and marmots."

The strength of the impulse to collect is beyond dispute. Not only does the whole of human history proclaim it, but likewise the behavior of our poor relations in the rest of the animal kingdom. Birds do it, rats do it, and dogs do it. Rheims calls a terrier who collected golf balls under the impression that they were eggs, a "*spécialiste du stockage alimentaire*." He was the canine prototype of the amateur who assembled the world's greatest collection of croissants, seeking them from every pastrycook and baker in the entire world. Let anyone who doubts the variety of expression of which this impulse is capable visit the Lightner Museum in Saint Augustine and stand convinced. There is nothing, but nothing, that someone, somewhere and sometime, has not collected to assuage an itch that is common to worms, mice, and most people.

According to the author of *La Vie Étrange*, doctors prefer ceramics, books, stamps, and old coins. Dentists and pharmacists are attracted by contemporary paintings. Lawyers adore the sixteenth century and books. Bankers prefer the eighteenth century and Impressionist pictures. Naturally there are individual differences, and one must always distinguish between the *collectionnaire*, the *amateur*, and the *curieux*, whose special passion has been compared to the sophisticated disorder, the *désordre savant*, of an English bouquet, whereas nothing is more characteristic of the *collectionnaire* than his desire for pairs, things of a kind, and sets.

If terriers collect golf balls, men collect bones, and who is to say that the innocence that mistakes balls for eggs is greater than that which deludes itself that it possesses bits of the skeletons of the Cid, of Héloïse and Abelard, of Molière and La Fontaine, as in the case of Vivant-Denon and his assemblage of historic splinters? The impulse thrives on delusion and illusion, but it remains steadfastly true to its prehistoric principle: the right of the individual *margot* to clutter its own nest. Anything that threatens that right will automatically be viewed with alarm and with the hostility reserved by collectors for their competitors.

The average art museum is not merely a public, as opposed to a private, repository. It poses still another problem as a monument to the increasing burden of organized history. In a very real sense, we have been swallowed by it, just as Metis was swallowed by Zeus, who then gave birth to Athena, one of whose aspects was Nike. Never before in human experience, not even among the Egyptians, has the sense of the past been so much a part of the present, such a weight upon the future. It is almost a religion, and the museum is not only the *église des*

collectionnaires, but also the church of all those who believe in the myths we evoke by our orderly arrangements of artistic relics to accord with the way we happen to be rewriting history. Under the circumstances, it is only natural that we should speak in hushed tones in the chapels of the masterpieces, that we should extend this hush to the temples of the dealers, that we should cultivate certain spoken rituals and employ in our approaches to works of art the languages of love and of theology.

But it is also natural for some to rebel, and the rebellion has been going on for some time. It goes back at least as far as the futurist manifesto of 1910, in which Marinetti, Russolo, Boccioni, Balla, and Severini, among others, called bluntly for the destruction of museums, libraries, and every kind of academy. Perugia's magniloquent gesture occurred in the following year, and within a decade Duchamp had thumbed his nose at the sterility of the academic religion by providing the *Mona Lisa* with a mustache. In between, the attacks of the dadaists on the rabbit fanciers of the art world (to recoin a phrase of Hueisenbeck's) had repercussions that were felt in police courts no less than in the chapels and temples. The rebellion has continued, almost without abatement. Neither the artist, in his way, nor the thief, in his, has stopped his not always unambiguous protest against the invasion of his interests by, on the one hand, the ordering of the past against the present (as though it were possible to stop change by fixing forever values that as recently as the middle twenties were so unfixed that you could buy a very good Stubbs for one fiftieth of what it would cost today) and, on the other, by the scattering of thousands of little Fort Knoxes of art across the landscape of the civilized world, in insolent defiance, as it were, of the rights of private collectors, including those for whom a knowledge of the difference between right and wrong is a matter of taste.

At bottom, this struggle between individuals and institutions manipulated by other individuals may be a conflict between a whole series of objects. The thief, if we are to believe Sartre, who is so persuasive about his Saint Genet, is an object. Like Simone de Beauvoir's woman, his objectness is multiple. He is one to others and another to himself, before being anything else. A female kleptomaniac is even more multiplicitous. Without going further into Sartre's study of the criminal actor and martyr, it is easy to see that such object-building, so to say, may be continued to embrace not only the *objet d'art* but the building that houses it. From this point of view, every museum theft that is not committed for strictly business reasons is an object-object-object-object lesson, at least. And by the same token, the thief stands revealed not as a *collectionnaire* or a *curieux* but an *amateur*, "fascinated," as Rheims says, "not by the similarity of objects but by their diversity . . .

enchanted by their correspondence to the *multiplicity of his spirit*."

Those who tend to reject such complexities will naturally turn to the simpler views of the less compounded past, and if they go back far enough they will find themselves in that fabled world in which works of art were so little differentiated from the men who created them that they were regarded as having lives of their own. In that world, painters could wander off into landscapes of their own devising, carved dogs ran, women had children with the help of clay models of their impotent husbands, and dragons soared from the wall on which they had been delineated without the intervention of any merely human agency. According to Pausanias, the ancient Athenians believed that their wingless Nikes would remain with them because, being wingless, they would be unable to fly away. And according to Jane Harrison — whose bird-leaving-the-nest theory of Nike wing development sounds com-

pletely reasonable to modern ears preoccupied with theories of personality growth — the goddess grew wings when she began to develop a personality of her own and stopped being a mere form of Athena. The Boston Museum's Nike was not wingless, and she did not remain. And for a while, so long as she was gone, it was possible to imagine that somewhere in a shrunken and implacably divided-against-itself world in which old fables survive largely, if they survive at all, as philosophic fictions, a golden, fugitive, two-inch Victory might actually be fluttering about looking for a place to light. Her recovery from the mud beside the river behind the Museum, where she had been wrapped in a piece of egg carton, placed in a tin can, and buried five inches deep, has, of course, laid that particular figment of fancy to rest, along with recollections of the beard of Louis Shreve Osborne and the lunar flight of Miss Belle Fermor's stolen lock. In a way, it seems almost a pity.

THE ANIMAL

THAT

DRANK UP SOUND

by William Stafford

One day across the lake where echoes come now
an animal that needed sound came down. He gazed
enormously, and instead of making any, he took
away from, sound: the lake and all the land
went dumb. A fish that jumped went back like a knife,
and the water died. In all the wilderness around he
drained the rustle from the leaves into the mountainside
and folded a quilt over the rocks, getting ready
to store everything the place had known; he buried —
thousands of autumns deep — the noise that used to come there.

Then that animal wandered on and began to drink
the sound out of all the valleys — the croak of toads,
and all the little shiny noise grass blades make.
He drank till winter, and then looked out one night
at the stilled places guaranteed around by frozen
peaks and held in the shallow pools of starlight.
It was finally tall and still, and he stopped on the highest
ridge, just where the cold sky fell away
like a perpetual curve, and from there he walked on silently,
and began to starve.

When the moon drifted over that night the whole world lay
just like the moon, shining back that still
silver, and the moon saw its own animal dead
on the snow, its dark absorbent paws and quiet
muzzle, and thick, velvet, deep fur.



Better Lawyers for Our Criminal Courts

by Judge J. EDWARD LUMBARD

What kind of lawyers now defend indigents who are accused of crime, and how good a job do they do? For a constructive analysis of the situation in our criminal courts, we turn to J. EDWARD LUMBARD, Chief Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals Second Circuit.

THE tragic events of November 22 and 24, 1963, in Dallas, have focused public attention on the administration of criminal justice and on the lawyers who represent those accused of serious crimes. A few months earlier, in March, 1963, the Supreme Court of the United States had called the attention of the bench and bar in every state to the constitutional requirement that counsel be provided to represent criminal defendants who are financially unable to retain their own counsel. The Supreme Court did this by reversing the conviction and five-year jail sentence of Clarence Gideon, in a Florida state court, for breaking and entering with intent to commit a misdemeanor. The Supreme Court's action was taken because the Florida court had refused Gideon's request that counsel be appointed, and he had been compelled to defend himself. Upon his retrial, Gideon was acquitted.

Each state must now survey its practices and methods of providing counsel for indigent defendants. Failure to make adequate provision may result in the nullification of convictions in cases where retrial and further successful prosecution may be difficult or impossible. In addition, many related questions have to be considered: Must counsel be provided in every criminal case, or only in those where substantial jail sentences may result? At what stage of the case must counsel be provided? What experience must counsel have had? Must necessary expenses be paid? And so on. These

questions will be answered by each state according to its laws and public opinion as it is informed by the state's judges and lawyers. But the crucial question is whether the lawyers now retained to defend criminal cases and those who are accepting assignments to defend indigents are adequate to the task of preparing a reasonably good defense.

What kind of lawyers now represent those who are accused of crime, and how good a job do they do? As most of these lawyers must be assigned by the court, frequently without any fee or any reimbursement for out-of-pocket expenses, the picture is a very mixed one. Connecticut has a statewide public-defender system in which the salaries and expenses of the defenders are paid by the state. Massachusetts is now developing and expanding such a system. Los Angeles has had a public defender for many years. New York State has excellent legal-aid organizations in some of the large cities but few or no organizations in other cities and in many counties. Any summary must paint with a broad brush, and we must generalize about the overall situation in order to see the criminal lawyer as he is and take stock of what can and should be done.

Taking the fifty states as a whole, the basic fact is that 60 percent of all defendants charged with serious crimes are indigents in the sense that their income and resources make it impossible to retain counsel. In the large cities, such as New York, about 75 percent of the defendants are indigent.

An analysis of the lawyers who represent those accused of crime in New York will show the problems which must be attacked.

WHAT kind of lawyers do the defendants of Group One retain? Group One consists of the privileged few, less than 5 percent, who are able to and who do retain first-rate lawyers. The number of first-rate lawyers who are willing to appear in a criminal court is diminishing every year. The fact is that there are not enough first-rate counsel who are willing to represent the defendants who can pay for the defense.

First-class counsel will consider and employ every proper means for attaining the best result for the defendant, including investigation, research, pre-trial motions, and bargaining for a plea of guilty. Of course, this is just what a good lawyer should do. If the district attorney is willing to recommend, and the court to accept, a plea to second- or third-degree assault instead of first-degree, the defendant will usually receive a lighter sentence. In this way many cases are settled by pleas of guilty, and usually substantial justice is done.

Well over 95 percent of all defendants do plead guilty, which makes it possible for the criminal courts to handle their business. Clearly, what almost all defendants are chiefly interested in is the sentence they will receive. First-rate counsel will know how to get the best bargain for his client because he knows the ropes. As in every other human activity, a show of strength and skill in placing matters in the most favorable light is bound to get a better result. The patient who employs the best surgeon has this advantage over those who cannot do so. Although many of the poor do get attention from the great surgeons, indigent defendants rarely, if ever, get the help of our greatest trial lawyers.

All too seldom are first-rate lawyers assigned in important cases. During the Second World War, in 1942, the New York federal court assigned Harold Medina to represent Anthony Cramer, who was charged with treason, and in another case the court appointed Theodore Kiendl and George Leisure to represent some Nazi bundists charged with sedition. I know of no such assignments since 1942.

Nor is the matter of sentence a simple one. The federal statutes on sentencing are now so complicated that the country's federal judges have been meeting in institutes to study problems of sentencing. The laws of our larger states are equally complex.

Group Two consists of all other defendants able to pay for a lawyer who get less than first-class counsel. Most of Group Two get their lawyers on the recommendation of the bail bondsman or some

lesser court or police official. They usually steer the defendant to a lawyer who will kick back to them a substantial part of the fee. The lawyer gets much of his business this way. He hangs around the courts; he may have desk space somewhere, but few, if any, lawbooks. He is lazy and incompetent and wants a quick turnover. His investigation of the case is usually limited to how much money he can get out of the defendant and his family, frequently on the misrepresentation that he can fix someone. He seldom knows any law or reads any cases. For trial his preparation is nil; his summations are always the same. His exaggerated claims and charges and his references to liberty, justice, due process, and the flag are so transparently hollow and insincere that it is not easy for most juries to sympathize with his client.

A few of the Group Two defendants will get into reasonably good hands, either through another lawyer or friend or by applying to a bar association referral service where available. These lawyers do a good professional job for reasonable fees; they give the case such attention as it needs.

We now come to the remaining 75 percent, the indigents — Group Three. I think we can agree on the kind of representation the indigent defendant should have. The indigent is entitled to have assigned to him, before arraignment, and in some cases even earlier, counsel who is reasonably competent and who has had some trial experience in the criminal courts. Such counsel should be paid a reasonable fee so that he is in a position to devote to the indigent's case the time and attention which would be devoted to the case by the average competent lawyer who receives a reasonable minimum fee. Counsel should also be reimbursed for necessary investigation and out-of-pocket expenses. Such counsel is adequate; anything less than this is inadequate.

Measured by this standard, it is clear from recent surveys that there are very few communities in this country where a majority of indigent defendants in criminal cases have adequate counsel. The difficulty is that most lawyers who are assigned simply cannot give a case the necessary attention unless they are reasonably paid to do so.

Does the full-time compensated public defender give adequate representation? The answer is yes, where the public defender and his assistants have time enough and means enough to do substantially what counsel receiving reasonably minimum compensation is able to do. But the growing case loads and the meager budgets in many instances are cause for real concern.

The Legal Aid Society in New York has recently expanded its services to encompass many courts in New York City which it has never serviced before. Founded in 1876, it was the first organization in this

country to furnish counsel to the poor; since then it has been a leader in the excellence of its services and the expansion of its activities. Even with a criminal-attorney staff of forty lawyers, it is obvious that the task of the Legal Aid Society in handling more than 60,000 cases, as in 1962, raises serious questions of adequate attention in many of these.

The Judiciary Committee of the New York State Assembly has recently published a report of the work of the Society in representing the indigent accused. It points out that New York law now requires that the indigent have adequate opportunity to consult informed and competent assigned counsel, and it uses as a yardstick the "type of service . . . provided by the average lawyer versed in criminal practice, if retained at a minimum standard fee." The report further states that the demands on the Society make it impossible for one lawyer to follow the case through from one court to the next, and it says: "The dialogue between attorney and client is frustrated by the very manner in which Legal Aid operates. Persons who have been defended by Legal Aid have complained to us that they never knew who their lawyer was, and that they had to educate a new lawyer with respect to their case each time they appeared in court."

It points out that "no one lawyer assumes advance individual responsibility for preparation." Giving the Society credit for the capable supervision of its attorneys and the zeal and dedication of its well-trained staff, the report states that "Under present circumstances it is simply impossible for a Legal Aid attorney to devote the individual time and effort to every case which it requires. . . . In our judgment, The Legal Aid Society, Criminal Branch, is severely overtaxed. As a result, the indigent Criminal Court defendant is not assured of adequate representation." Let it be added that in 1962 the Society employed only five investigators. The city now gives the Legal Aid Society \$250,000 per year, which pays less than half the cost of its criminal court work, while the city budgets the district attorneys of the three counties where Legal Aid operates in depth — New York, Brooklyn, and Bronx — a total of more than \$4,400,000. Moreover, this does not take into account the many detectives and police who are assigned to the district attorneys for investigations.

This analysis of the New York situation would probably apply in some degree to most public-defender organizations in the large cities. More staff and more money are badly needed almost everywhere, whether the work is on a statewide basis, as in Massachusetts, or citywide.

In many cities and in most of the counties in the United States, the judges assign individual counsel in each case as needed. Except in capital cases, there is usually no compensation and no reimburse-

ment of expenses. When advised that an indigent needs counsel, the judge usually picks out some lawyer who happens to be in the courtroom. Many of the lawyers so assigned have been recently admitted to practice and have had little or no experience in criminal cases. The lawyer then spends a few minutes with his newfound client at the side of the courtroom, or perhaps in an anteroom under the scrutiny of the bailiff or the marshal. In most of such assignments, after a few minutes of conference, the defendant is advised to plead guilty, and he feels he has no choice but to do so. Everyone who participates in these proceedings knows that this is a farce — the judge, the district attorney, the assigned lawyer, the bailiff, and, of course, the defendant himself. The point is that a defendant able to retain his own counsel gets far different treatment.

In most courthouses and courtrooms there are simply no facilities for any private conference with counsel for the indigent defendant, who almost always has been remanded to jail because he cannot post bail. As the recent report of the New York Assembly Judiciary Committee says:

A major disability of any lawyer at the time of arraignment results from the inadequate facilities provided for interviewing prisoners prior to arraignment. In many counties, such facilities are simply non-existent. In Bronx County, in the older of the two buildings occupied by the Criminal Court . . . the prisoners are fed into the courtroom through a narrow and dark staircase which leads from the detention pen on the floor below to a cage immediately to the left of the bench.

In any county in New York City, the attorney (whether assigned or privately retained) has no alternative but to exchange a few whispered words in the courtroom with his client. At very best, he may be able to spend a few moments outside the gates of the detention cell where he is compelled to speak to his client packed in along with dozens of other prisoners.

The New York report regards the appointment of individual lawyers as unsatisfactory because the assignments "are frequently not given the lawyer's best efforts," and it points out that the inadequacy of this hit-or-miss method is what led to the creation and expansion of the Legal Aid Society. There can be no doubt that individual assignment of uncompensated counsel is the worst system for securing representation for the indigent; the real absurdity of it is that it places the burden almost entirely on a small group of lawyers who are least able to bear the burden financially and who frequently are not able to do a competent job.

THE public has been almost totally disinterested in the difficulties of properly defending the indi-

gent. The public has not understood the problem, and the reason for this is that the bar does not understand it. How else can one account for all the years during which Congress has taken no action on bills providing for the public defender and alternative methods of defending the indigent in the federal courts, particularly in view of the fact that more than 60 percent of all the members of Congress are lawyers?

While everyone professes belief in the right to effective representation for the indigent, the public and most lawyers really have a "Yes, but—" attitude. Their first reservation is that the 95 percent who are going to plead guilty anyway do not need a lawyer. Second, they claim that almost all the rest are guilty, so that any lawyer is good enough for what needs to be done. Third, they say, "Well, I'll give some money, but I can't do anything else." As we have seen, each of these attitudes is based on assumptions which are contrary to fact.

The bar in general looks down upon even the best of the lawyers who practice in the criminal courts. Most of our leading trial lawyers will not handle criminal cases, except income tax frauds or antitrust cases against corporate executives. They say they will not represent defendants who might be guilty; thus they are themselves in large part responsible for the failure of the average citizen to understand that the lawyer has a duty to represent a defendant whether guilty or innocent. It is not the lawyer's business to pass upon guilt except as he may have to consider the likelihood of a verdict of guilty in advising his client how best to answer the charges. These lawyers are fearful that their business clients would not understand their appearance in the criminal arena. The result is that many law firms have no lawyer on their staff who is qualified even to advise a business client about the hazards of the criminal law.

These attitudes on the part of many lawyers only serve to compound our difficulties. Young lawyers avoid the criminal courts except to get trial experience for two or three years as prosecutors. But many firms discourage their juniors from accepting appointments as assistant prosecutors or assistant public defenders.

Let us not forget the lawyers for the prosecution. In most states, prosecutors are elected in each county. In those states, the local politicians pick out some bright ambitious lawyer to run for district attorney. They usually choose someone who is likely to win elections for his party on his way up to more important and better-paid offices. The emphasis here is on political advantage, not on competence or experience for the position. All too frequently the most important criminal cases are prosecuted by lawyers of little experience and with

little understanding of the overriding obligations of the office. I refer to the obligation to see that defendants are fairly treated and fairly tried, that no relevant evidence is suppressed, and that constitutional rights are not disregarded. Anyone who watches television or reads the daily press will see constant reminders that police, prosecution, and defense think that publicity will help their cause or promote some private ambition. Suffice it to say that there are many important criminal cases in which the public would be better served by the designation of leading trial counsel to prosecute, as is done in England. The notion that young and inexperienced lawyers can prosecute important criminal cases is hard on the public, and all too frequently it may work a grave injustice to defendants.

WHAT can we do about the present unhappy situation of inadequate counsel?

First, every community where there is no established public-defender or Legal Aid organization should re-examine its system for assignment of counsel so that competent and properly compensated counsel will be available to represent indigent defendants. Second, every effort should be made to secure the enactment into law of the federal Criminal Justice Act, proposed by the Attorney General, which provides for public defenders or their appropriate alternative in every federal district. Third, where a public-defender office or a Legal Aid Society is carrying a staggering load with too few lawyers and almost no additional help, funds should be made available so that additional competent staff may be recruited as rapidly as possible. Last on the immediate list, every criminal court should set aside suitable space where the indigent and his counsel may confer privately. The court should also make sure that private consultations may be had at the places of detention.

For the long run we need a complete change in the attitude of the bar toward the criminal courts and the administration of criminal justice. Instead of sweeping this whole business under the rug and treating it as the least important part of our legal system, we must realize that without proper manning of the criminal courts we deny to many defendants any real protection of their constitutional rights, we undermine law enforcement, and we encourage disrespect for the law.

I should like to make the following suggestions:

1. The law schools should give their courses in criminal law and procedure more content, meaning, and emphasis. It was a meaningless half-course in the first year when I was at law school; it had no relevance to what I found in the United States Attorney's office just after graduation.

2. Opportunity should be given to qualified second- and third-year law students to do public-defender work under proper supervision, as law schools such as Harvard and Columbia have been doing for many years. Equally important, more senior law students should be given the chance to work in law-enforcement offices, such as the local district attorney's and the United States Attorney's office. In 1953 I initiated such a system in the United States Attorney's office in New York for forty-five third-year students each summer and for forty-five students about to begin their third year.

3. All applicants for admission to the bar who have not done any of the work just suggested for law students should be required to do comparable work with a public defender or a district attorney before their admission — enough to get some idea of what it is really all about by working on live cases.

4. The organized bar should take an active interest in the selection or the nomination of district attorneys and public defenders, just as the American Bar Association and many local associations have been enormously helpful in the selection of federal judges. Such interest would be certain to raise the caliber of these officials and their assistants.

5. Young lawyers should be encouraged to spend two years or more in prosecution or defense offices. From such offices have come almost all of our first-rate trial lawyers and many leaders of the bar.

6. Under any system it will be necessary and desirable to assign individual lawyers in certain cases. Lawyers so assigned should be only those who have had previous criminal trial experience. The judges should require the leading trial lawyers to take their turn. They can well afford to do this; we cannot afford to run the courts without their participation.

7. The judges, by rule and notice, should advise the bar and defendants that statements to the press and interviews concerning pending cases will not be tolerated and will be treated as contempt of court. The lurid and prejudicial matter which is now broadcast to the public before trial cheapens and degrades criminal proceedings.

8. Where assigned counsel or any counsel representing a defendant shows himself to be grossly inattentive or incompetent, the judge who knows of this should offer to permit substitution of other counsel, and during trial he should declare a mistrial if the defendant so desires. A judge should never try the case for either side because the scales seem unfairly balanced, but in criminal cases he should exercise supervision over counsel's conduct and, where justified, take such action as is necessary to meet the situation.

9. Every defendant should be advised of his right to counsel by printed notice given to him and posted in all places of detention. In this way he may learn that there are other ways of getting counsel besides being steered by a bondsman or hanger-on and that the organized bar can help him retain a competent lawyer.

10. Public defenders and Legal Aid organizations, where they are publicly subsidized, should be given enough funds to provide adequate representation for all indigents who require it.

11. Once each year the district attorney and the public defender should render detailed reports of their work to the judges, and the appropriate bar associations and committees of the bar associations should be charged with constant surveillance of these public offices.

12. It should become the practice of the federal and state governments to retain first-rate trial lawyers as special counsel in important cases. Expert criminal lawyers should appear not only for defendants; serving both as prosecutors and as defense counsel, as their retainers may require, would go a long way toward improving the public image of the criminal trial lawyer. It should bring back to the criminal courts many leading lawyers who have stayed away in recent years.

Once the bar understands the situation confronting the criminal courts and the indigent defendant and wishes to move forward, I have no doubt that public support may be enlisted. There is much that the bar and the law schools can do to support such a program by gathering the facts and publishing them.

It is all too clear that many of the lawyers now handling criminal court work are not adequate to represent indigent defendants. The institution of public-defender systems will go far toward relieving the immediate situation. In several communities many first-rate lawyers appearing in criminal cases formerly served as public defenders. The establishment of more public-defender offices is bound to improve the defense of criminal cases and the whole tone of our criminal courts. Surely every state now has the means, in terms of well-trained lawyers and the money to reimburse them, so that the criminal law will be properly administered. As with all the problems which challenge the courts, we must make sure that our effort goes far enough. Most important, we must keep in mind our paramount obligation to ensure equal justice under law to the guilty as well as the innocent, to the poor as well as the rich.



An Atlantic "First"

by DAN BROWNE

"I was born in New York," writes DAN BROWNE, "left it to become a pilot during World War II, spent a number of years in Paris where I pretended to write, travelled around the Adriatic islands under the same delusion, and finally returned to New York where I have written some television plays." One of Mr. Browne's plays, THE RAMP, is to be shown in summer theaters this season.

TWO ISLANDS

A PAIR of goats were the sole inhabitants of Mali Trk. The female was white; the male colored with patches of black and a tapering band that ran down from his forehead and circled his right eye. They grazed for the most part on beggarweeds, which grew after the spring rains in crevices between the limestone rocks of the small skull-shaped island. They drank seawater. During winter storms they found shelter in the numerous caves that rain, wind, and the Adriatic had gouged out of the weather side, and while waiting for calm to return, nibbled on moss and lichens. When they emerged, there was often seaweed washed ashore, and once from a capsized boat a CARE crate of dehydrated eggs, which they chewed open in a businesslike manner and devoured. The summer tides brought them supplemental rations of galley refuse dumped from steamers that called on the clusters of islands between Trieste and Rijeka, and the male often stood with his head hooked between his forelegs as he peered under the coastal ledges for carrot tops and potato peelings. The female would wait on higher ground until he straightened and would then descend unhurriedly and get her feet wet. At these times he regarded her momentarily, the marking above his eye suspiciously resembling an arched eyebrow, and then together they gobbled up whatever scraps chance had brought their way.

On this particular afternoon they were on the lee side prospecting the incoming sea, unaware

that two kilometers away on the larger island of Velike Trk they were being observed through the General's binoculars.

From the jetty in front of his summer villa, he watched their familiar pattern of movements as friends and youngsters piled into his runabout. A gun barrel crossed his line of sight. Dragy, the neighbor's boy, was about to enter the boat with an old army rifle. "What are you doing with that?"

"It still shoots, no?" Dragy said.

"Put it back."

"You said we were going to get her, no? Because she's tenderer."

"Just put it back."

Dragy sprinted off. He returned wearing a long Indian headdress of plastic feathers and a container of suction-tipped arrows slung across his shoulder. The General started the outboard engine. Atilio, his plump son, was seated on a pylon at the end of the jetty. "Well," the General called out, "what are you waiting for?"

Atilio approached on a diagonal. His brown eyes were slightly bulged and thoroughly domesticated. He studied the crowded boat a meter or so below, squatted, stretched his right foot toward a seat board, and straightened quickly as the runabout shifted in the water. He circled, aimed his other foot tentatively, and was startled by a chorus of "Get in, already."

Dragy raised his arm. Atilio took hold of it and steadied himself as he aimed his foot again. Dragy yanked him forward. Atilio dropped into the boat with a thud, stumbled and skinned his knee. He slipped in beside his younger cousin Marya and quietly began to scrape away the wad of chewing gum that Dragy had left in his palm.

THE General tossed aside the mooring line, rammed open the throttle, and swung the boat around brusquely. Istok, the old mongrel whose sight was failing, managed to keep himself from being pitched overboard and ventured a backward glance from the bow. He peered ahead. His nose twitched energetically, and he growled at the larger waves that loomed up in front of him from time to time. The adults revived their week-long animated discussion on the effects salt water might have on goat's meat. One of them queried the General. He responded perfunctorily and pretended to concentrate on steering the runabout down the troughs of the waves and into the swells. As he neared Mali Trk, he veered toward a cove shaped like an open funnel and dropped anchor. The goats interrupted their prospecting to watch. The General maneuvered the boat closer to land and aimed for a boulder at the head of a path of rocks that led ashore. He entered the radius of the cove and disappeared from the view of the goats. A moment later the male appeared on the rim above. The female, chewing, drifted up behind him, and together they watched the runabout being tied off.

Dragy, feathers rustling, leaped from the boat with a shattering whoop and hopped from rock to rock toward shore. The female's jaw stopped revolving. The male cocked his head and froze. Dragy landed on the beach, whooped again, and charged up the slope. The goats disappeared instantly.

With an assortment of yells and Istok's barks the others scrambled ashore and took off after them. Atilio remained. He pulled the mooring line and brought the bow beside the boulder. As he set himself to jump, the anchor astern drew back the runabout. He glanced up. High on the rim the General's broad, muscular figure was outlined against the sky. Atilio rolled over the side of the boat into chest-high water and waded ashore. He removed his shoes, and while emptying them of sand and water, discovered a hermit crab hardly larger than a pebble. He placed it gently on the ground, brought his face very close, and waited for it to make its first step back to the sea.

On top of Mali Trk, Dragy pursued the female across a kilometer of slope whose surface looked like a field of prehistoric teeth. The others ran in

a group behind him. The female loped along easily and doubled the distance between them before she disappeared through a saddleback on the crest. Dragy followed her. The others halted, and an arm-waving discussion followed, accompanied by occasional gestures in the direction of Istok, who had chased the male in the opposite direction and was now off somewhere barking furiously.

Mr. Gligoric, a deeply tanned gray-haired guest of the General, brought up the rear in a moderate walk. He paused at a flattish rock tilted toward the sun, removed his spray-moistened shirt, and stretched out beside it. The General whistled several times. As the group began to drift back toward him, he went down to the beach.

Atilio stripped. The General wrung out Atilio's shorts and turtleneck sweater, cleaned his shoes and socks meticulously, waited while he dressed, and marched behind him up to the rim. The group was still some distance away. Atilio sat down. The General cupped his hands under Atilio's arms and raised him to his feet. "We're going to eat that goat. Make up your mind to that. But we've got to catch her first, and that's going to take all of us, and 'all' means you. So while you're at it, make up your mind to that too."

"Yes, Daddy."

"There's really only one thing to remember. If it turns out to be you that she charges, wait until she's almost on top of you, the very last second, then jump to the side and dive at her horns. Grab them and hold on. If she bites or kicks, no matter what she does" — he poked Atilio's shoulder — "you hold on."

The whites of Atilio's eyes grew larger.

"Sure, you'll probably get knocked around a bit, but you catch hold and don't let go."

"Daddy, I don't like goat's meat."

"You never tasted any. Besides, after a week of nothing but pasta even Istok is beginning to look good."

"I love spaghetti."

"A few more days of it and I'll be wheeling you around in a barrow."

The General surveyed the island. Here and there a few beggarweeds rose above the white jagged surface. He plucked one. The tassel was brown and curled, and it crumpled to powder as he ground it between his fingertips. Only a slight elasticity along the stem evidenced life. He turned to face his son. "You remember when the goats were banned from here and I had to get rid of them? They were just about your age. Look around, Atilio, this is such a hard place. They didn't lie down and die. They fought this island, and they're alive. Every man, sometime in his life, finds himself on an island like this. If you're to survive, you've got to learn to fight. Do you know what I'm talking about?"

"Really, Daddy," Atilio said, "I don't think I'd like goat's meat, and I do love spaghetti."

"Oh, shut up."

The others arrived. The General asked them to wait while he went off for Istok. He found the dog at the top of a gully, barking at the male, who was perched on a ledge a few meters below and accessible only by a leap. The male breathed lightly and evenly, and his eyes never wavered from the dog. "No, no, Istok, we want the white one." Istok continued to bark. The General seized his scruff and dragged him away. The goat bolted down the gully. Istok broke loose and chased him. The General returned to the him.

THE group was sprawled about Mr. Gligoric. As the General approached, he propped himself on an elbow and said that for him the expedition reduced itself to a simple mathematical equation. He was bound to expend a lot more energy trying to catch that damned goat than he would ever get from eating her. He lay back down on the rock. The General verbalized some hasty calculations on how much strength it would require to swim back to Velike Trk, and Mr. Gligoric agreed to prop himself on an elbow occasionally and act as lookout. The General repeated the instructions he had given Atilio on how to deal with the goat and divided the breadth of the island into eight sectors. He assigned one to each person and then was obliged to redivide the island on the basis of seven effectives when Marya's mother insisted that the child should go along with her. The General took up his position in the center. He raised his right arm, and when he brought it down they began to march abreast toward the crown of Mali Trk.

The line assumed the shape of an inverted V as they proceeded up the slope, and the General slowed his pace. He slowed it again when they reached steeper terrain and converged on each of the three saddlebacks at the top. The General focused on the one through which the female had disappeared. He narrowed his eyes to lessen his shock should the goat suddenly hurtle out of the opening, and strained to hear any sound of hooves. Occasional yells and shouted remarks ceased from the others. A shriek sounded on his left, and he whirled. The line was immobile, as if caught in a photograph. Atilio's head had disappeared into his turtle-neck sweater. Marya, her face buried in her mother's skirt, shrieked again. Istok, who had bounded through the saddleback in front of the girl, continued to utter a combination of whines and growls as he dashed about with his nose to the ground. Mr. Gligoric propped himself on an elbow. The movement caught Istok's eye, and he

charged down the slope at him with a ferocious yelp. The General continued to the top.

He gripped a boulder for support as the *bura*, unobstructed by terrain, struck him with its full force. The steady, powerful wind that drives down through the southeastern anchor of the Alps had scrubbed the sky of clouds and whipped the open sea into a mass of whitecaps. It had been blowing for eight days. After the first hour their usual trip in the runabout to the mainland for provisions had been out of the question. There was no electricity on Velike Trk, let alone refrigeration, and the few summer families had exhausted their supply of fresh meat on the second day. On the next, canned goods were gone, and then every meal had become pasta, of which there was an almost inexhaustible supply.

The General pulled Atilio's sweater down from his nose. "Come on, boy, you're not a dead leaf. Feel that wind. Let it hit you. It's good."

One of the men removed his sandal and kneaded his bruised instep. "Listen," he said, "it'll feel even better if you shoot off a flare and have the Coast Guard take us over to the mainland."

"There's no emergency," the General said.

As he spoke, the male suddenly appeared and galloped to the crest. In a series of long leaps, his legs stretched in flight and his back arched gracefully, he made his descent down the face of Mali Trk like a skier schussing a mountain trail. In a moment he was gone.

The man with the bruised instep looked down the steep, jagged weather side. "Why don't we go back for your rifle?"

"Why don't you talk to the goat? Maybe she'll be reasonable and jump into the pot for you." The General looked at Atilio as he spoke. "What do you want? You've been all hot and jabbering for a week about getting her. All right, she's down there somewhere. Now it's getting interesting."

The General dismissed the descent the goat had made as impassable for them. He pointed out two routes in detail, divided the group, and took a third, less obvious way down for himself. After a few meters he looked back. Atilio started down behind him. He made his way slowly around the cones and spires of stone and adjusted his footholds and handholds to small spans. Occasionally the wind caught the spray from the swells as they crashed into the eroded base, and lifted the moist froth onto him. The sea itself, high above the normal waterline, slammed into the white rock and stained it a mottled brown. Again the General was struck by the indomitableness of the goat and was pleased that the difficulties in catching her were beginning to measure in some degree the effort of her struggle for survival. It occurred to him that his sensibilities, as well as his senses, were touched.

A little above the base he found Dragy prowling around the entrance to one of the caves. "Shhh," Dragy said. "I got her trapped in there."

The General waited for the others and stationed them outside in a perimeter. He took Atilio's hand, stepped around the bones of a litter, and entered the cave. The walls became indistinct after a few steps, then merged with the surrounding darkness. He could no longer see ahead. The odor of hide and manure grew stronger. Diffused with brine and seaweed, it was not unpleasant. "Oh, come on," he whispered curtly to Atilio, "get your head out of that sweater." He tapped his foot lightly in front of himself before he moved forward. The roar of the sea was amplified, and he strained to hear sounds of breathing or motion. A rustle directly ahead of him was followed by the grate of a hoof on stone. He released Atilio's hand and dived into the darkness at the sound. His knuckles crashed against rock. Instantly he hunched and caught the rest of the impact with his shoulder as he landed against a wall. A clatter of hooves reverberated in the cave as the male sped toward the mouth.

"Don't bother!" the General yelled.

Dragy's head appeared in the entrance. "What did you say?"

The goat rocketed out of the cave. Dragy closed his eyes fiercely and froze. A horn caught his head-dress and tore it off. In a continuous movement the goat swept a glance over the semicircle, spun around, and, feathers flying, leaped to a shelf above the cave. The female trotted out of another cave and joined him. A few bounds and they were well on their way to the top.

"Spaghetti again tonight," one of the men said.

"It'll be easier going up than it was coming down," the General said.

At the crest a sudden gust caught the headdress and lifted it from the male's horn. It fluttered down a short distance. Dragy started after it.

Since they were obliged to make the ascent anyway, the General convinced the group to frighten the female into returning to the cave, where he intended to wait for her. "This time she'll have the light behind her." The group started the climb, and he walked toward the cave with Atilio.

Istok dashed up to them. His paws were moist and flecked with blood where the rock had sandpapered away the protective skin. The General patted him affectionately. Istok snarled and ran off.

They sat at the back of the cave and waited. The faint light was enough to outline their figures. "For God's sake," the General said, "will you get your head out of that sweater? Is it so terrible to have to fight a little for what you want? Are you going to be like that whole bunch? Between them all, they couldn't fall down unless someone tripped them."

The light in the entrance was diffused with gray when a man appeared and called them out. "I think she ran in there." He pointed out another cave. They went in together, explored it desultorily, and found a maze with several exits. They returned to the boat.

Dragy and Istok were missing. Atilio volunteered to fetch them and found the two at the gully. A few feathers on Dragy's headdress were gone, others crumpled, and the headband torn. He wore it around his neck like a muffler. Istok whined and growled and paced the edge. The goat was on the same ledge a few meters below. He chewed calmly, and his eyes never left Istok. Atilio ordered Dragy and Istok to return to the boat, but neither paid any attention. He picked up Istok. The dog began to lick his paws gently.

Suddenly Dragy sprang to his feet, seized a large stone, and flung it down. It struck the goat on the side of his head and knocked him from the ledge. He smashed against a shelf below, rolled off, and tumbled down the rest of the way. He lay absolutely still for an instant, then began to convulse. He rose with an immense effort, staggered, then wobbled ahead and disappeared.

Istok jumped from Atilio's arms. "Stop!" Atilio shouted. Istok stopped. He grabbed the dog and shoved him into Dragy's chest. "Go!" Dragy went.

Atilio slid and scrambled down the gully. He followed bloodstains a short way, lost them, and raced back to the boat. "Daddy, he's bleeding."

"It's getting dark," the General said.

"I saw blood."

"I know. Get in. We'll come back in the morning."

One of the men seized Atilio and swung him into the runabout.

Atilio did not appear for his spaghetti supper that evening. The General found him in the boat trying to start the engine. The first-aid kit was on the seat beside him. "Better open the gas line first," the General said. "That valve on your right." After a few more instructions Atilio succeeded in starting the engine. "All right, now shut it off. Turn off the gas line first."

Atilio let it run.

"Shut it off and come out."

Atilio did not budge.

The General untied the mooring line. "This moonlight won't do you any good inside a cave. Do you have a flashlight?"

Atilio held his up.

"Remember to pull up the anchor and be careful of the reef as you go into the cove. Keep a sharp

lookout for the female. If she butted you off a cliff, it might ruin your whole day. Maybe you'd better go back to the house and get my rifle."

"No."

"There's a full moon," the General said. "Who knows, you might meet a werewolf. All right, what are you waiting for? If you're going, go."

"Let go of the line," Atilio said.

The General retied it. He stooped and lifted Atilio out of the boat. "Come on home now and have your supper first."

Atilio fled to his bedroom.

Later, he heard the outboard engine and ran to the jetty. His eyes were swollen, but he managed to make out the runabout heading for Mali Trk. He walked quietly into his father's bedroom. His mother was asleep. The rifle was missing from the gun rack. He returned to the jetty and waited.

The General searched a number of caves before he found the goats. They were lying curled against each other. The female licked a long open cut on the male's forehead. She blinked at the flashlight, then continued to run her tongue over the wound. The male's eyes were closed, his hind leg twisted under his body. Blood glistened in his nostrils and along the side of his mouth. The General raised his rifle.

Atilio sobbed when he heard the shot. He caught his breath on the second one. He peered toward the island, wheeled about, and ran to his mother. "Mama, Mama!" He shook her. "Wake up, oh, wake up, Daddy shot himself." She tried to rub the sleep from her eyes. "Daddy, he was so ashamed, he killed the goat and then he shot himself."

She lay down on her pillow. "Yes, yes, now go to bed and I'll let you have some coffee in the morning. Oh, we have no milk —" Her voice trailed off.

"But he shot himself."

"That's all right. I have a black dress. Now go to sleep."

Atilio ran to the jetty and waited. The wind carried the sound of the engine to him long before the boat came into sight. He squinted as he tried to make out the figure slouched inside. It appeared small until he recognized his father.

The General tossed him the mooring line and watched Atilio's silhouette as it went through the clumsy movements of tying up the boat. He got out. Atilio looked into the empty boat and looked away. The General put his arm around his son's shoulder. Atilio did not question him about the goats, and the General did not feel like talking. They walked home.

ARTIST AND LOVER

by Zulfikar Ghose

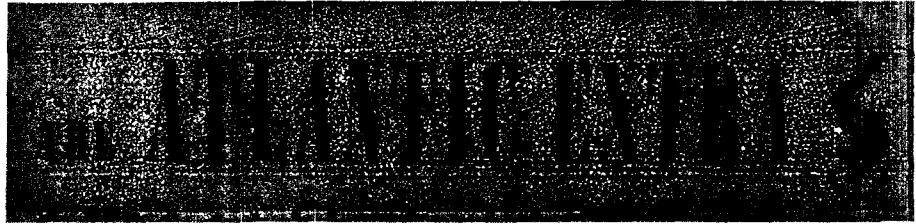
Like a blackbird's, her head jerks up
from the lawn of canvas before her.
Eyelashes flick, eyes snatch some feature

of my face. The tongue of paint on the tip
of the brush is a part of me,
wet with a deep-from-the-earth moisture.

A model now, not her lover,
apprehensive that she might discover
an unfamiliar character,

I disintegrate wholly
to the beak of her imagination.
Until I am a worm in her mind's clover.

Yet painting and love are similar:
for love, too, is interpretation
and a formal diminution of the body.

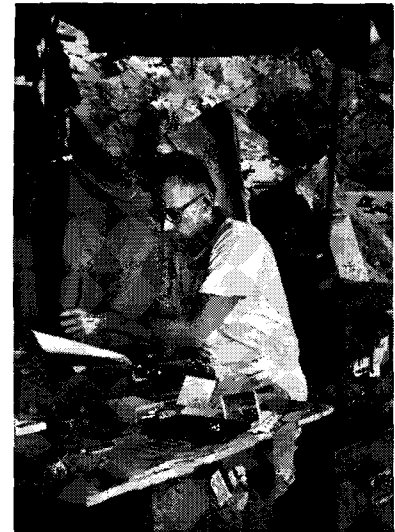


THE BRONZE-AGE SHIP

An Adventure in Underwater Archaeology

BY PETER THROCKMORTON

At the age of thirteen, PETER THROCKMORTON could read and write Sumerian cuneiform, and since then he has been involved in adventures in every part of the globe. As much as any other single person, he is responsible for helping to bring scientific precision to the raising of sunken ships. The adventure which follows has been drawn from Mr. Throckmorton's forthcoming book, THE LOST SHIPS, to be published soon under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.



The author at work in camp

I SAW my first sunken ship at the bottom of Honolulu Harbor. She was a wooden minesweeper which had been abandoned to sink slowly when the shipworms weakened her planking. The water was dirty, and I could not see far. I was using the cable that held the marker buoy to the wreck as a descending line. It was overgrown with glutinous, unsavory globs of green seaweed, under which grew razor-sharp mussels. I was afraid.

I reached the mast and worked my way carefully past tangled rigging. The ship, still invisible, made itself felt as a dark presence looming below. The bridge came into sight. The pilothouse windows gaped like eyeholes in a skull, the darkness behind them concealing unimaginable terrors. Avoiding the bridge, I worked my way down the little ship's side. She was canted over to starboard; I found the overhang ominous. Her bronze screws gleamed above the black slime of the bottom, which was littered with rotting cardboard and rusty beer cans.

I swam up to the main deck. The messroom door hung agape. Although the interior was dark, a dim rectangle of light showed that the door which led to the deck on the other side of the ship was open. My companion saw me hesitating and swam coolly past me, through the door, and out the other side. I pulled myself together and followed him. There was nothing inside but a rusty coffee urn.

But I had been caught by something harder to kill than any of the fabled beasts that storytellers put in sunken ships, stronger even than the giant groupers which inhabit wrecks in some tropical waters. That minesweeper crystallized the interest in shipwrecks which I had always had, and my interest in seamen, ships, and voyages.

The sea was the only fixed thing in my childhood, for my parents were divorced when I was very small, and I divided my time between them and the boarding schools and summer camps where I was sent from the time I was seven. To this day I cannot clearly say where I am from, except that every peregrination ended in New York, where I was born, and that I feel strongly that I am not from Chicago, where my father settled because of his job with a manufacturing company. Perhaps the prospect of another summer mucking manure on my father's "farm" was what drove me to run away to sea before I finished school.

The Navy rejected me because of weak eyes. I hoboed my way across America, worked around a dozen seaports on barges and fishing boats. I shipped out in a tanker, signed off six months later in Honolulu, and went to work in a junkyard.

The war was over, and the armed services began selling surplus material by the ton. A typical "lot" might contain two trucks, ten thousand gas masks,

and a heap of boxes of engine parts identified only by illegible code numbers. The trick lay in bidding no more than the real value of what you knew you could sell. The profit was in the unmarked boxes. One lot contained tons of heavy diving gear, which lay in a corner of the warehouse for months until it was purchased by a drunken ex-Navy diver named Charley, who was setting up in business on his own. He promised to teach me to dive.

I went to work for the diver, and he kept his promise, but then he went broke and I was left high and dry. Charley swore that he was my father and signed the papers for my enlistment into the Army Transportation Corps, which eventually put me to work in a Yokohama shipyard.

I was crazy about diving, but Army regulations forbade us to dive. I made friends with the shipyard divers. We dry-docked ships several times a month. Adjusting keelblocks after the ship was in the dock usually took place the night before the dock was pumped out, when there were seldom any officers around. Writing fifteen years later, I find it hard to remember why it was fun diving in a Jap helmet diving rig a foot too short for me, in the wintertime, in total darkness.

But Yokohama was a wonderful place to be if you liked ships. During the day I worked on big ships. At night and on weekends I worked on or sailed my own small boat. I got myself transferred to a fireboat which was based on an island in the bay between Tokyo and Yokohama, and spent the long watches studying so that I could go to college when I was released from the service.

I was fascinated by the Japanese, especially by the sea people of Tokyo Bay. A friendly anthropologist took me on as temporary assistant in his archaeological investigations of the Japanese neolithic period. I had not enough background to do very useful work, but the experience made me determined to study.

In due course I was paid off in Honolulu, after four years in the Army, and enrolled at the University of Hawaii. It was the year the aqualung came on the market. Those who dive for the first time with the aqualung can never know what the device meant to those of us who underwent our diving apprenticeship in helmet diving gear. As it was designed to do by Captain Cousteau, the aqualung frees man in the sea. A device which simplifies diving to the essentials, it allows the diver to breathe, by means of a regulator, compressed air from bottles strapped to his back. The standard Navy diving suit is, of course, an admirable device, more suitable for some kinds of work than the aqualung. But it is much more expensive, and the diver requires a boat above him and skillful attention from a minimum of two tenders before its use is safe.

I was twenty-five when I was accepted as a candidate for a higher degree in ethnology at the Museum of Man in Paris. My GI Bill ran out there a year later. I lumped cabbages every night until I found a job as assistant to a documentary-film maker, and took up free-lance photography at the same time. It was a wild and wonderful existence, and one day I just stopped going to school.

I WORKED my way across the Old World, doing my bit to satisfy the greedy public's desire for photographs of royal weddings, revolutions, murders, accidents, and the adventures and amours of film stars. I saw some spectacular sights. I was still boat-crazy, but there was no future for me at sea, unless I earned enough to afford a small sailing boat. I planned dozens of nautical assignments and proposed them to editors, who inevitably found work for me inland.

In Istanbul in the spring of 1958, I found myself alone and at loose ends after a winter of steady employment. First I heard that a beautiful bronze bust of Demeter had been found near a place called Bodrum in southern Turkey. Then I was told about a Turkish diver-photographer who lived in Izmir, the main port of Aegean Turkey. His name was Mustafa Kapkin, and he was glad to see me.

Mustafa was a slight man, black-haired and olive-skinned, with liquid brown eyes. He was full of funny stories and charming turns of speech in English, which he spoke badly, and in German, which he spoke well. He had flown fighters in the Turkish Air Force, and his mannerisms were still those of a fighter pilot. Unlike most Turks, he was gay. This perhaps was because his family came to Izmir from Crete as refugees of the Balkan wars in 1912. He always spoke Greek with his mother, because she had never learned to speak Turkish well. It was not until I came to Greece that I understood that he was neither Turkish nor Greek, but Cretan. In short, he was a sea person, of the basic stock of the Aegean sea people.

Mustafa was prospering as a commercial photographer, and his work had taken him all over Aegean Turkey. Like me, he was fascinated by sponge divers, wrecks, and the sea. It was getting hot in Izmir, and springtime was never very busy anyhow. We decided to go to Bodrum.

Since it was impossible then to import diving equipment into Turkey because of currency restrictions, we collected some gear which had been copied from commercially manufactured equipment. We intended to meet some sponge divers and to attempt to find out exactly where the Demeter had come from. It might, we thought, make a good article. We didn't really care. I

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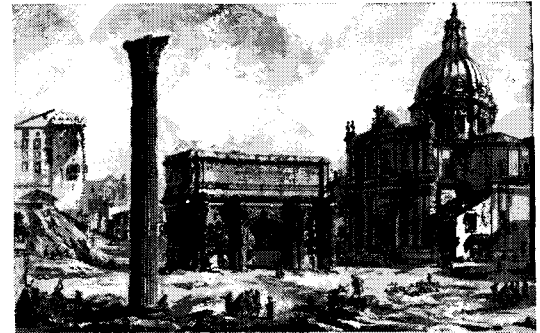
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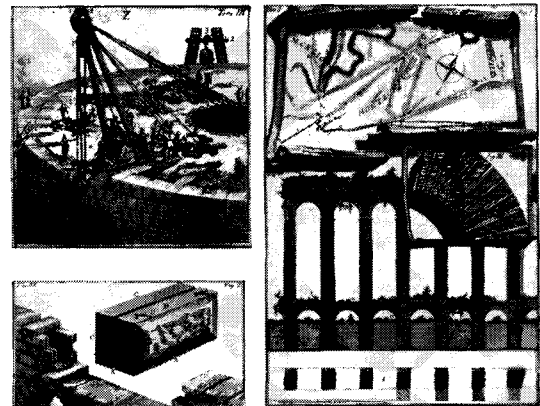
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was happy to be out of Asia, following the dream of clear water that possessed me. Mustafa was glad to escape for a while from the heat of Izmir and the daily round of his work. Like Xenophon — the literary gentleman of Athens who accepted a friend's invitation to come along on an interesting adventure and a few months later found himself leading ten thousand men across Asia — I didn't know what I was getting into.

THE tales Mustafa and I had heard seemed so promising that I was eager to go on. Our inquiries about the bronze Demeter had been inconclusive, but it did not matter. There were many other wrecks.

I knew that with one exception no sponge divers had ever voluntarily shown things to outsiders. The exception had been spectacular. In 1901, a captain from Syme named Demetrios Kondos found the wreck of a ship loaded with statues, probably looted about 80 B.C. during the Roman occupation of Greece. Antikythera, where Kondos had found his famous wreck, was over two hundred miles from the Carian coast. Still, the discovery of the Demeter might mean that the same kind of thing existed here.

Captain Kondos had reported his discovery. Other discoverers had not. Another treasure ship was found by Greek sponge divers at Mahdia, in the Bay of Tunis, in 1907. They tried to sell the bronzes they found but were discovered by the alert director of the Department of Antiquities in Tunis, who made them tell him the location. An American philanthropist put up the money to raise some of the material, and the art works found fill several galleries in the Bardo museum.

In 1926 some Greek trawlermen found a colossal bronze statue off Cape Artemision and tried to sell it. They too were noticed by alert authorities. The bronze, which was nearly broken up by the fishermen when they got into trouble, stands in the Athens museum today. One of the finest surviving fifth-century bronzes, it is a larger-than-life statue of Poseidon.

One of the glories of the Louvre is a bronze Apollo of the fifth century B.C., brought up by a trawler from the channel between Piombino and Elba in 1832.

By the time that I arrived in Bodrum in 1958, there had been a long series of underwater "excavations." Most had been stigmatized by accidents. All were characterized by confusion of purpose. The salvagers had found wood, sheathing, and unidentified bits of ship material, but no one had ever published an accurate drawing made underwater. Even photographs of a hull in place were rare.

Archaeologists on land perform technical miracles of the highest order. The Viking ship found at Sutton Hoo in England in the 1930s was excavated so carefully that detailed plans of the hull of the ship could be made, although the wood had completely perished. I wondered why the sea diggers, when confronted with actual wood in good condition, had not even produced sketch plans or accurate measurements.

The answer lay, perhaps, in the nature of the underwater medium. Anyone who dived automatically became an "expert." The archaeologists understood very little about working underwater and left the actual labor to the "experts," who committed archaeological atrocities right and left. Divers tend to be adventurous types, not given to sympathy with the archaeologists' interest in broken pots.

If, as I now suspected, the Turkish Aegean were a treasure-house of ancient wrecks, and we should be able to record them, it might someday, somehow, be possible to get the money and equipment and personnel necessary to do an underwater job that would prove to the world that underwater archaeology was a practical proposition, and to convince people that ships and their cargoes could be as interesting as inscriptions and statues.

One of Mustafa Kapkin's best friends in Izmir was director of the museum there. We spent an evening with him, talking about the possibilities of underwater archaeology. Hakki Gultekin was a dedicated and idealistic archaeologist who agreed that it was important to find out what we could while we had the chance. I am sure that he was not convinced that the hull of a ship could be preserved in mud after thousands of years. However, the evidence that *something* was there stood in his museum, in the form of the fourth-century bronze bust that had come from Bodrum.

Our project worked itself out over the table in Mustafa's garden. Mustafa and I would go back to Bodrum. We would try to find out all we could about the ancient wrecks known to the sponge divers. Hakki Bey, as museum director, would take charge of the project under the auspices of the Izmir Diving Club.

In Mustafa I had an invaluable partner and ally. At thirty-seven he was one of the best photographers in Turkey, and the first Turk to make underwater photographs. His Cretan background had given him a love for the sea and an affection for the coast people, which they respected.

Both Mustafa and I believed that Captain Kemal, the most successful sponge captain in Bodrum, could take us to wreck sites. But it was impossible to accompany him and dive unless we had a high-pressure air compressor for filling aqualung bottles, and decent equipment was unobtainable in Turkey

for any price. Hakki Bey, Mustafa, and I shook hands on our project, and next morning I started off on my search for gear.

MANDALINCHE was the first sponge boat that I had ever been aboard. Thirty-six feet long, she was double-ended and sloop-rigged. The hull was lovely, rather like the famous Colin Archer Norwegian fishing boats, but not so deep in the water. The type is called *trechenderi* in Greece, *tirandel* in Turkey. Kemal's boat was an *aktarma*, a variation of the design which had been developed in Kalymnos, the center of sponge diving in Greece, just across the channel from the Bodrum Peninsula. An *aktarma* is very maneuverable, a quality necessary to a boat which never anchors while working, and which must keep up with the diver's movements on the bottom.

Most of the deck space was taken up by an open hatch, filled by an old Siebe Gorman German diving compressor. The bottom of the hold was filled with beach-pebble ballast. Lashed to the mast was a Roman amphora which served as the ship's water tank, its tapered bottom jammed into the gravel. I asked Captain Kemal where it had come from.

"We just pull them up from the bottom," he said. "They last longer than new ones."

The crew's quarters, called the *rancha* by Kiasim, had just enough room for the three bunks that slept Kiasim, Captain Kemal, and the top diver. One moved about on hands and knees in a tangle of gear and slipped sideways into bed. (I was to find out that it was a *rancha* indeed: the crevices of *Mandalinche's* fo'c'sle were home range to the biggest and meanest fleas in Turkey.) The rest of the crew slept on deck; it was hard to see where they found room. The starboard side was completely taken up by several hundred feet of diving hose coiled neatly with the helmet in the middle.

The glass ports of the helmet were held in place by what seemed to be ordinary putty, and the grillwork that should protect the glass had been removed. In action, it leaked a continual stream of small bubbles from places where it had been broken and badly soldered. I found out, a long time later, that that helmet had come from Kalymnos in the 1920s. Divers had died in it. The diving suit, which was hung up to dry on the forestay, was ragged and full of patches. Red rubber showed in the places where the outer canvas was worn away.

Abaft the hose and helmet was the fuel tank, an oil drum with a copper pipe leading from its bottom to the engine. Behind it was the "galley," half an oil drum set upright with a layer of sand in the

bottom. Brushwood, fuel for this stove, was piled four feet high over the fuel tank. The port side was taken up by two more fifty-gallon oil drums, extra fuel for the engine. They were marked with a swastika and "Kriegsmarine," and had washed ashore near Captain Kemal's farm in 1943. The ship's standing rigging was improvised from what appeared to have been telephone-pole stays. The boat had not been painted for a long time, but was clean and neat.

Mandalinche's normal complement was six for shallow-water work, and up to fourteen for deep diving. I could not imagine what life would be like aboard that cluttered boat with six on board, let alone fourteen.

During the months that followed we found hundreds of underwater sites. A few were on sand or mud which had preserved bits of ship timbers, but most were scattered heaps of badly broken pottery concreted to the rock. It was easy to find material but impossible to cope with the incredible quantities of broken pottery that we had no space to store and no time to draw. It was hard to decide, with so little time, whether two or three broken amphoras of identical type indicated a shipwreck or were just odd jars heaved into the water after a party or as an offering to Poseidon from some captain whistling up a wind. We tried to select what might be meaningful and ignored the rest.



Cleaning amphoras

Our commonest finds were amphoras, and the types we found made an interesting commentary on the ancient commerce of that part of the coast. Only one out of ten jars was older than the time of Alexander the Great. The trade boom which appears to have occurred after the Romans stopped piracy and promoted trade was reflected in the high percentage of amphoras we found of the first century B.C. to the second century A.D. Jars from the period when the Roman Empire fell apart in

the third, fourth, and fifth centuries were rare, but amphoras of the booming early years of the Byzantine Empire formed the largest group of all. We had neither the time nor the knowledge nor the funds to raise and draw the thousands of jars necessary for valid historical conclusions, but our skimming of the surface gave an idea of the possibilities of such a survey.

For all the wrecks we had found, we had not yet seen anything that could make the archaeologists take notice. There were dozens of known wrecks of amphora carriers in the Mediterranean. No one was going to get excited about a few dozen more in Turkey.

We "found" the wreck we hoped for the night that Uncle Mehmet, an old captain from Istanbul, with whom Kemal had worked years before on a salvage job in the Bosphorus, passed through Bodrum. Although they were now social equals, Kemal treated the old man with great respect. He was a master diver, he had been forty when Kemal was twenty, and he knew more than all of us combined.

The conversation turned to dynamite. We had all worked with it, and all began asking the old man what he would have done under this or that circumstance. We had a long discussion on the art of removing bronze propellers from wrecks that you have no right to salvage, how to dynamite a wreck so as to get at her copper boiler tubes, and how to cut up a wreck for scrap. I was fairly dazed by the time Kemal got around to what he had probably intended to ask the old captain in the first place.

"How would one go about dynamiting a mass of stuff grown flat onto the bottom, so that you could not get under it to break it loose?" he asked. He went on to say that the ingots were bronze, flat, and badly corroded. I did not pay much attention. He was probably talking about a cargo of mill ingot that went down in the nineteenth century.

It was very late when we staggered off to bed. I woke before dawn, with a dry mouth and a headache. I lay waiting for first light, when "the black thread can be distinguished from the white," and the muezzin's call would ring through the village to remind the people that prayer was better than sleep. I thought about our talk of the evening before, of dynamite and amatol and plastic, and the yellow metals that wait, intact forever, in the ruins of steel ships that rot away around them. I remembered how I once searched for and found the wreck of a steel ship in Hawaii. The hull had disappeared completely in seventy years, leaving only bits of the heaviest parts of the engines. When we raised the bronze propeller and hammered off the coral, the metal shone like new.

Like new.

But Kemal had said that the ingots were rotten.

Rotten? Bronze ingots under the sea? But even bronze from Roman ships was often in pretty good shape. And where had I seen flat metal ingots before?

I got up, pulled on my blue jeans and shirt, and went to my packing box "library." There was a book there about the Minoans, and in it was a reproduction of a painting at Thebes in the tomb of Rekme-Re, an Egyptian official who had died in the second millennium before Christ. It showed men with kilts and odd hair styles, naked from the waist up, bringing bulls' heads and jars and things that looked like giant, flat dog biscuits to pile in a heap, while a disinterested Egyptian official looked on.

The book said that these men were "the men of Keftiu and the isles of the sea" mentioned by the Egyptians and that the dog biscuits were copper ingots.

"Old rotten metal"; "men of Keftiu and the isles of the sea"; "Minos expelled the Carians from the Islands. . . ." These phrases stayed with me all day. That evening Mustafa and I ran into Uncle Mehmet. Did he remember the ingots that Kemal had told us about? Yes, indeed. Mehmet had been the diver who had first found the "bronze" under the sea. I asked if they had taken anything from the site.

"Bronze knives and a hatchet of bronze, not strong, because I took a piece of it home and it broke when the children played with it. There was a copper box too, full of black stuff."

The bronze wreck stayed in my mind all summer. I knew that Mehmet and Kemal had found something important. If there were bronze knives in the wreck, it had to be very old, before 1000 B.C. In all the reports I had read of the wrecks that had been found to date, not one mentioned bronze knives.

I dreamed of all the ships lost in that romantic sea, of Mycenaean galleys, triremes, *navi onerari*, dromons, cutters, ketches, *saykes*, *vomvarthas*, brigs, barks, *trechendiris*, the fast *kerkuroi* of Rhodes of Alexander's time, whose name lives in the humble fishing boats of the islands; line of battleships; crumbling destroyers from World War II, their guns still trained upward toward the aircraft which sank them; submarines, their sleek hulls and beautiful complicated machinery dissolving into original elements; great cargo ships, hatches blown upward and davits out, with giant groupers inhabiting holds where stevedores sweated. All of them lost, some in gales, others smashed on reefs through bad luck, foolishness, too much advice, lack of judgment, excess of caution, barratry, or bad construction. Others had been torpedoed, bombed, rammed, burned, and sailed under. They were all there, waiting, some for me, some for the ones

who would come after, and two hundred miles to the south, at Gelidonya, the Cape of Swallows, the bronze wreck waited too.

I ARRIVED in New York in the middle of a snow-storm the day before Christmas, 1959. For two years I had corresponded with John Huston, founder and secretary of the Council of Underwater Archaeology. He had written to Dr. Rodney Young of the University of Pennsylvania museum, whose interest had first been aroused by verification of the age of several bronze tools from the Gelidonya wreck.

After Christmas, at the Archaeological Congress in New York, I told my story to Dr. Young and to Dr. Machteld Mellink of Bryn Mawr, pleading urgency with as much vehemence as possible. The Bodrum divers would never allow a known salvage job, with its two tons of scrap metal, to lie unmolested. Delay meant that the wreck would be destroyed, like three other Bronze Age shipwrecks dynamited by the sponge divers in the last fifty years. They listened patiently to my anxious babble about "dozens of ancient wrecks," then introduced me to a young man who had been sitting quietly at one corner of the table.

"Work all this into some kind of program and come to see us next week," said Dr. Young, and left me with George Bass, who was then a research assistant at the university museum.

George's first question was characteristic. "Do you think I'll have trouble learning to dive?"

"Not unless there's something wrong with you," I answered.

He grinned. "There better not be."

He had a decent face, very open, a high-pitched Southern drawl, and curiously innocent mannerisms. He was the kind of man to whom a bank manager would lend money. We went up to my loft on Thirty-first Street with a bottle of bourbon, and talked until dawn. We found that we had both been in the Far East in the Army, George as a lieutenant running a radio detachment on the 38th parallel, and I as a sergeant running small ships. We had both been fascinated with archaeology since childhood, but George had taken the straight path and had seven years of study behind him. He felt that the Cape Gelidonya wreck might be material for a doctoral dissertation. He had worked on excavations for several seasons and was full of ideas. He had no patience with compromise in his approach to the methodical reconstruction of history.

Compared with George I was an amateur. I knew much more than he did about the practical aspects of the expedition because my experience

had been practical. I still had a strong desire to be an archaeologist, with or without the academic right to do so. The one thing that we were never to disagree about, the thing which made our relationship an unusual one, was that our feelings about archaeology were the same.

George was engaged to a beautiful Southern girl named Ann. She came and brewed coffee for us while we thrashed out our working program, which Dr. Young approved at the end of the week. The university museum granted us an immediate \$10,000. This sum was about half what we needed for a minimum budget. With four months to go until we would have to leave for Turkey, we set to work to raise funds and borrow equipment.

Some of the people we talked to were supercilious, and others were insulting. Underwater archaeology was something for the men's magazines. One magazine editor pointed to a photograph of a beautiful girl whose charms were very little altered by air tanks strapped on her back. Another regretted not supporting us, but told us to be sure to come back if we ever found a treasure ship. I suggested that a ship of the time of the Trojan wars was more interesting than treasure. But it was difficult to explain that we meant to use diving only as a tool of archaeology. We meant to work underwater, not just salvage things for archaeologists to study on land. Few people understood. We were a bunch of skin divers off on a summer adventure and nothing more.

We were in fact attempting something that had not been done before, an archaeological excavation conducted underwater according to land standards. Our most revolutionary idea was to draw a plan underwater, for much of the meaning of the cargo of the wreck at Gelidonya would be learned through studying the context in which objects were found.

Unlike most earlier attempts at underwater excavation, we were not supported by a navy or by a government, but by a small group of people who eventually formed a kind of committee. Harry Starr, director of the Littauer Foundation, promised us cash if his board approved, and his intelligent questions clarified ideas which helped us raise other funds. Walter Feinberg of the Boston Sea Rovers, one of the pioneer East Coast divers, introduced us to manufacturers and thus made large discounts on equipment possible for us. Nixon Griffis, now president of the American branch of CMAS, and James Dugan, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau's literary associate, formed an advisory board which kept us out of trouble in the early days of organizing the expedition.

By March the expedition was in shape: George Bass, director; Miss Joan Taylor, assistant to George in charge of preservation of objects and pottery; my-

self, technical adviser and acting assistant director; Frederic Dumas, chief diver; Honor Frost, architect; Captain Kemal Arras, running the boats; Herb Greer, photographer; and Claude Duthuit, diver and assistant to Dumas. Every person on the original crew was along because of a specific skill. The only members of the crew who had not worked on a land excavation were Greer, Dumas, Duthuit, and Captain Kemal, and both Dumas and Duthuit had worked on underwater excavations. Peter Dorrell, photographer, and Terry Ball, draftsman, who were to join us in July, both had had a lot of experience on land digs.

George married Ann a few weeks before we sailed for Europe. She was to meet us in Turkey in a month or two, when she had finished college. The day before George left Philadelphia, one of his colleagues remarked that he envied George the nice honeymoon he was going to have, lazing on the beach, swimming and sunbathing.

THE two small ships, loaded deep, headed for the cape and the five islands which rose from the sea a mile from it, where the wreck lay. Captain Kemal knew a beach which he thought would be a good campsite. It was a deep indentation opposite a small island called Su Ada, which Beaufort says was the Grambousa of Strabo and the Dionesia of Scylax and Pliny. A mysterious spring of fresh-water rushes from it, although it is separated from the mainland by a half mile of salt water a hundred and seventy feet deep.

The cliffs rose sheer from the narrow patch of beach, which was in most places less than fifty feet wide. We found two springs under the cliffs, where generations of voyagers had dug temporary basins in the sand to catch the freshwater which seeped from the rock. The deep bay, protected from all sides except the south, would shelter us until fall when, said Kemal, "the south wind will throw the waves up to there." He pointed half-way up the high cliff.

As we stood talking on the deserted beach, a stone, perhaps loosened by some small animal, came tumbling a hundred and fifty feet from the clifftop and fell with a clatter on the pebble beach near us. "It's a rotten place," said Kemal, "but the others are worse."

When we had unloaded the boats and camp building was well begun, we went out to the cape in *Mandalinche*. Captain Kemal held her over the spot under the jagged cliff where the wreck lay, and Dumas and I jumped over. I hung, adjusting my gear, under the boat. The water was clear, and the bottom was visible. My heart leaped when I saw the outline of the great boulder which marked

one end of the wreck site. When we bottomed on the sandy patch in front of it, I saw the mark left on the rock by an ingot which we had prized up the year before. There was another nearby, in a place which I did not remember working in. Had the wreck been robbed?

We swam around, spotting green stains on the beach rock which marked hidden pieces of corroding metal. I searched for the place where I remembered a stone bowl. It was gone. In places where I remembered ingots from the year before, there was nothing. There were still ingots in the place which we were later to christen the "platform," but a stack of ingots which Mustafa had drawn in on the plan was gone. My air ran out. I pulled the reserve.

We hung the standard five minutes on the decompression stop and surfaced feeling anxious. What if my estimate that there was at least a ton of metal were wrong? What if, as some of our detractors had suggested, these were only a few ingots dropped overboard by an overladen ship struggling to clear a passage between the islands? How would we explain this to the university and to our other sponsors? I felt better the next day when we found that many of the places which I had thought rock were really heaps of copper and bronze objects covered by sea growth.

During those first weeks of June we set the pattern which would guide our lives for the months to come. The problems of decompression from dives of ninety feet limited our safe-diving time to sixty-eight minutes per day per diver — one dive of forty minutes in the morning, a second of twenty-eight in the afternoon, with six minutes of decompression for each dive.

Our first task was to define the outline of the wreck. Claude Duthuit and I made the first of many photographic mosaics of the wreck site, and Honor Frost laid out a first rough plan on the drawing board.

We slaved to build the camp. Nazif, our cook, and Dumas drilled the rock where water seeped from the cliff, and everyone labored to build the catch basin. Copper and bronze from the wreck would have to be soaked for months, perhaps even years, before they could be dried out in the open air. Frederic Dumas found that he shared with Uncle Mehmet a passion for stone work, especially dam building. By the end of the second day, with Dumas in charge and Mehmet as assistant, a gang of "slaves" including George and Hakki Bey had dug out a pool behind the dam constructed by the water experts.

Dumas, in his spare time, built himself a "castle" at one end of the beach, with stone benches, a walk, and a veranda. Herb Greer set up his darkroom in a cleft in the rock. The generator that we had

scrounged from the dump heap ran perfectly from sundown till long after midnight, when Herb finished developing the day's photographs.

We acquired a theme song. A magazine brought from Istanbul had an account of the booming success of a popular song that was sweeping America and which had sold literally millions of records. Its title: "Itsy bitsy teeny weeny yellow polka dot bikini." It was a great day when we heard it sung for the first time over the radio, and its effect when sung in chorus by Frederic Dumas, Uncle Mehmet, and Herb Greer was indescribable.

The rotten tents salvaged from the junkyard sprouted in clusters along the crescent of the beach. Nazif's cook shack was at one end, and the main spring and central camp in the middle, with the biggest tent attached by pitons to the cliff at its rear, and the front guy ropes lashed to boulders in the sea. Here we lived, worked, and slept. Toward the other end of the beach we set up the compressors and the generator so that their noise would not drive everyone mad. "Dumas Castle" rose on the heights at one side of the bay, beyond the generator shack, which was an ancient parachute stretched out like some medieval knight's pavilion. We slept on mattresses from Izmir, since the budget wouldn't allow cots.

If the bowl of cliffs surrounding the bay assured us of secure anchorage for our small ships and kept us from being blown as far as Cyprus by the *Meltem*, they also caught the heat. The beach faced the rising sun, so that a few minutes after sunrise it was so hot that it was an effort to move. The freshwater-bred mosquitoes plagued us. The beach was not sand, but small stones the size of a man's fist or smaller. By ten o'clock in the morning they were too hot for even the Turkish sponge fishermen to walk on with bare feet.

In the early morning we drank tea, discussed the day's work, and loaded ourselves aboard *Lutfi Gelil* for the hour's run to the wreck site. By the second week we knew approximately what we were dealing with. The entire area of the wreck was about fifty feet by twenty. One side was delineated by the "cliffs," the bottom of the slope down which the ship had slid thirty-two centuries before, after striking the rock above. At the southern end of the wreck area was a great boulder. To the north the sandy bottom ran forty or fifty feet to a heap of rocks which was part of the cliff as it curved. In the middle of the wreck area was the "platform," a rocky shelf covered with ingots.

The shot line, down which we descended every day to the wreck, was attached to the cliff near the platform. If we hung on this line, twenty feet off the bottom, nothing seemed like a ship or any part of one. As we descended, bits of ingot became visible.

Kemal had borrowed two anchors from a friend who had found them in the sea a few years before. They should have been in a museum, and would have been, anywhere but Bodrum. Of forged iron, they were over eight feet long, four-pronged, with a very large ring at the end for attaching the great hemp cable of some seventeenth- or eighteenth-century galley. They were the largest grapnel anchors that I had ever seen.

Kemal hitched them to an old *kangawa* wire, dropped them over, and attached an oil drum for a mooring buoy. Then, in order to be securely moored, we had simply to pick up the buoy to which the descending line was also attached, take a turn with the wire around the bow cleats, run our stern line to the rock where the Bronze Age ship had struck, and lead the descending line to the diving ladder.

ON THE bottom, the wreck site soon began to look like a conventional archaeological excavation, with meter poles scattered everywhere and numbered plastic tags marking all visible objects. We plotted and photographed, with George forbidding us to raise anything until he was certain that the objects were drawn in place on the plan. Our familiarity with the area increased every day, and as we began to chip away at the rock that covered everything, we discovered more and more material in places that we had first thought were only rock. As we began to raise objects, we discovered interesting things about the concretion, and about the process of dissolution of the bronze itself in the sea. In some places the concretions had grown five to ten inches over the rock. We found that it was possible to free objects with hammer and chisel without breaking them. But if the concretion was allowed to dry, it became harder to free from the objects it covered.

Most of the bronze had retained its shape, but some was soft as cheese when wet and when it dried became as brittle as plaster. It was green-gray straight through. The good yellow metal was gone, dissolved into the water around it by electrolysis between bronze and copper, and between copper and tin. There were different rates of corrosion in different areas of the wreck. Was this because of variations in the alloys of the metal, or because of different rates of electrolysis in different parts of the wreck? The wreck was a fascinating problem from the chemist's point of view, but the answers to these specific problems will never be known, because Turkish law forbids export of any of the material, even small samples for chemical analysis, and we had been unable to find a chemist to analyze materials on the spot.



Diver in background puts a bronze ingot into the basket, while Duthuit chips at an ingot.

The year before, I had hoped that we would find that there was some wonderful new chemical process to clean the overgrown bronze pieces. But the experts whom Miss Taylor had asked all agreed that the best way in the circumstances was the most delicate possible version of the old hit-it-with-a-hammer technique. Only if permission could be obtained to export the material so that it could be treated in laboratories abroad would magic methods of cleaning be possible. Reduced to primitive cleaning methods, we spent our evenings with hammer and chisel, chipping limestone from the objects which had come up that day.

The current ran nearly every day, flattening the surface of the channel into a smooth river which betrayed the force of its flow only where the sea met the rock and in the eddies which whirled around our buoys. It changed direction, sometimes in an hour or less, and some days it ran faster than others. Captain Beaufort had also remarked the current: "We found it one day almost three miles an hour, and the next, without any assignable cause for such a change, not half that quantity." He concluded that it would form an interesting subject for future investigation.

We confined ourselves to trying to find out how to work in it without getting into trouble. It was not bad once we actually arrived on the bottom, but getting down and up was sometimes difficult. A diver jumped over the side, careful to be near the shot rope that led to the wreck, because it was impossible on most days to swim in open water against the force of the current. Once on the line, we went down, hand over hand, our bodies flapping like flags. On the bottom we were protected by the basin in which the wreck lay, and in most areas of the wreck the current was slight.

We became blasé about the current. Not so the helmet divers. Kemal had come to Gelidonya with *Mandalinche* and his divers, prepared to work with us on the bottom when the current allowed. Although the current ran hard at least half the time, there were days when there was little or none.

We were cutting out ingots from the solid rock when Kiasim and I decided to try working together. He would swing the heavy sledge while I held the chisel. During the dive the current increased, pulling his diving hose into a great curve. Surfacing, he lost his grip on the shot line and was swept away. We spotted him at the limit of the length of the hose, a hundred yards downstream from the boat. The boys pulled with a will to drag the helpless figure aboard. As he came alongside we heard a strange sound from inside the helmet, like the struggle of a lobster as he is dropped into boiling water. It was Kiasim, swearing.

When they twisted his helmet off, Kemal chided him gently for trying to go to Finike without leave. Kiasim, incoherent with rage, made the cliffs ring with his curses. For the rest of the summer we could always get a rise out of Kiasim by asking if he wanted to go to Finike, and "going to Finike" became our standard term for getting caught in the current.

THE hot days went on. We plotted and raised a continual succession of similar material, parts of ingots, broken bronze tools, and ballast stones. Our great hope was the heap of objects which formed the platform. For days we had discussed what should be done to it. Finally, Dumas proposed that we break it off all in one piece after plotting its position. But how? Dumas remembered the hydraulic auto jack in the jeep back in Finike. We sent *Mandalinche* to get it, and Claude and Dumas went to work to chisel a hole underneath the lump so that it could be inserted.

George at first opposed the idea of the jack. Dumas and I argued that if we could raise big sections and put them together on the shore in exactly the way they had lain on the bottom, we would be able to reconstruct how the ingots had

fallen when the ship sank. This would save a great deal of time, as the most time-consuming part of our whole job was triangulating ingots in place. Dumas and I labored under our experience, which had taught us that the prime problem was how to work fast without wasting diving time. George did not agree. His view of archaeology transcended anything we could say or do. Dumas's and my combined experience of diving came to at least thirty years, about the span of George Bass's lifetime. We argued on the basis of experience, of what we chose to call knowledge. George infuriated us by violating the rules of efficient diving work on the bottom. When he came to a problem or question of whether the plan was correct, whether the material had been recorded in place thoroughly enough to permit its raising, George always stopped to check. He was capable of holding up the entire job for days, while he used up his diving time in mulling over how best to raise a small object. He was, of course, absolutely right. If we were attempting a correct archaeological excavation underwater, then it was just that, and not a diving job in the ordinary sense of the term.

The jack idea was our first big compromise. It was good underwater practice, and we hoped it would also turn out to be good archaeology. Claude and Dumas dived and chipped under the northwest corner of the platform. By the end of the week they had a hole big enough to take the jack. Claude and I dived with it, got it under the mass, braced it with wooden blocks, and pumped. The jack tightened, but went no farther.

We surfaced, furious. When I got the jack apart, I discovered that salt water had leaked into it. We topped it up once again with oil and handed it to Dumas. He dived alone, looking determined. In thirty-five minutes he reported the lump loose and ready for lifting.

Captain Kemal eased *Lutfi Gelil* over the wreck. Dumas dived again to shackle the lifting wire onto the lashings. Jumhur hove down on the stick that controlled the primitive winch's drive belt. The mast groaned as the weight came on it. The whole structure of the ship creaked, and she heeled far over. The wire, stiff with strain, was bar-tight. Kemal shouted. All the men hove in unison on the big drive wheel of the winch. There was a jerk as the lump broke free.

For a moment it dragged on the bottom, and George gasped. It came free and the engine took the strain. The lump rose steadily. Everybody yelled when it broke the surface, swaying, green, mysterious, alongside *Lutfi Gelil*. Kemal ordered everybody away from the straining gear. He yelled and bent to the drive wheel. The mass swung inboard clear of the bulwark. We laid it on the tire that had been set on the deck for it to rest on.

What had seemed rock on the bottom was in reality cargo: broken bronze tools, bits of ingots, half and whole ingots, held together by limestone sea growth. Guided by Dumas, who had a fine eye for possible weak points, we became lump-raising experts, able to spot instantly the places where pressure could be safely applied and where the underlying rock would break to fit the jack. We never broke an object in raising it, because the corroding metal had formed a cushioning layer of green mush between any object and the rock that had formed over it. No one had ever seen anything like it. I began calling it glurkus. For lack of a better word, George called it glurkus too. We had learned discussions about banded glurkus, the stuff formed by alternating layers of corrosion product and white sea growth, and bronze glurkus, the stuff formed by bronze, not nearly so soft as copper glurkus, the mushy bright green stuff that usually surrounded the ingots. The camp echoed with the clink of hammers as enthusiastic workers used hammers and chisels on the lumps, knocking off layers of sea growth that were often a handspan thick.



Diver coming aboard

One day a heap of ingots on the platform split in the middle, revealing ropes and part of a basket lying between two of the ingots. Claude Duthuit and Herb Greer dived to lash the basket lump to the winch cable, which was then hove in till the lump hung above the bottom and stopped off so that the delicate material could be wrapped in a protecting sheet before being raised. *Lutfi Gelil*'s old engine chose that moment to stop with a wheeze, leaving the precious lump hanging ten feet off the bottom with the divers hovering, waiting to follow it to the surface. Nazif cursed Jumhur. I cursed

Nazif, George looked ominous, and Frederic Dumas looked disgusted. Jumhur leaped into the hold and cranked the engine while Nazif worked the feed valve. It wouldn't start. We turned the big winch flywheel by hand until the lump was up, everyone who could fit in the cramped space straining to do his part, Captain Kemal jumping and cheering us on.

The lump broke surface, and with it came Claude and Herb, both furious. It seemed that Claude had had trouble in wrapping the lump with the sheet. Herb, torn between his desire to help and his photographer's instinct, had hung ten feet away, taking photographs, while Claude had pleaded with him in dumb show to come and help. George calmed them down, and when they were coherent they reported that where the lump had lain they thought they had seen planks.

This was confirmed the next day. There were bits of planking, and shadows of organic matter that showed where planking had rotted away. We had found, at last, part of the ship. George telegraphed the university museum: TONS CARGO HULL MAYBE SAILS PRESERVED SEVERAL YEARS JOB.

The pond began to fill up with cargo. There were plowshares, picks, hoes, axes, adzes, mirrors, chisels, knives, ax adzes, a spade, a spit, something that we puzzled over until we decided it was a pruning hook, what might be broken-up bronze tripods, and unidentifiable bronze scrap, besides dozens of the typical copper ingots and ingot fragments. One of the most exciting things we found on the platform was a lump of whitish, very badly corroded metal, which was analyzed by Rasim at his factory in Izmir and found to be tin. As it was tin ore, it must have come from nearby.

All this material seemed evidence that our ship might have been owned or chartered by a smith working his way up the coast with a cargo of copper and the tin for smelting it into bronze. Perhaps he gave new tools for old, making his profit from the weight of the metal when he made a new ax or adze or hoe in return for two or three old ones. The basket had contained broken tools, and was what remained of the baskets full of broken tools that had been our smith's raw materials.

We were proud of the "junk man" theory. One night I explained it to Kemal. He lit a cigarette, took a long drag, and said, "Peter, this thing of yours about collecting a lot of useless junk doesn't bother me too much. After all, we are good friends."

He fixed me with that hard look he used when making a point in argument. "But collecting *junk* that's three thousand years old —" He sputtered. "That's — that's — *ridiculous!*"

The last week in June began with jubilation over the lumps, and ended in exhaustion and despair. The bad period began when Herb's regulator

flooded, and he had to free-escape, abandoning on the bottom our revolutionary new camera case, the one especially built for us by GERS to take our Polaroid camera. A minute or two after he surfaced, choking spectacularly, we realized that the case was still on the bottom. It took several minutes more before we remembered that the case was almost perfectly balanced, neither positive nor negative in buoyancy. The sun was warm and pleasant, and I was cold after diving. There was no other diver on the boat. One of the men ninety feet below would surely spot it. No one did.

We spent the next two diving days searching for it, all of us knowing that a search was hopeless, for if it had been slightly positive we should have spotted it on the surface. If negative, it must have gone to several hundred feet and been crushed by the pressure soon after drifting off the wreck site. We were determined to find the thing anyhow, against all logic. Kemal and his divers searched also, frightening me by staying down far over proper decompression times.

On the last dive of the search, Dumas surfaced with a sea turtle clutched in his arms. He had surprised it sleeping on the bottom. When we arrived in camp we drilled its shell near the tail, and attached it to a nylon line while we discussed what to do with it. The debate raged while the turtle swam to the end of the line and paddled seaward, apparently not noticing that it wasn't going anywhere. The camp immediately divided into two parties, the school of "eat the thing, we're hungry," and the opposition, led by Miss Taylor and supported by Herb and Honor, who said, "Let it go, poor dear, it's so cute."

Dinner was rice and beans, as usual. We had had no meat for a week. Didi led off for our side with the story of a delicious turtle eaten somewhere in the Indian Ocean. I followed with a description of turtle steaks fried in butter in Honolulu. Our side lost a point when Miss Taylor forced us to admit that neither of us, personally, had ever butchered a turtle. George, bemused and neutral, sat listening to both sides. Claude Duthuit remained neutral. After dinner we carried the argument to Kemal. He confessed that he had never eaten a turtle, but was willing to take a chance. Uncle Mehmet supported our side.

"It's wonderful meat, good with raki." He looked around sinfully. "Like pork."

"Wonderful shish kebab," added Diver Mustafa.

Nazif, the captain-cook, settled it. "Everyone knows it's the worst kind of bad luck to kill a sea turtle." Jumhur nodded sagely. "Anyway," Nazif added, "I don't cook it."

George reluctantly said that he supposed we had better let it go. When we went to release it the next afternoon, it was still swimming in place.

Dumas and I watched it swim away. My belly growled.

"Have a cigarette," said Dumas.

"Sublimate," said George, lighting it.

That night the big high-pressure compressor broke down. It had been giving trouble for weeks. Kemal and I had spent nearly every evening fixing small things, such as popped high-pressure fittings. It had been getting worse of late, refusing to come up to the requisite 1800 or 2000 pounds per square inch needed for the aqualung bottles, and emitting an ugly, untraceable clatter as it ran.

Kemal and I were still working, woolly-headed with exhaustion at three in the morning, when George, who had not slept, came to give us cigarettes and ask how we were doing. Everything depended on that compressor. Without it we had no expedition. All we had left was the tiny portable compressor that I had used for two years, which had never been very good and was now a wreck, and which took two hours to fill one small tank.

Our trouble was that the whole expedition was built on a very shaky platform of improvised, broken-down, or inadequate machinery, which only ran at the cost of backbreaking labor by the semiskilled mechanics in the crew, especially Kemal and me. Although we were both able to fix and rig anything in the camp, we simply didn't know what a master mechanic should know, and spent hours tinkering at jobs that a real mechanic might have done in as many minutes.

Now we were as tired as the machinery. The week before, I had strained something, and now I groaned around like an old man. Kemal did not make me feel better when he remarked that half his friends ruptured themselves at thirty. What scared me was the weakening of my body with the approach of middle age. I had led an active life. Now I realized that there were things that I could not do because I was too old. I had always thought weak guts were a joke. Now I had to ask younger men to help.

George had found a mechanic in Antalya the week before when he had had trouble with the jeep. He gave everyone a day off while we went to Antalya in *Mandalinche* to ask his help. The trip took fifteen hours instead of six because the engine kept breaking down.

Ibrahim, the mechanic, began with the compressor. One of his boys pulled the starting rope. It failed to start. The starved boy handed him a screwdriver, with which he made a tiny adjustment. It started and ran perfectly.

We went to lunch. Has any poet sung of the delights of lunch to a diver on his free day? We ate three kinds of meat, and Kemal told me about Ibrahim, how he had been apprenticed at twelve, like the little boys all over Antalya, and that he

was now owner of half a dozen taxicabs and a couple of houses, including the one his shop occupied.

It was fun to watch Ibrahim work. His fingernails were long, and he never touched a tool with his carefully manicured hands unless he had to, and would drop it to the floor as soon as he had finished using it. It would then be retrieved by the smallest of the boys. I asked him why he didn't clean the shop or the courtyard of his house. After all, he was the best mechanic in Antalya.

He replied, "But people expect a shop to be dirty."

I visited a doctor, who demanded payment in advance, examined me, and pushed me out the door. He said he wasn't ready to operate yet, to come back when it got worse, and he refused to tell me anything more.

WE MADE record time to camp, under sail and engine. Almost before the echoes of the anchor chain running out had stopped bouncing off the baking cliffs, we had the compressor set up and running. It ran perfectly for twenty tanks, and then stopped. We tore it down, found the trouble, and fixed it. It worked for two days and quit. We found that a grain of sand had scored a piston, and slaved over it for a whole day, gasping queasily for breath in the hot July sun.

The flies had multiplied because of the hot weather and the filth piling up around the cook-shack. I railed, begged, and ordered Nazif to get rid of the garbage. He just couldn't see the relationship between flies and garbage. The result was that we were awakened by flies in the morning and lived with them till sundown. They made it hard to concentrate, for if you stayed still a moment they began to settle, seeking out places where there was a little scratch, a tiny cut, or eyelids, nostrils, and corners of mouths. One day I counted fourteen gathered around a cut on my leg not much larger than a matchhead, feeding greedily in an indecent circle.

As we became weaker, cuts which would normally heal quickly became infected and reinfected by flies, until they turned into running sores which stayed open for weeks. If you could keep the flies off, they would heal. But this was impossible, because bandages would not stick in salt water.

With continual breakdowns, it was impossible to go on running the whole diving operation on one compressor, and there was no working high-power air compressor nearer than Germany. In a normal country we could have sent a telegram to the manufacturer and had our compressor replaced in forty-eight hours, but in Turkey this was impossible.

George, Kemal, and I drank half a bottle of raki one evening, smoking cigarettes, and came up with an idea. We would adapt *Mandalinche's* low-pressure diving compressor to work on a "narghile" or "hookah" system, in which the diver worked with an aqualung regulator strapped to his back, fed with air pumped from the surface through a hose, instead of from high-pressure air tanks strapped to the diver's back. It was the system we had used the year before.

Kemal and I set off for Antalya in *Mandalinche* to machine the necessary parts. As soon as the boat was tied up, he and I walked up to the café. Once more I understood the raptures of the Bible and Koran over running water, for to us the place was a dream of ineffable luxury with its dirty tables and teetering chairs by the side of a little stream, in the green shade of a plane tree. There were no flies. The tea was hot and very sweet.

A big passenger ship was anchored off the harbor. It debouched hordes of improbable tourists in bright-colored shirts, hung with cameras, who stared curiously at the two bearded characters dressed in rags at the café table. I stared too, studying the camera-laden Americans and the English in their gray flannels, just as the village Turks of two years ago had stared at me, and for a moment the foreigners seemed completely unreal. It was inconceivable that I spoke the same language as they. It took an effort of will to rise and trudge up the hill to the mechanics' quarter.

We got back the next day with the device rigged. An air hose led from *Mandalinche's* compressor to a volume tank perched on her foredeck. An air manifold, made from water pipes, led from the tank to the diving hose connection. When anchored in the bay, we attached the air hose to the volume tank, and one of our aqualung regulators to its other end.

Kemal, assisted by a gloomy Jumhur, mumbling that the thing would never work, lashed the thing to my back. With Kiasim tending the hose, I jumped over and swam down to the sandy bottom. The air came well. Now we would not have to run the failing compressor so much. We could use bottles only for photography, and when the current ran so hard that it dragged the driver by its pressure against the hose.

Claude sewed up canvas straps, using a photograph in a diving equipment manufacturer's brochure as a pattern, and we set about learning how to use the new equipment on the wreck. The only hose we had available was an ordinary garden hose which kinked. We discovered that when working on the bottom, a hose kink would usually open and give you air again if you swam ten feet straight up.

With the narghile running, Kemal, Kiasim,

Uncle Mehmet, and I fell back into the old pattern that we had known the years before on *Mandalinche*. Kiasim and Mehmet, the best tenders, sat on either side of the bow tending the hose when the divers were down. Kemal and I would sit on the cabin top, half asleep from the pounding of the motor.

The narghile diver in the current would grab the shot line and work his way down it hand over hand. When he reached the bottom, he would lash himself in place with a slip knot, his knife handy in case the hose kinked and the slip knot jammed. It sounds more dangerous than it was, because the current kept the hose stretched so that it could hardly kink. The big problem was the terrific drag on the rushing current against the hose, which pulled into a great curve behind the diver, trembled at the small of his back, humming and vibrating as the water hit it. We were frightened many times, especially when there was not enough air pressure in the volume tank on the surface to give sufficient air to struggle on.



Duthuit struggles with the shell he is attempting to wrap around the lump so that no object will drop off on its way up.

Small fish hung out on the wreck site, where they found that our work dislodged edible worms. One grouper got very friendly, and at last I got a picture of one doing his "inspector" act, hanging over a draftsman's shoulder and watching his hand move over the drawing.

One day three men appeared in a hired boat from Finike. They had come to dive, they said, having heard about us from Mustafa Kapkin in Izmir. Waldemar (Vlady) Illing was German, twenty-three, built like an ox, and had come with his own tanks and a small compressor. George invited them to stay. Vlady and Claude became inseparable. Vlady was one of the best skin divers I

have ever seen. He could skin it ninety feet to the wreck site, swim around, shake hands, and surface, smiling. He was very strong and a good mechanic.

"Kick" Lacroix was a regular army sergeant with NATO in Izmir. He had been with Vlady in the years when Vlady had bummed along the Turkish coast spearing fish for a living.

With someone new to talk to, the whole camp cheered up. With visitors to impress, we made a show of setting up careful work schedules, writing down in the morning what had to be done that day. The compressor watch was easier now, with extra hands to help, and two men who were cheerful, not yet tired and irritable, brought new life to the camp.

The current kept us frightened. One day it ran too fast for the narghile, and I went over the side with a tank on. The dive over, I attempted to bring up a partly filled basket, overestimating my strength and underestimating its weight. Halfway up, my panting became uncontrollable. I tied the basket to the shot line and surfaced, exhausted. Arms and legs like jelly, I could hardly hang on to the diving ladder. When I felt better I went down the line to decompress, and hung shivering in the cold water, pondering my escape. I'd been close to passing out. A little more, and I would have drifted down with the current, unconscious, to be picked up or not.

Diving accidents, like that one, are almost never spectacular, but just the gradual mounting up of trivial things until they equal death. On another dive I became sick with fear for no reason, had a terrible headache, and had to force myself to stay down. I examined the compressor and found that the air filter hadn't been cleaned.

Diving was no more to us than riding a bicycle, but the danger of the little things surrounded us. The fact that incidents had begun to happen alarmed me, for it meant I was becoming so weak that I was careless.

My weakness showed in other ways. I became irritable and more difficult than I needed to be. I had my first argument with Kemal, after three years in which we had never quarreled.

We were worried by the reports in the local papers and by the conversations that Kemal and I had with the locals in Antalya. They were convinced that we were hiding tons of gold in the camp. Mysterious hunters appeared on the cliffs, turning away without replying to our greetings. Then one day, when we were resting for the afternoon dive, a boat came by the wreck site. She was a big traveler type and flew no flag. She circled us twice, coming very close, so that there was danger of her cutting the lines with which we were moored to the island. Hard, sunburned faces peered at us over the bulwarks. Turks? Greeks?

I photographed the ship, not bothering to take the camera from its underwater case. They sheered off full speed around the island when they saw the camera.

This was frightening. It was possible that she was only a Greek trawler, poaching in these waters, who had come to inspect us only out of curiosity. However, there was a good chance that she was a spy for an enterprising salvage diver, come to mark the spot so that he could raid it when we left. This incident, plus the very real possibility that we might not obtain a permit for the next year, increased the tension under which we worked. It seemed very likely that whatever we left behind would be destroyed by those who would come after. They would dig for gold, paying no attention to the delicate bits of wood that were the most valuable thing in the wreck. The copper scrap they found would be kept for a while as a souvenir, then relegated to the junk heap. Even if it ended up in a museum, it would have little meaning out of context.

WE LABORED to free the rest of the platform. Our excitement over the quantity of material that we were finding was deadened by fatigue and the miseries of life on the beach.

We now knew that we were dealing with the largest single find or "hoard" of Bronze Age metal ever found. By midsummer we had raised twenty ingots and pieces of others. Mixed with the mass of concreted copper and bronze on the platform were bits of pottery which dated the wreck definitely to the thirteenth century before Christ.

When we raised one of the last of the lumps from the platform, Claude Duthuit found under it half a broken pot filled with seashells. When it was plotted and raised, the "shells" were recognized as beads. Perhaps they had been a private trading venture of one of the crew, for the area in which they were found was almost certainly the forepart of the ship. There was jubilation at finding something different, something almost personal.

Herb Greer looked at them and cried, "I mean that's thrilling, thrilling, like mad, a gas."

Dumas ran around gay as a sandpiper, saying "It's a gas, a gas, an archaeological gas! Let's count them!"

There were hundreds, all the same color, green and light green. Miss Taylor felt that they were Phoenician, and that they had originally been blue and white. They were very soft, collapsing if only a tiny bit of pressure was applied to them. They exploded into dust if allowed to dry out.

The next day we found the other half of the pot which had held the beads, and lying next to it a bronze bangle and a perfectly preserved double

ax, its edges still sharp, the best-preserved tool we had found to date.

Dumas, looking slyly at George, stage-whispered, "I want that one for a souvenir."

Everyone laughed. The fact that no one could ever hope to have a souvenir was a sore point.

The lumps, cleaned and put back into place on the beach, showed how the hull had rotted and collapsed, leaving the cargo in a heap on the bottom, to lie undisturbed for three millennia. When we had finished the platform, we moved our lump-raising operations to the gully, following the traces of planking which ran under the rock. Little planking was preserved, but there was enough to show the line of the ship's hull, and neatly drilled auger holes could be seen in some of the wood fragments. There were no nails. The ship had been held together with wooden pegs.

Ann Bass arrived from America, and George brightened up considerably. Still, it was a poor place for a honeymoon. Nazif presented her with a pet rabbit, which she named John. He lived in the darkroom and ate watermelon rind.

The gully area was full of material. Protected on the one side by the great boulder and on the other by the cliff, the cargo was more in place there than on the exposed platform. We lifted a small lump at the very mouth of the gully, and exposed a solid mass of bronze tools and delicate organic matter. We tackled it with great care, working barefoot, so that the wash set up by a badly placed swim fin would not displace the delicate material.

On the first day something gleamed white, big as a fingernail, in the sand. It was a scarab, the Egyptian cartouche still sharp and clear on its underside. The next day we found a stone mace head, a bit of rotted wood still in its shaft hole, with a thin copper covering over it.

The organic matter at the mouth of the gully might almost have been a disintegrated chest. We speculated that we had struck the captain's personal sea chest, and became even more convinced when we discovered scale weights of meteoric stone.

The area at the mouth of the gully and at that end of the boulder was covered with a heavy layer of sand. We set out to air-lift it, using the long tube of steel pipe which took compressed air into its bottom and spouted air mixed with sand through a filter into the water thirty feet above, exposing the rock which lay underneath the wreck. There Waldemar Illing found more weights and then, a wonderful discovery, a beautifully carved cylinder seal of hard black stone. It was a signature seal for sealing clay tablets. It was inscribed with three figures. In the middle was a deity wearing a strange tall crown on his head, with a worshiper on either side of him. Although further study has shown the seal to be from northern Syria, and five hundred

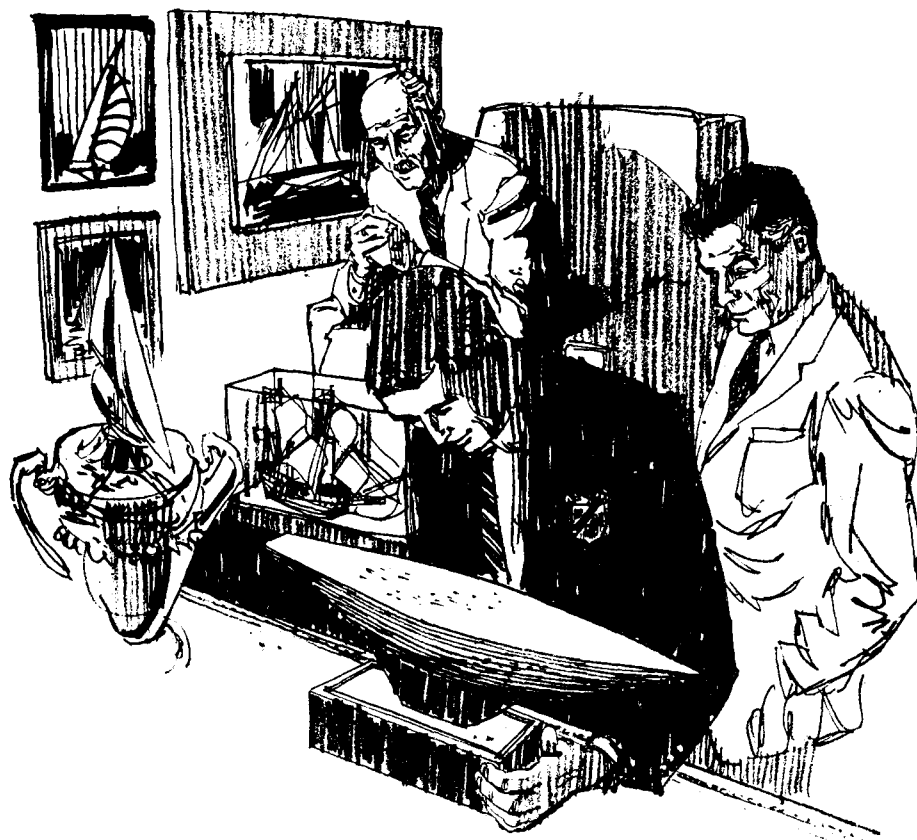
years older than the wreck, we thought at the time that it was contemporary and that it might be Hittite.

This set us off on a round of speculation about the possible origins of the ship. We knew that the wreck could be reliably dated within a hundred years of 1300 B.C. (Later study of the material has shown that she went down nearer 1200 B.C.) We also knew that Rameses III, after the Battle of Kadesh, signed a treaty of nonaggression with Hattusilis III, King of the Hittites. Could it be possible that our cargo of copper and bronze was a tribute for Rameses, that our ship was carrying a Hittite tax collector, amassing metal to send to Egypt? The theory fell apart when we failed to find anything in the wreck that was definitely Hittite, but led at the time to wild conjectures.

We became more and more excited as we dug into the gully area. Major pieces of wood began to show up. They seemed to be ribs, running laterally across the presumed line of the hull. The wood was soft but often looked almost new. If allowed to dry, it shriveled to a tenth of its original size. When we raised bits of wood, they were put into plastic bags on the bottom, so that they never dried out and the problem of preserving them could be put off for a more leisurely time. As each piece of wood was uncovered, we pinned a numbered plastic tag to it and hurried to draw and photograph it in place before the current washed it away.

The area of the gully was not large, perhaps the size of an ordinary double bed, slightly narrowed at the end away from the platform. As we moved into the "foot" of the bed, we found more personal objects: three more scarabs, a lamp, a bronze bracelet, and more hematite weights, until we finally had three complete sets of weights. Two sets were round, the bottom flattened so that they would not roll, the third shaped like tiny footballs flattened at one side. The smallest of them was little larger than a pea, the largest slightly smaller than a golf ball. Altogether there were fifty of them. When George studied them a year later, he found that they would have allowed the ship to trade anywhere in the eastern Mediterranean: Troy, Cyprus, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Crete, and possibly Greece. They were far more accurate than anyone had previously believed possible for the Bronze Age. Twenty-six of the fifty are accurate to less than one hundredth of a gram.

Personal objects continued to appear: a piece of rock crystal as long as my forefinger, another mace, a finely carved whetstone. We hung the big air lift in front of the gully and lifted the sand out that was swept from the gully's mouth by the diggers, waving their hands as fans to move the sand. It rumbled and boomed. Compressed air was fed into its mouth through a valve which could be controlled



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by the divers, forcing sand up to the catch bag thirty feet above. The surface of the pipe was ice cold when it was working, and the air that bubbled out was also cold. It would have been wonderful for cooling beer, if we had had any beer.

Although we drew and photographed everything very systematically, we could make little sense out of the positions of the objects at the gully's mouth. They obviously belonged together, but had been scrambled by the collapse of the hull, which must have hung between the gully and the cliff. Then, as the wood rotted, its collapse must have scrambled the objects in the "captain's cabin."

Halfway into the "bed" we were confronted with a layer, several feet thick, of what seemed to be a section of the hull with its cargo in place. At the bottom were planks. Above them was a layer of sticks as big around as a man's finger, some cut at each end with one swipe of an ax. They could not, we thought, form an integral part of the hull of the ship, for the bark was still on. Above the sticks was a solid mass of cargo: rolls of copper sheeting, blank blades for making bronze tools, the sockets not yet shaped and unsharpened; and whetstones, not so nicely shaped as the "captain's." In the middle was a heavy timber which we were convinced was part of the ship's keel.

The sticks bothered us. What were they? Firewood, like the firewood *Mandalinche* carried? Not under the cargo, certainly. A day or two after we found them, I remembered something in the *Odyssey*. I picked up E. V. Rieu's translation and turned to the place where Odysseus built his boat or raft on Calypso's island:

"First she [Calypso] gave him a great axe of bronze. Its double blade was sharpened well. . . ." We had found several bronze double axes in the wreck, one with well-sharpened blades. "Next she handed him an adze. . . . Presently Calypso brought him augers. With these he drilled through all the planks." There were auger holes in the planks we had found, and they, too, had been fastened with dowels. Finally, Odysseus was completing the ship: "From stem to stern he fenced her sides with plaited osier twigs and a plentiful backing of brushwood. . . ."

When, at the end of the summer, George studied the passage in Greek, he found that it had always been a problem for translators, because the scholars did not understand the purpose of the brushwood. We knew now, twenty-seven centuries after the saga of Odysseus' wanderings were written down, thirty-two centuries after those wanderings were supposed to have taken place. The brushwood was to make a bed for crew and cargo, so that the thin planks would be protected from inside. This would

make inner sheathing unnecessary. Additional proof of this was given when the sticks were studied by an expert. They were a kind of brush common in Cyprus, where the ship picked up her cargo of copper ingots.

There was a quality of wonder about the wreck that never left us. I especially remember one dive of about that time. Eric Ryan, an assistant professor of art history at Colgate, had come out as draftsman, and he and I made a narghile dive together, trying out a new system he and George had worked out. One excavator worked while the draftsman stood by to draw objects as they appeared. It was very calm and clear, and there was no current to plague us. At the head of the gully, under the ingot where I had found the first scarab, there was a group of new pieces of plank. I gently swept the sand, removing them and putting them in plastic bags when Eric nodded. In the middle of the wood there was a scarab. Just before coming up, I glanced at the packed sand by the ingot, stained green by the leaching of the copper, and saw a second scarab and two weights.

When we surfaced I sat on the breasthooks in the bows of *Mandalinche*, where I had sat so many times, and jotted my notes, fighting to write legibly against the vibration of the one-cylinder engine. Finally I gave up and looked at the slate-colored sea and the gray lumps of the five islands melting together in the twilight. The great cape of Gelidonya, abeam of us, sloped back into the sea, which sparkled with the last of the sun.

I thought of those mysterious mariners and their ship. Who were they? What did she look like? They had looked at the same scene, very much as I was seeing it now. They, and how many others? Some I knew — Strabo and Beaufort and Scylax the younger. However inaccurately, I could visualize them, and should we meet, I would not be at a loss for conversation. But when I looked at the box on the foredeck which contained the things we had raised that day, the scarabs invisible in their plastic bags; parts of an ingot broken three millennia ago by a smith to forge into a tool which he was never to make; the planks in their plastic bags; the personal possessions of the crew and the cargo of their ship, which was now taking its next to last and shortest voyage from the bottom of the cliff where the wreck lay to our camp. Surely we and our machinery would be unimaginable to those men, who would have recognized the islands and the cape immediately, but, unlike Strabo or Beaufort or Scylax, would find the jump from their time to ours, their life to ours, inconceivable. For they lived at the dawn of Western civilization, and we live in the twilight of it.

pleasures and places



THE GOURMETS OF SAN SEBASTIAN

BY BETTY WASON

San Sebastian in February was a dowager with a lorgnette clinging bravely to remembered grandeur. Our enormous hotel echoed with emptiness. There seemed to be another tenant on our floor—at least, one morning I noticed the chambermaid putting fresh sheets on a bed in a room down the hall. Another time I saw a strange lady sitting in the lobby. She looked a little uncomfortable, it was true, but as if she had every right to be sitting there. The hotel was a hushed, ghostly castle, but one equipped with steam heat, plenty of hot water, and marvelously comfortable beds.

When the shutters of our room were thrown back, we saw many people walking along the seawall, purposefully, as if to work. There were children of all ages, too, deliberately stepping in puddles or streaking out on the wet sand of the beach when the tide was out. The city was not deserted, only the tourist hotels.

My one fear was that the best restaurants might be closed for lack of tourist trade, but after checking with a certain Señor Felipe Ugarte, to whom I had a letter of introduc-

tion, I soon learned this was happily not the case.

"The restaurants of San Sebastian," he assured me, "do not depend on the tourists for patronage. On the contrary, it is the year-round citizens who are the best customers. Have you not heard about the Basque capacity for eating?"

I had indeed, and told him that it was for this reason I had come to San Sebastian, since it was the largest city in the Basque country. I was here, in fact, on a gastronomic pilgrimage.

"If you are not doing anything for lunch," he offered, "I should be happy to escort you to one of our finer restaurants. You will encounter no better in the world."

Señor Ugarte had responded with such affront to my suggestion that San Sebastian restaurants might close during the slack season, I assumed he must be a Basque himself. His air of pride in escorting me through the dark-brown foyer of the Casa Nicolasa strengthened this impression, for a happy look mellowed his face as we were met with lovely odors of roasting meat and herbaceous sauces. The Casa Nicolasa had clearly stood here for many

years. Its paneled walls had the air of smug pride that only an old respected, and dearly loved building can acquire. Upstairs a table had been reserved for us, set with a fresh blue linen cloth—almost too modern; for such a venerable place white damask seemed more appropriate. Señor Ugarte ordered lunch, his eyes lingering pleasurably over the menu.

"Some champagne first?" he suggested. It was Spanish champagne, astonishingly good, with thin slices of lemon and orange peel floating in the bubbles.

"Is it true that Basques are noted gourmets?" I asked as I swallowed a tiny fish puff, a crisp, gold-crusted morsel with a heart of souffléed sole.

"Of course, this is one of the great gourmet centers of the world," he pontificated. "You have heard of the gourmet clubs of San Sebastian, I assume? There are no less than twenty-five clubs here, and a waiting list for membership in each one."

"Oh," I breathed, "I'd love to attend one of their dinners. Do you think there is any way—?"

He shook his head. "Their meetings are for men only. Only on one day of the year are wives invited—on San Sebastian's Day, after midnight. To be a gourmet in the Basque country is a male prerogative."

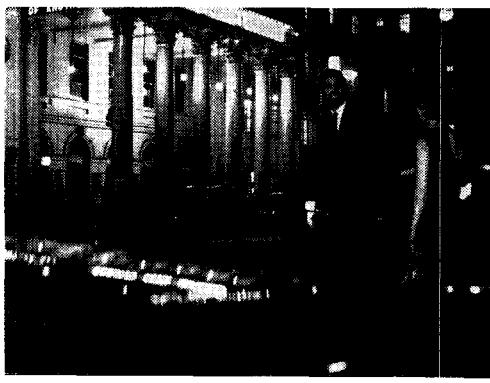
With a sigh of disappointment I took a bite of bright red Serrano ham sliced as thin as silken cloth.

"Have some crabmeat," he suggested by way of consolation. "That is a Basque specialty. It is called *changurro*."

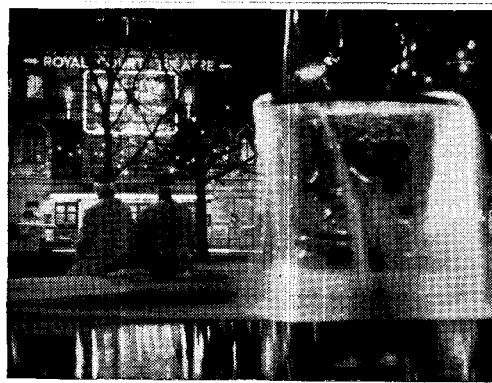
The crabmeat had just been placed before me piping hot in its shell, a velvety brownish-red puree sharpened with pepper, accompanied by a mound of steaming rice. It was so good I scooped up the last row edging the shell with a crust of bread.

"And now for the soup," Señor Ugarte nodded his head toward the waitress (the Basques may not consider women capable of reaching the heights of *gourmandise*, but they do permit them to wait on table even in the best restaurants). "I've ordered a *sopa de pescado*. The Cantabrian coast offers the best seafood to be found anywhere in the world. I hope you will find this tasty."

The waitress had borne a huge tureen to our table, and she ladled from it chunks of tender white arrosy fish and pinkish bits of shrimp.



Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London



Royal Court Theatre, London



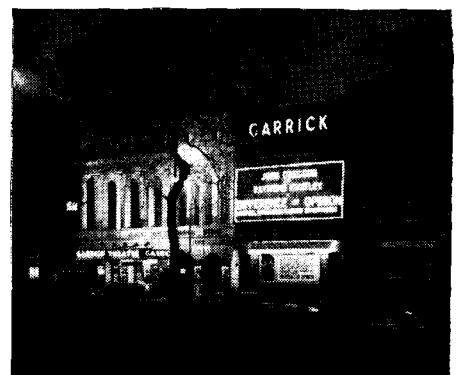
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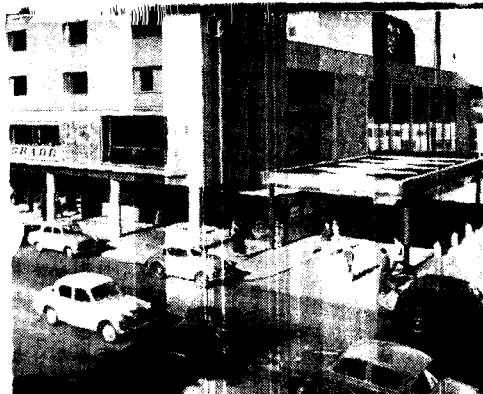
Sir Laurence Olivier is the company's artistic director. If your timing is right, you can see him play Othello, the first time Sir Laurence has tackled this role.

What to see outside London

When you leave London, you don't leave good theatre behind. "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music" tells you where to find 46 major theatres in other parts of Britain. Mark these theatre towns on your free road map. Then plan your trip accordingly.

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You can enjoy similar experiences in Nottingham, Bristol and Birmingham—



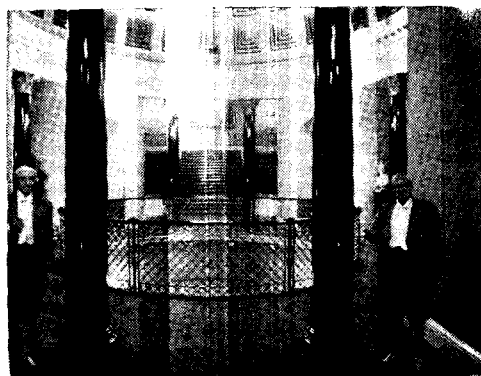
Belgrade Theatre, Coventry



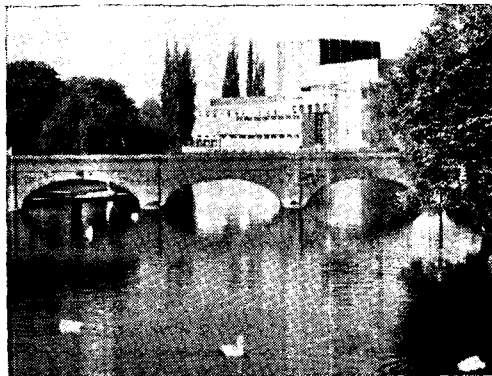
Queen's Theatre, London



Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich



Circle Rotunda and Royal Waiters, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London



Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon



Aldwych Theatre, London

and a score of other cities.

You'll never be more thankful than Americans and Englishmen speaking the same language.

Festivals galore

When you plan your trip, include at least one of Britain's festivals on your itinerary. You'll find 23 major festivals listed in "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music." Here are a few you can visit this Fall:

Edinburgh International Festival (August 16 through September 5) This is a three-week spree of drama, symphony, opera, ballet, a military tattoo. Marlene Dietrich will star in a cabaret.

Three Choirs Festival (September 6 through 11) This is the world's oldest music festival. It began in 1714. This Fall, the Festival will be held in Hereford Cathedral.

The cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester will join with a London symphony orchestra in evenings of jubilant oratorio.

Pitlochry Drama Festival (All Summer—through October 3) The tiny town of Pitlochry nestles among the peaceful glens and lochs of Scotland. Its festival program includes plays by Chekhov, Shakespeare and Anouilh.

Stratford-upon-Avon (All Summer—through early December) This year,

the Shakespeare Season of Plays presents seven of the great historical dramas, including *Richard II*, *Henry IV* (Parts One and Two) and *Henry V*.

Shakespeare's Year in full cry

This is a joyful year for theatres in Britain. They are celebrating Shakespeare's 400th birthday. Most festival and theatre towns are presenting special quatercentenary productions. These are once-in-a-lifetime events. Many will run through the fashionable Fall. Put them at the top of your list.

How to get tickets

You can get tickets at many theatres on the day of performance—even in London. However, to be certain of seats for the new National Theatre Company or the great festivals, ask your travel agent to book them in advance.

The more time you give him, the better your seats will be.

How much does it cost?

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floating in a smooth, fragrant, scarlet broth. My soup plate was brimming before she turned her attention to Señor Ugarte. Meantime, our wine glasses had been filled, and I discovered with pleasure that my host had selected a delightfully dry white wine which was frosty cold, the perfect complement to our soup.

"Is this a local wine?" I asked.

"Naturally. There are many vineyards in this area, and some of the finest wines in the world are produced here. Unfortunately, few of them will travel. This particular wine is a Monopol Cune. There's another local wine you must try before you leave the Basque country, called *chacoli*. You cannot find it anywhere else, not even in other parts of Spain. But I recommend it highly. Write down the name. They have it in nearly every restaurant, though it is not always listed on the wine card."

The soup was superb, an exquisite melody of flavors, thick with a dozen different kinds of seafood. The serving was, however, quite enough for a meal in itself by American standards, and mindful that there would be other courses to follow, I put my spoon down when two thirds of the way through; Señor Ugarte raised his eyebrows slightly. He was having a second helping.

The *sopa de pescado* was followed by *bacalao pil-pil*, a dish I had asked for, I must confess, because of its delightful name. I have never been enthusiastic about salt codfish, though the more famous *bacalao vizcaína*, cod buried in a fragrant tomato sauce, can be wonderful. There had always been the lingering suspicion in my mind that the *vizcaína* sauce would make anything taste good. The *pil-pil* was white and creamy, redolent of garlic, rich with oil, and salty. Interesting, but the gargantuan portion placed before me was enough for four people.

"You don't care for it," pronounced Señor Ugarte.

"Oh, yes, it's most interesting. Why is it called *pil-pil*?"

"Because as the sauce bubbles it makes the sound *pil, pil, pil*. The Basques say that a good cook must see the food, smell it, and hear it." He beckoned for the waitress. "Now for the meat course perhaps you will have a *chuleta* of veal?"

"Oh, no, really. I've eaten as much as I can. A salad, perhaps, or some fruit — nothing more."

Again there was a slight frown on my host's face. I began to realize that to rate as a gastronome in this country one must have a Rabelaisian appetite. "But of course you will have dessert. I would like to recommend *brazo de gitano* — that is to say, 'gypsy's arm' — a very nice cake."

It was no good to protest, and when I tasted the "gypsy's arm" I was glad I had not. It was a spongecake roll with a luscious filling, minced dates in a custard rich with eggs and wine, the top masked with a snowdrift of cream, sprinkled with almonds.

Leaving the Casa Nicolasa I felt as stuffed as a Christmas turkey and happy to take a short walk along the seawall, where the incoming tide was sending cascades of foam over the guardrails. The sky was clearing: patches of brilliant blue showed between towering cloud banks.

"And now I must take leave of you," Señor Ugarte murmured gallantly as I insisted I would prefer to walk back to my hotel, feeling in need of some exercise. Then, unexpectedly, he announced, "I shall



try my best to get one of the gourmet clubs to invite you for a dinner. But if you go to one of their dinners, you must eat everything placed before you. If anything is left on the plate, they are insulted. I remember when I first came here — "

"Then you are not a Basque?" I asked in surprise.

"No, I am from Seville," he said quickly, rushing on as if to ignore my interruption. "The Basque men, you know, are as proud of their ability to put away enormous quantities of food as they are of their skill in cooking. And it's the men who do the cooking. A woman may be permitted in the kitchen to trim vegetables and do other such chores, but the cooking itself must be done entirely by the club members. It is superb cooking. I shall try my best

to get them to invite you, to make an exception, since you are an American journalist." Then, shaking a finger, "but you *must* eat everything. Everything!"

A few days later the call came.

"It is all set for tomorrow," Señor Ugarte told me. "The club where you will have dinner is called the Gaztelupe, which means 'under the castle.' They have asked me to accompany you, since few of the members speak English. I will pick you up at your hotel at nine."

Aware of the precedent-shattering importance of the occasion, I dressed carefully for my dinner at the gourmet club, choosing the most feminine costume in my possession, a floating chiffon with a stole the color of a bullfighter's cape. Remembering a gourmet dinner I had attended in New York once, I fully expected this to be a black-tie affair.

The Gaztelupe Club was located in the oldest part of the city, under the brow of a sharp hill (the castle for which the club was named could be seen silhouetted at the very top). To reach it we walked through a narrow cobblestoned street; then Señor Ugarte rapped on a huge brass-studded door. The room we entered was cavernous, dim with the light of a few bare bulbs high in the ceiling, sparsely furnished with wooden tables and benches, starkly masculine. A few men stood awaiting us, and one of them, the deputy mayor of San Sebastian, a club member, stepped forward to kiss my hand in the Spanish manner. A tall gray-haired man beside him eyed me solemnly from behind steel-rimmed glasses. He was a distinguished San Sebastian lawyer, I was told, whose knowledge of culinary matters was so great he was frequently asked to speak on the subject in provincial towns.

"Look here," a third man said eagerly, showing me a local paper headlined, "Brilliant Conference of Don Antonio Arrúe on Gastronomy." "Señor Arrúe," he added, "is much in demand."

Other men were entering, and I could not help but notice that sartorial elegance was hardly the order of the evening. Many members wore jersey shirts and slacks; one rotund man, whose dimensions might well have been 40-56-50, had a well-worn apron hanging loosely over his paunch. He was an important figure, nevertheless, for it was he

who brought in wine bottles to plop in rows along the tables; and soon he was pouring what I was told was cider foaming into glass mugs. (I had a taste later, and it was far more like beer than apple juice.) The sight of liquid refreshment seemed instantly to put the members into a more genial mood.

Clearly none of the members of the Gaztelupe Club worried about calories. "Barrel-chested" is a word that has been used before to describe the Basques, and I could think of no better. There was an Irish look about most of the men, too; they were ruddy, genial, heavy of jaw, and had well-padded biceps. The Basques claim to be descended from the original Iberians who dominated all the peninsula until the Celts arrived from the north, intermarrying with the Iberians to create the Celtiberian race. Celtic blood clearly is still strong in Basque veins.

On most evenings, Señor Ugarte told me, the club members joined up in informal groups, each group preparing their own food. A man might bring home a fine catch of fish and would call five or six friends to come join him at the club for a fish fry. One such group was even now sitting down at a side table, plunging into their food without ado.

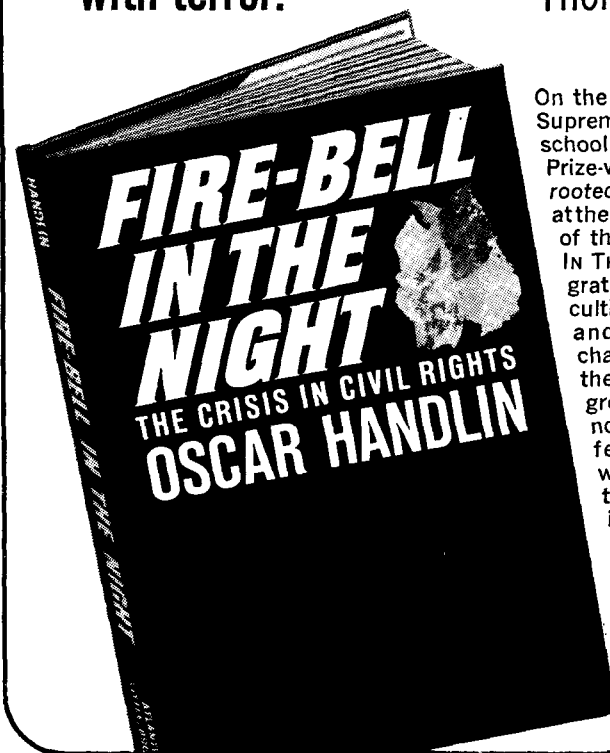
"There are some men," he went on, "who come here for dinner every night — they never eat at home."

"Even though they have to do all the cooking and washing up?" I asked in astonishment. He nodded. "Yes, they prefer to do their own cooking."

But now Don Antonio Arrúe had gestured for everyone to be seated, and a ripple of talk and laughter broke out as a huge casserole was brought into the room. This, I was told, was *merluza koskera*, a Basque dish so unique it had even been recognized by the French as worthy of inclusion in culinary glossaries. Steaks of fish were swimming in a thick white sauce, surrounded by stalks of white asparagus and quartered hard-boiled eggs. Remembering that I must eat every morsel, I gave myself a modest serving and tasted experimentally. As I looked up I saw that a dozen pairs of eyes were watching for my reaction, and summoning all the enthusiasm I could muster, I exclaimed that this was *muy rica*, a phrase my dictionary had said was Spanish for "very delicious." Actually, I was not im-

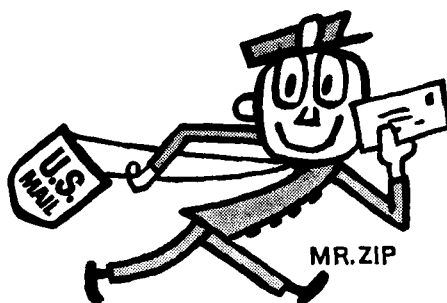
"This momentous question, like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror."

—Thomas Jefferson



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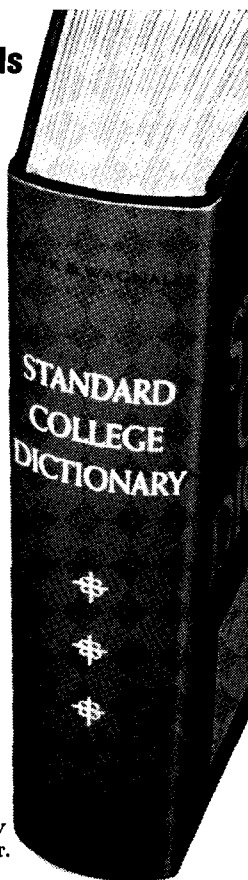
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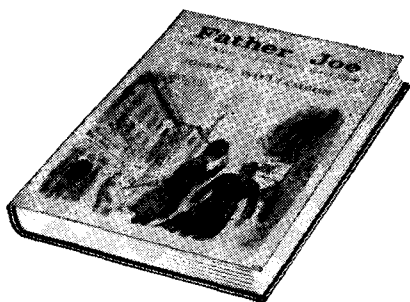
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pressed. I hoped that the remainder of the menu would be more tempting.

The wine, at least, was delightful — more of the *chacoli* to which I had previously been introduced — and with the second course my spirits rose. This was *mero*, a fish so sweet and succulent I could have taken several helpings had I not been aware that the evening's marathon of eating had just begun. As I finished the last bite of *mero*, I heard exclamations ringing out at the far end of the room near the kitchen, and a young man in sports attire came down the room bearing a platter containing a single trout, crisply browned, with a rasher of bacon curled in its stomach.

"The first trout of the season," he exclaimed, with flashing eyes, placing the platter before me. "Would you like to have it?"

As I tore into the delicate beige flesh of the trout, I felt the eyes of the company upon me again, enviously this time, for who can resist the wonders of fresh-caught brook trout?

The trout was followed by roast lamb, potatoes, and salad; then there were two kinds of cheese to devour — a creamy white cheese in a pot called *mamila ó cuajada*, made from the milk of ewes about to give birth, and a hard cheese called *idiazabal*. My appetite was less keen than when I had first arrived, especially as I had dutifully cleaned every morsel from every plate placed before me, and it was with relief that I heard Señor Ugarte whisper that I need not eat the dessert if I did not care to, but that I might take just a small taste of each of the two or three pastries that had been placed before me.

At last the plates were being carried back to the kitchen and it was time for coffee and brandy. If my dress seemed unaccountably tight around the waist, at least I had the satisfaction of having kept up with the Basque gourmands, plateful by plateful. They, in turn, now eyed me approvingly, and from the laughter around the room I sensed that the evening was counted a success.

"We are going to have singing now," Señor Arrúe announced from across the table.

Five men were huddled together at the far end of the table, listening as their director hummed the pitch. Then suddenly they burst into

magnificent torrents of song, the Basque alphabet first, in a succession of spirited arias; then a haunting Basque love song in chorus, followed by a solo in English of "Motherless Child," sung more beautifully than I have ever heard it before. To prove their versatility, the singers next launched into an Andalusian love song with wailing Moorish overtones, and a Russian melody with the lyrics in Basque.

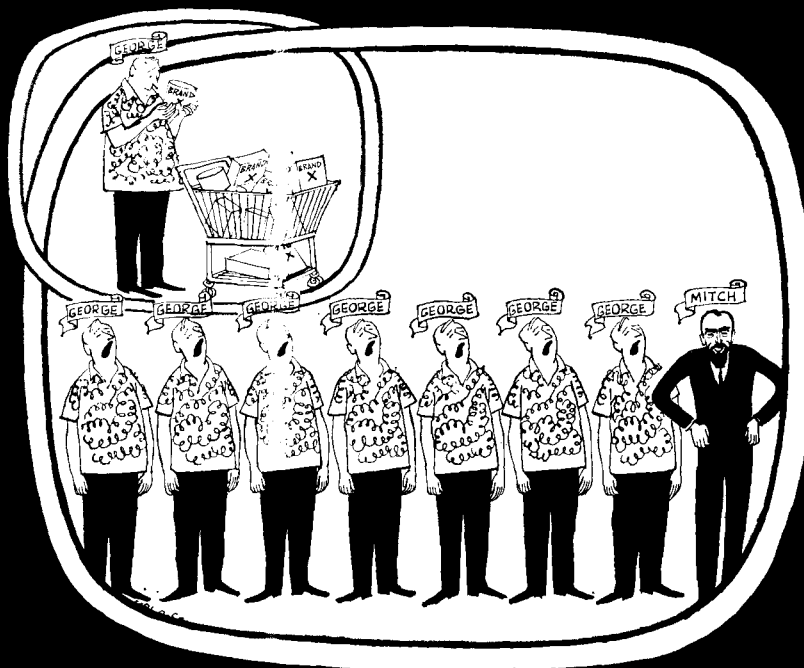
"All songs sound better in Basque," the man on my left observed, while across the way another club member commented, "Russian music is very like ours."

I agreed with them and wanted to hear more, and when the final number, another Basque song, was done, I was completely enthralled.

The evening, I thought, was ended now — but there was to be a final ceremony. I had noticed that all the men wore the same sunflower emblem in their coat lapels. Suddenly Don Arrúe approached



me with great ceremony, holding in his hand an opened jewel case on which rested a sunflower pin — the *eguzki-lore*, as I now learned it was called. The pin was for me; I had been voted an honorary member of the club and could henceforth wear this emblem wherever I went in the world, announcing myself thereby as a member of the Cofradio Vasce de Gastronomía — the Brotherhood of Basque Gourmets. I was overwhelmed with the honor. Picking up the pin, I attempted to fasten it to my dress. Alas, it had been designed only to slip into masculine coat lapels; it would not pin to chiffon. The lapel button remains, and shall always remain, however, a souvenir of a lovely evening, an evening of wine and song, when I proved to skeptical males that a woman could also possess gastronomic fortitude.



Living

TV'S SUPERSALESMAN

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

It is no longer advisable to give a male child the name George. Just as, years ago, a boy was cruelly handicapped by such a name as Percy or Cuthbert, today's television commercials are making George the symbol of all unmanly qualities. George lives in a near hysteria; he breaks things, spills, forgets, acts oatfishly, cringes before the brazen voice of his wife, and is incapable of simple arithmetic. His grammar is usually a bit sprung. ("It goes on real easy —")

George, in short, is the husband-chump image so stoutly believed in by the advertising agency and its Client: any housewife seeing George in the commercial will buy The Product just to show George who's boss. It's a handy name too, quite without embarrassing overtones of race, religion, or nationality. At this writing George is obsessed by the subject of toilet paper.

So, we see George in a telephone booth. Laden with bundles though he is, and with the phone cocked on his shoulder, he is reporting to his

wife great news: instead of the three rolls of Blank's, he has bought four rolls of "another brand" for about the same price.

Instead of hosannas, George's wife responds with a contemptuous question. "George, how many sheets in one of those rolls?"

George drops a bundle or two, knocks his hat askew, and purports to look at the package of toilet paper. "Er — six hundred and fifty sheets."

Follows a shouted tirade from the wife: doesn't he realize that Blank's roll contains *one thousand sheets*? So that *three* rolls of Blank's . . . *four* rolls of six hundred and fifty sheets each, etc., etc.

George is thoroughly frightened by this time. He begins to groan and whimper at the magnitude of his transgressions. It dawns on him that he is short four hundred sheets of precious toilet paper. "You mean —" he begins, but the situation has become too hot for him. He has wasted household funds — perhaps as much as eight or nine cents — and, worse, he has been Disobedient. Fadeout on George, the husband-goof, blubbering.

One wonders what the higher executives of the Scott Paper Com-

pany, and especially their wives, have to say about George and his customer-appeal when someone brings up the subject at the Saturday night dance at the Nirvana Heights Country Club.

George works for other companies. He is wearing a regular suit in the telephone booth episode, but he usually appears in the sport-shirt-outside-the-pants costume, the maternity-blouse effect introduced at the White House by Harry S. Truman during his presidency. In kitchen scenes it is George who wears the apron, standing hang-jawed while his wife is shrilling at him the merits of the all-new miracle cake mix, laundry bleach, or denture cleaner. (It's interesting, incidentally, to see how young our denture wearers have become; most of them seem to be under thirty.)

But even George — poor drudge that he is — even George finds his moments of happiness. Once every week George has the illusion of success, of being admired, of pleasing people. On his big weekly night on TV George may be in his maternity blouse and lacking a necktie, or you may see him bedizened and befrogged like the leader of a high school band or a chorus man in T.

Student Prince; he appears at times in a top hat and tails. Serene, confident, his toilet-paper cares forgotten, George is singing along with Mitch, and although the beat is pretty much John Philip Sousa, the sounds George is making fall gratefully on the ear.

It must be that this has been the secret of Mitch Miller's grip on the TV audience: the Georges of all sizes and ages, who buy the wrong things at the supermarkets, can sit at home and watch themselves having a wonderful time on the Mitch Miller show.

Weather Omens

BY CORNELIUS SHIELDS

CORNELIUS SHIELDS of Larchmont, New York, is an outstanding yachtsman. The following observations are part of his book *CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING*, which Prentice-Hall will publish this summer.

Weather proverbs that have come to us through the centuries contain much wisdom, and most of it is founded on practical experience.

"Red sky at night is a sailor's delight. Red sky at morning, sailor take warning!" This is how the proverb has come down to us, and its truth is such that it is still included in texts for naval officers. Much of this folklore can be easily explained by scientific theory, but some of it cannot and must be taken on faith.

In every section of the country is some old-timer who will state, "We're in for a spell of bad weather." Skeptics laugh away this statement as pure mysticism, but most probably the prophet is more aware of tiny, all but imperceptible signs than those of us who have had the faculty of weather-awareness blunted by living in concrete cities. However, if you are racing sailboats, it is a wise idea to train this awareness back into your consciousness. Here are some of the weather signs that I have noticed on the Atlantic coast.

When, on a summer's morning, there is dew on the grass and flat surfaces, it is almost a certainty that a southwest wind will come up sometime during the day.

On a still day, when the light is right, you can sometimes catch sight of gossamer strands in the rigging. I don't know why or how they ap-

pear, but they do. They have the appearance of minute strands spun by a spider, although no spiders are involved, I am sure of that. In our area these gossamers are a sure sign of a coming southwest wind.

In *The Sea and the Jungle*, H. M. Tomlinson wrote that the captain of his ship, the *Capella*, while the ship was in the Amazon River, prophesied a storm before nightfall after seeing gossamers in the rigging.

The appearance of opening crocuses is unfailing in predicting northeast winds. The wind will come either on the day the flowers are first sighted or on the following day. Again, I don't know why this should be, whether it is the nature of the northeast air or what, but crocuses always mean northeast winds to me.

When seabirds cluster inland in large groups and are reluctant to fly, it is a sign of an approaching storm. The reason for this is obvious. Storms accompany low-pressure systems where the air is thinner; and it is hard for birds to fly in this air. So the birds stay close to the earth where the atmospheric pressure is highest. Birds are much more sensitive to pressure changes than human beings, and behavior like this is a sure indication of future foul weather.

The appearance of porpoises on the Eastern seaboard almost always foretells a northeast wind. Why, I don't know, unless, like me, they just love that sparkly northeast air. I have been teased about this belief, but I have consistently gotten in my licks at the porpoise-scoffers.

During one Annapolis-Newport race in John Nicholas Brown's *Bolero*, the wind was southwest, making the course down the coast a dead beat. We were on the starboard tack and headed offshore. It was my watch, and around nine o'clock that night, my friends the porpoises suddenly appeared. We were beating off Montauk and taking a long board offshore, because the wind would not allow us to lay the mark directly.

I told the afterguard, "We're going to get a northeast wind, and we're foolish to depart from the rhumb line. I think we should go on the port tack to get closer to the course so that when the northeaster arrives we can set our spinnaker and steer for the lightship." Well, we did just that, and within two hours the northeaster came in strong. That was the year that we beat *Baruna*,

our great competitor, by 24 seconds in the 350-mile race. From then on, the *Bolero* crew always believed what the porpoises told them.

While not strictly a weather sign, there is another phenomenon that I have observed. Very often at the turn of the tide, when it begins to flood, the wind will pick up. When maximum flood is reached, the wind will slacken, and when the ebb starts, it will often die out.

When a wind shift is imminent, it often takes place when the tide is at the flood. In the summer I have noticed that an easterly will shift to southwest at the very hour that the current tables tell you the tide will be at flood. I have discussed this with people ever since I started racing, and no two have had the same answer for it. I have not found a completely satisfying one myself, but the best I have been able to come to is that the rise and fall of that enormous body of water raises and lowers the atmospheric pressure enough to trigger the natural wind changes.

Now, you might think that all the foregoing is a lot of superstitious nonsense. If you do, try keeping a weather log, as I have done. At the end of the year, when the crocuses and the porpoises have done their



work, and when you begin to think of having a new mahogany break-front built to hold your silverware, I will be happy to welcome you to the ranks of the Order of Mystical Weathermen.

One thing is certain: if a skipper dashes out of the house to his boat, glances quickly at a falling barometer, wets his sneakers in the dew on the lawn, brushes the gossamers in the rigging off his face, and then squints up at the sky and says, "I wonder what quarter the wind's going to come from today," he most definitely does not deserve to win.



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What Stage Fright?

BY W. F. MIKSCH

W. F. MIKSCH is a free-lance writer living in Newtown, Connecticut, and has contributed many light pieces to these pages.

The U.S. Office of Education, concerned for those who "become extremely nervous and tense when called upon to speak in public," has awarded a \$5000 research contract to the University of Illinois to find out what causes stage fright and how to cure it.

Any outfit that spends \$5000 to encourage public speaking in a year of major political campaigns certainly is not acting for the public good. I only hope those Illinois researchers shoot the works on chocolate malteds or a new stadium, and then report back that "there is no cure."

What is the point in their dashing about a lab, dropping test tubes, and running up the university's electric bill to find a cure for something which doesn't exist in the first place?

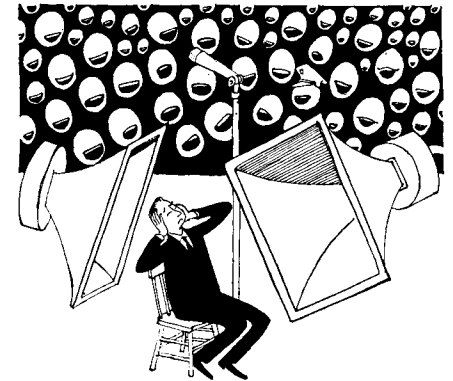
That stage fright is all but non-existent must be obvious to everyone

— even to a nonresearcher — who lately has been exposed to television, radio, party conventions, political rallies, candidate debates, fund-raising dinners, PTA meetings, alumni banquets, or anything else which supplies a fairly captive audience. (In a very mild form, stage fright may still survive in the theater; "method" actors always strike me as being frightened of something, but I suspect it is only a fear of being heard in the lower-priced seats.)

There was, to be sure, a time when people often pitched over in a dead faint if suddenly called upon to say a few words, but that was long ago. By now, any "open" mike, unoccupied rostrum, or vacant chair at the speakers' table touches off a wild stampede to see who gets there first. The fear is not of being caught onstage but of being kept off it.

Speaking as one to the audience born, I am in favor of stage fright. I would like to see a return to the good old days before the proverbial cat gave everybody back their tongues, to that happier, or at least tiresome, era when oratory was left to a handful of professional orators.

Then, baseball stars stuck to the diamond; they did not plod about in front of television cameras delivering declamations on tough beards.



or unruly hair. Six-day bicycle riders wisely saved their breath for pedaling; they didn't waste it discussing postimpressionist art or public housing on panel shows. Housewives whose quince preserves won first prize at the county fair bashfully picked up their blue ribbons and went home to put up more quinces; they didn't grab the nearest microphone and announce their candidacies for the state legislature. Novelists wrote their books, and then, blushing furiously, hid away behind a door until it was time to write their next.

What made the age even more golden was that there were no sound trucks, public address systems, or broadcasting stations, so that anyone within earshot of a public speaker had only himself to blame. My own theory about the whole thing is that when electronic communications systems came in the door, stage fright went out the window. I shall not try to explain this; I shall just say that it's too bad.

A good sweeping epidemic of stage fright, one that will render all orators tongue-tied, would come as a welcome relief to one pair of tired ears I can mention. Maybe the Office of Education can arrange on with the next \$5000 that burns a hole in its pocket. Then it will be tackling the real problem, which definitely is not stage fright.

The real problem is to get every one to sit down and shut up.

I Admire Men, But Then Again . . .

BY C. S. JENNISON

Let's have a word in praise of men.
They love their homes, from attic to den.
They buy new hammers, for ones they've lost,
(To mend some item you wish you'd tossed)
Then — eager to Catch That TV Inning —
They leave the work that they're just beginning
Till maybe a week from Sunday, when
They find they've lost their hammers again.

Let's have a word in praise of males,
Who Straighten Things when a budget fails.
They save five dollars on cheap storm doors
And spend two hundred on buckled floors;
Or — thinking they're strong as Marcianos —
They frugally move their own pianos
And, when you remonstrate, coolly spurn ya
And spend a grand on a double hernia.

Let's have a word (but not too loud)
On men in autos, of which they're proud.
Their driving's fine, but their ways are dark ways
Helling along over roads and parkways.
Heedless of cops and accident headlines,
They struggle to meet their dreamed-up deadlines,
And — missing the turns at intersections —
They'd rather be lost than ask directions.

Repairman Bites Back

BY NEAL C. FAREWELL

NEAL C. FAREWELL, who lives in Buffalo, New York, sends us this rejoinder to a recent complaint in these pages about the behavior of household repairmen.

I am just an average appliance repairman. I do my work during the day, and when I come home at night all I want is a little peace and quiet. Do I ever get it? No! Like last week, my wife greets me at the door with the news that we received a letter from my sister in Seattle and it is my job to reply. I once wrote a note to a record club to cancel our subscription and ended up with their Golden Jubilee Album of Little-Known Operettas. At the typewriter I am all thumbs.

So what does an intelligent person do? He calls in an expert. I picked up the classified directory and tried letter writer, writing general, writing commercial, writing residential, and only after a half hour of concentrated searching did I find the listing under Composition, General.

I was surprised at the number of people in the business. One ad read Vets Writing Service, and I was inclined to call just out of patriotism, but my eye was caught by the one just below it. It advertised "House Calls \$2.50, absolutely no hidden charges." They called themselves Integrity Pen and Inc.

My call was answered by a man's voice. If he had not been awakened from a nap, his voice gave that impression.

"I would like someone to write a letter to my sister in Seattle," I said.

"I'm tied up till after Easter."

"Well, it's only a small job," I pleaded.

"Best I could possibly do is three weeks, and only if I get a cancellation. I got extra men on now."

"I really wouldn't want to wait that long," I explained. "My sister is moving to Alaska, and I promised my wife —"

"You're all alike," he grumbled, "— wait until the last minute, and then it's a matter of life and death."

He read me out pretty hard, but the conversation ended with his "I'll see what I can do." For some reason I felt strangely triumphant.

One evening, about three days

later, I was lounging about the house in a robe trying to work up the ambition to go to bed, when the bell rang. It was nine forty-five.

"Integrity Pen and Inc.," the surly young man said as he pushed by me into the living room. "Bring it in here, Joe." Another man, younger and surlier, came in loaded down with a portable typewriter, a ream of paper, and miscellaneous tools of the trade.

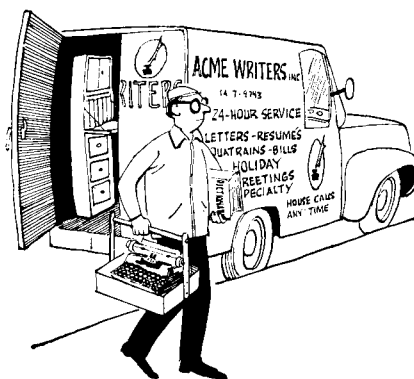
The older of the two, who sported a tiny untrimmed goatee, hoisted the typewriter and sent it scratching across the coffee table.

"OK, let's get started," he said.

"What can I do to help?" I asked pleasantly.

"For a starter, let's see the letter from your sister," he said.

I handed him the folded pieces of pink stationery, and he read. After



a time he looked up at me with a sarcastic sneer on his face. "Are you kidding, Buster?" he asked. "This thing calls for a trilogy. She wants to know about the kids, some stocks you're holding for her, Uncle Al's address, did you get the Christmas presents. This is no house call, Mac. I'll have to take it into the shop." He rose to leave and signaled to Joe to pick up the equipment.

"Look," I said, "all I want to do is say hello and tell her we're fine." He paused. "Just fix it up as best you can," I continued. "I don't expect miracles."

He stood for a moment, thoughtfully. "Usually we insist on doing these things right, Mac. But it's

your letter, and if you want to send it out that way — It's just that I ain't taking the responsibility."

When I had signed the release, he returned to the typewriter. It was a joy to watch his hands move over the keys and to watch the sentences take form on the paper. Joe stood by, smiling in obvious pleasure at the talent of his master.

In about ten minutes he sat back. "There you are Mac," he said. I read the letter quickly. It was certainly a work of art. He told my sister we were all "wonderfully well." The beauty of the phrase brought a lump to my throat. "A beautiful job," I said, "but there is one thing. Couldn't we fit something in about the Christmas gifts?"

I could see his face flush with anger. "Look, Buddy! You called me to write this letter, right? I told you it should be taken to the shop, right? Now, if you want to write this letter, write it. But don't tell me my business!"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to interfere."

"That's all right, Mac. But you understand we got a little pride too. You want I should throw on a P.S. about the presents?"

"That would be fine," I said.

He dashed off a P.S. in less than a minute. While he made out the bill, Joe packed the equipment.

"Here you are Mac," he said, handing me the bill. It totaled six dollars and fifty cents.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I thought house calls were two fifty."

"That's right, Mac. Two fifty in the call area. You're out of the area — that's four bucks. You wanted a P.S., right? That's a buck fifty. Materials, a buck. No charge for the envelope. I had one left from the last call."

I paid, content that the job was done. I walked to the kitchen to show the letter to my wife.

"There it is," I said, "all signed, sealed, and enveloped." She examined it for a moment, then began moving her head slowly, up and down, a move I have learned indicates extreme superiority.

"It's fine," she said, "except for one thing."

"What?" I asked.

"It's addressed to Uncle Al."

"Damned incompetents," I shouted, hurling the letter to the floor. "I'll get some tools and do my own work from now on."



Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Chausson: Poème; Saint-Saëns: Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso; Leclair: Sonata No. 3 in D; Locatelli: Sonata No. 1 in F Minor

David Oistrakh, violinist, with Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch, and Vladimir Yampolsky, pianist; RCA Victorla VICS-1058 (stereo) and VIC-1058

The economic qualities of this record are no less interesting than the musical, for it is an exemplar of a new RCA line of reissues priced substantially lower than the original releases. Oistrakh's performances of the Chausson and Saint-Saëns pieces first came out seven years ago and have lost nothing in vibrance of playing or richness in sound. The Russian violinist's tone is similarly opulent in the Leclair and Locatelli sonatas, though perhaps less appropriate to their lean and classic lines.

Handel: Samson

Maurice Abravanel conducting Utah Symphony Orchestra and University of Utah Symphonic Chorale, with Jan Peerce, tenor; Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; Malcolm Smith, bass; and others; Vanguard BGS-5060/62 (stereo) and BG-648/50: three records

Handel's oratorio *Samson* here receives its first recording in stereo, as well as its first in English. The English, let it be said, is of no great quality; the composer used a text by a hack named Newburgh Hamilton drawn from Milton's *Samson Agonistes* containing verses like:

To man God's universal law
Gave power to keep the wife in awe.
Thus shall his life be ne'er dismayed
By female usurpation swayed.

Far from being bothered by his text (perhaps he never really understood English all that well), Handel com-

posed music that was bold, vivid, and imaginative. He even was fair to the Philistines, giving their representative, one Harapha, two fine bass arias almost musically equal to Samson's famous tenor air "Total eclipse." And the choruses, such as the famous "Fixed in His everlasting seat," abound in Handelian majesty. This recording, made in Salt Lake City, may not extract every ounce of strength in the score or capture every nuance, but with a cast headed by such experienced singers as Peerce and Miss Curtin, and with Abravanel's sound conducting, it represents a solid achievement. And it puts squarely into the record catalogue a work that should never have been absent.

Toscanini Conducts Overtures

Arturo Toscanini conducting N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-7026 (monaural only): two records

Arturo Toscanini's palatial house in the Riverdale section of New York City, now occupied by his son Walter, contains many wonderful recordings of broadcasts and concerts that have never been given to the public because they have slight technical flaws or fall just short of the phenomenally high musical standards the Maestro set for his own releases. RCA Victor and Walter Toscanini have now begun to cull these archives, and this album is the first of a series of previously unreleased numbers to be put out over the next five years. Toscanini fanatics are divisible into two factions, one holding that recordings unapproved by the Maestro during his lifetime should be left in limbo forever, the other contending that any performance by the greatest conductor of the twentieth century is worthy of a hearing. This fanatic leans toward the second school. Certainly the thirteen overtures in this album (three each by Cherubini and Mozart, two by Cimarosa, Rossini, and Brahms, and one by Gluck) represent to the full the lucidity and vigor Toscanini brought to whatever music he touched. No one has since played Mozart's *Magic Flute* Overture and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* with so perfect a balance of tension and sonority, or made Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto* and Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri* sparkle so brilliantly. Against these qualities, the occasional blurring of sound or

cough from the studio audience seems trivial indeed.

September Song: Jimmy Durante

Jimmy Durante with the John Rarig Singers, Roy Bargy conducting; Warner Bros. WS-1506 (stereo) and W-1506

It seems silly to say it, but seventy-year-old Jimmy Durante sings *September Song* with more feeling than anyone since the late Walter Huston. "Sings" may not be exactly the word; but as Durante himself has remarked in words worthy of Sam Weller, "Them is the conditions that prevails." Even though the vocal gravel outweighs the gold, the songs on the record turn out to be a triumphant blending of the sentimental and the jocular. Such titles as "Look Ahead Little Girl," "Count Your Blessings Instead of Sheep," "I Believe," and "Bluebird of Happiness" indicate that Durante is in an unusually serious mood. But when the songs and the singing are at their most heartfelt, he lightens them with such genial lines as, "When my bankroll is gettin' small / I think of when I had none at all / And fall asleep countin' my blessings." Even more cheerful in its outlook is "One Room Home," possibly the most persuasive paean to the simple domestic life since "Home, Sweet Home." And if Jan Peerce's famous old recording of "Bluebird of Happiness" could bring a tear to the eye, Jimmy's new one can produce a torrent.

The Singing Nun: Her Joy, Her Songs

"Sœur Sourire" (Sister Luc-Gabrielle), with guitar accompaniment; Philips PCC-609 (stereo) and PCC-209

After the phenomenal success of the first "Singing Nun" record with its famous "Dominique," it was inevitable that a second should appear. What was not inevitable was that the same quality of innocent freshness should pervade the new songs, too. For the most part, these melodies, sung in French, are beguiling little tunes celebrating the joys of nature and the certitude of faith. Is there another "Dominique" among the new songs? Probably not, although "*Il pleut, il pleut*," a graceful, almost Schubertian picture of a river in the rain, has a haunting quality of its own. The stereo version, incidentally, represents an electronic reprocessing from a monaural master, and sometimes has a slightly uncomfortable echo-chamber effect.



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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

I REMEMBER a sunset talk I had at Dam Camp with Barney Flieger, the eminent Canadian biologist, in July of 1953. I had been fishing for salmon in the pools of the Northwest Miramichi, and he had spent the day tramping through the spruce forest owned by the Canadian International Paper Company. His mission was to observe the effects of the DDT spray which had been heavily applied in June from low-flying single-seaters to stamp out the budworm, and occasionally when he found himself in a pocket of old trees, he was curious to discover from reading the bark how often in the past the blight had eaten its way through this vast wilderness. There was plenty of evidence of the enormous destruction in 1911 and 1912, and from one old giant he learned that the scourge had been there in the age of Napoleon. "Do you think that the spraying will save the trees this time?" I asked. Barney brooded over this before he answered. "It looks as if it might save a lot of 'em," he said, "but I wonder what it will do to the river."

The decision which Barney and his company took to save their valuable timber was taken unilaterally by many other anxiously concerned parties in the United States: by other foresters; by farmers whose spraying and dusting of farmlands cover annually six million acres of farmland in California alone; by farmers in the Northwest and Middle West whose irrigation ditches feed back into lakes or river valleys; by conscientious members of garden clubs intent on keeping their show places free from pests; by highway patrols spraying the moth caterpillar; by suburbanites who wish to put down mosquitoes. So, in a shortsighted way, millions of Americans came to be involved in the poisoning of the land, the birds, the lakes, and the rivers, a reckless drenching against which Rachel Carson spoke out so sharply in her historic book, *Silent Spring*. What few scientists or pesticide manufacturers seemed to anticipate was that the effect of all this poisoning

was cumulative and that its damage would be far more malignant than any single act. Miss Carson's book, carrying as it did a dreadful warning to the country at large, might properly have been written by a courageous man in the Department of Agriculture or the Interior. Instead, it was written by a woman, a marine biologist by training, whose earlier books were at once scientific and poetic expositions, and whose last book with its alarming documentation was published at a time when she was privately making a desperate, hopeless stand against cancer.

The predictions which she made — her claim that the cumulative doses of poison would produce an appalling destruction in our waterways and our land — have come true with a vengeance. Secretary of the Interior Udall said recently that the enormous destruction of Mississippi River fish and the ravaging of the shrimp beds are symptomatic of conditions all over the country. Lake trout in New York State, particularly in Lake George, are failing to reproduce because of the amount of DDT in the water; fingerlings of the wild trout in New Hampshire, as of those in the hatcheries, are failing to survive for the same reason; the landlocked salmon in Lake Sebago in Maine are so impregnated with DDT that they cannot be eaten. The pesticide has also been detected in pheasant eggs in California and in the eggs of wild ducks from Maine to Maryland. Measurable residues, reported the Secretary, have been found in blue grouse in Montana and in deer and elk in other parts of the country. "We are concerned," he concluded, "with the effects upon shrimp and menhaden, as these species comprise the nation's most valuable and largest fisheries."

In the light of what has happened, the outcries of the drug and pesticide industries, the little parody-advertisement published by the Monsanto Chemical Company which envisioned a world dominated by insects, the denunciation by *Chemical Week*, the trade journal, that "her innuendoes

In **WHY WE CAN'T WAIT**, **Martin Luther King, Jr.**, the world-wide symbol for moderation in the struggle for Negro equality, sets forth the reasons for "Freedom Now" and the political implications of an aroused Negro electorate. June 8th. \$2.95

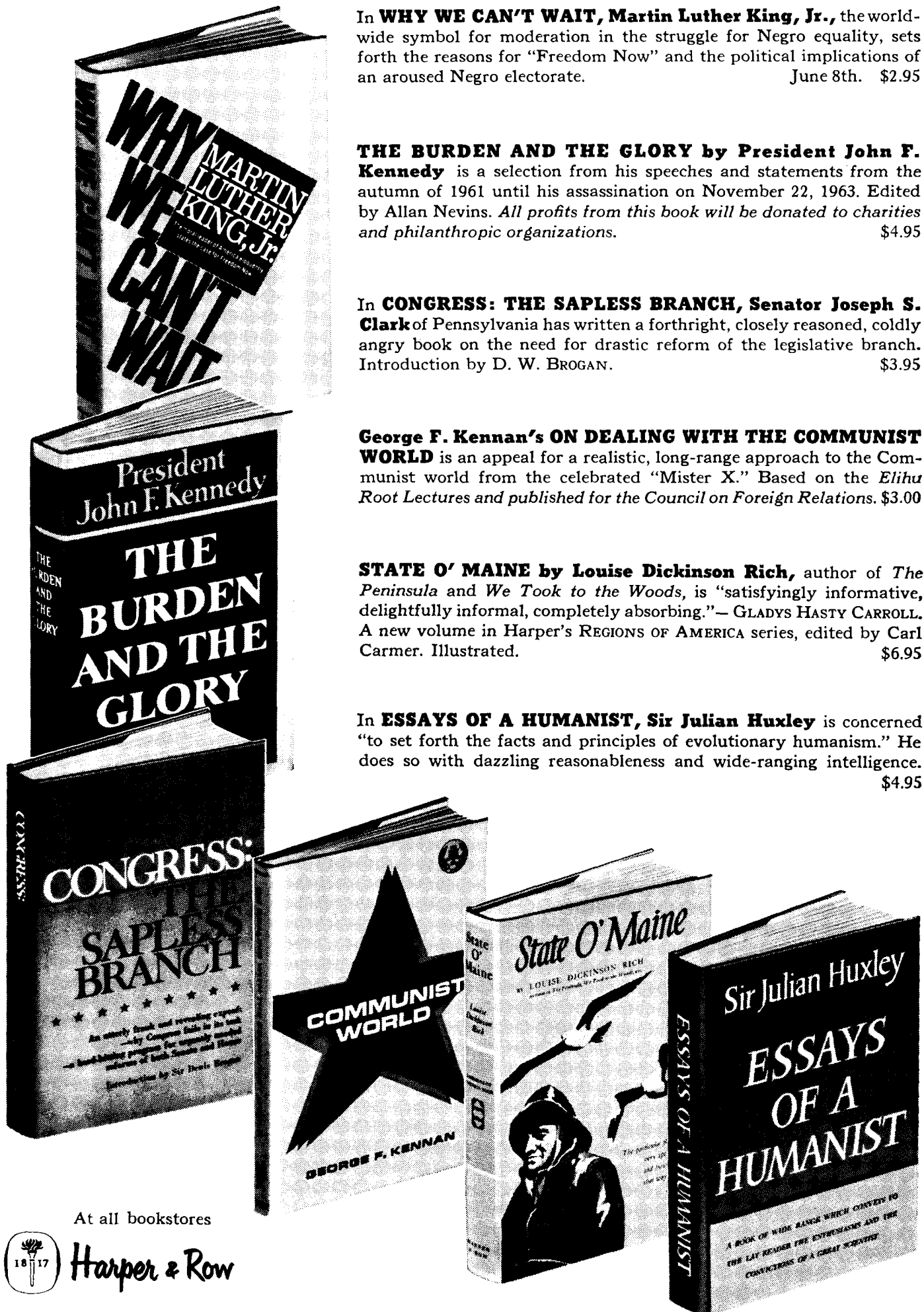
THE BURDEN AND THE GLORY by **President John F. Kennedy** is a selection from his speeches and statements from the autumn of 1961 until his assassination on November 22, 1963. Edited by Allan Nevins. *All profits from this book will be donated to charities and philanthropic organizations.* \$4.95

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[are] misleading," the statement of Dr. Robert White-Stevens, a spokesman for the industry, who said, "The major claims of Miss Rachel Carson's book, *Silent Spring*, are gross distortions of the actual facts, completely unsupported by scientific experimental evidence, and general practical experience in the field" — such utterances now seem as silly as they were stubborn. *Time* magazine ignored the obvious, that poisoning does not have to be instantaneous to be poisoning. With its characteristic disparagement, *Time* quoted the contention that Miss Carson's argument was based on accidents, and in a renewed attack on the book, *Time* said, "Scientists, physicians, and other technically informed people will also be shocked by *Silent Spring* — but for a different reason. They recognize Miss Carson's skill in building her frightening case; but they consider that case unfair, one-sided, and hysterically overemphatic." Yes, but when you are warning people against death, how can you be anything but "one-sided"?

The garden clubs might have come out more boldly in her support; perhaps because they were careful in what they used they could not believe the excess with which others less careful were abusing the pesticides. With exceptions here and there, town spraying went cheerfully forward as if nothing had been said, and the pesticide manufacturers continued to advertise their newest weed killers. "Why tire your back when you can use a spray?" Why indeed? Why bother to think?

Few of the regulatory agencies authorized by Congress have lived up to the responsibility with which they are charged. But here is a case where private and selfish initiative have landed us in an outrageous mess. The manufacture and the use of pesticides must be restrained by law; the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare should tell us where these cumulative poisons are leading us and how to prevent such recklessness in the future. "It is not my contention that chemical pesticides must never be used," wrote Miss Carson; "I do contend that we have put poisonous and biologically potent chemicals indiscriminately into the hands of persons largely or wholly ignorant of their potential for harm." As for the pesticide manufacturers, they owe it to the nation to devote a major part of their research to seeking a substitute for the poisons they have profitably dispensed.

LOOK OUT FOR GRANPAP

Not since the novels of Walter D. Edmonds has an American written with such color and insight about our old primitives as CONRAD RICHTER. He does not always deserve the superlatives in the blurbs about his books, but at his best, as in *The*

Sea of Grass, *The Trees*, and *The Town*, Mr. Richter is very good indeed. There is a strain of evangelism in his stories, inherited, no doubt, from his father and grandfather who were clergymen. He himself was intended for the ministry but turned away from the calling to devote himself to American history and eventually to the writing of short, highly selective novels about American pioneers, whether in Pennsylvania, the Midwest, or Texas.

THE GRANDFATHERS, Mr. Richter's new novel (Knopf, \$3.95), is a story about the Murdoch clan who lived lustily and beyond the law in the mountains of western Maryland. Kettle Mountain was theirs by rights; the weathered, unpainted house stood deep in the trees with its pigpen, smokehouse, chicken pen, wagon shed and ramshackle barn, and a little old trolley without wheels "that Granpap had got for nothing and hauled out on a wagon years ago." It was a good place to loiter. The girls lent themselves freely and had a raft of fatherless children. The boys, Uncle Heb and Uncle Nun, earned just enough from their wood chopping to pay for the moonshine, and Granpap, when he had a score to settle, burned down his enemy's barn or house. All this sounds like a caricature out of *Esquire*. What makes it lifelike is the charming dialect in which the story is told, and the strong, defensive character of Charity, the oldest of the illegitimate children, through whose eyes the story comes to us.

Chariter, as the family calls her, at fifteen bears little resemblance either in her coloring or in her nicety to her half brothers. She is treated with a touch of deference by the menfolk, and as she matures she determines to discover who her father was. Chariter's struggle to establish her identity and have a life of her own is what makes the book. Her life in the clan and her life apart are told in memorable detail: her efforts to get through to her grandfather; the Sunday comedy as she watches Tom the blacksmith cutting her mother's corns; the day all the Murdochs climb the mountain for the dandelions to make their wine; the humiliation she suffers at the revival meeting; and the courage with which she holds at bay her impetuous suitor, Fulliam, are pages I read with delight. Dialect is out of fashion these days, and it is refreshing to see with what skill Mr. Richter has framed the entire tale in an idiom of the past.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SELF-CONTROL

ERIC HODGINS is a gifted editor who never spared his horses. As a young man he did his best to save the *Youth's Companion* from collapse. From 1929 to 1933 he worked for *McCall's* and *Redbook*, then as editor in chief of *Fortune*. Later, as general manager of *Time*, he made a brilliant record in one

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of the most demanding of organizations. I encouraged him to write his first book, a history of aviation entitled *Sky High*, and I was one of many who delighted in his greater success, *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*, which was published in 1947. Thirteen years later Mr. Hodgins, alone in his New York apartment, was knocked flat by a stroke. He managed, heaven knows how, to struggle downstairs to the janitor's office, and moments later in the Lenox Hill Wollman Pavilion, directly across the street from where he lived, he embarked upon the slow, exasperating recovery which he recalls in such accurate and entertaining detail in *EPISODE* (Atheneum, \$5.00).

The older we grow the more we have to listen to the operations and the grievances of our contemporaries. What sets Mr. Hodgins' recital apart from all others I have read or heard is the liveliness of his mind, which was unimpaired by the paralysis; his deft and hilarious characterizations of the medical fraternity, speaking, as he says, "in the strange, strange language so many medical men prefer to English"; his delightful observations of his nurses; and, most of all, his unsparing account of what he did and how he felt as he fought to regain self-control. There are passages which bog down in the slow progress of the CVA, and not every reader will want to know this much about so many treatments, but I must say I find his buoyancy supportable.

THE INNKEEPER

The Hotel Moderne Aristide in its rocky little village in the Midi was a one-man restaurant whose Michelin star attracted the discerning from Nice and Cannes. The chef-proprietor, who called himself Michal, was a good-natured Greek who had been brought to France as a child and naturalized in 1917. He ran the place with the help of his wife and his adopted son, Philippe, and with his life savings he meant to buy it. Such is the setting, warm-lit and believable, with which **STORM JAMESON** opens her dramatic short novel, **THE BLIND HEART** (Harper & Row, \$3.95). Michal, as he serves his cronies, cheers up the lonely English guest, and bargains with Monsieur Larrau, the miser who owns his heart's desire, is fun to watch. But Michal is impulsive and as blind as the title suggests, and the story which Miss Jameson has devised, not always persuasively, is of his betrayal by his wife, by his spoiled, corrupted son, by the Englishman who could have helped him, most of all by his own good intentions. In this tale Miss Jameson is more skillful at building suspense than in developing character; too many of her people are one-dimensional and too often we ask if Michal would really have left himself as open as he did.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

In **FLOOD** (Random House, \$5.95), **ROBERT PENN WARREN** explores the changing patterns of the old and new South in the light of one man's painful effort to recapture his past. Here indeed are some very large themes, and Mr. Warren, who also tacks on to them an extremely convoluted, melodramatic plot, has to strain a great deal to do them justice.

Brad Tolliver, a very successful screenwriter, has come back to visit his native town — Fiddlersburg, Tennessee — from which he has been absent for many years. He is accompanied by the well-known director Yasha Jones, who is intended as the deepest and wisest character in the novel but who is never more believable than the unlikely name with which Mr. Warren has saddled him. Both men are there to do a picture on the last days of Fiddlersburg, which will soon vanish under an artificial lake.

Brad's adventure is to encounter and come to terms with his past; Jones's is to escape from his icy detachment and discover love. The details of the story, however, are far too complex for retelling. As always, Mr. Warren is extremely skillful at making all the cogs and parts of his story run together as he moves continuously and deftly, though sometimes fatiguingly, between the present and the past. There are tedious moments, but on the whole the melodramatic excitement is well sustained.

Yet in this very intricacy of its construction, Mr. Warren's story seems more like a clever piece of engineering than a spontaneous work of the imagination. The style is too often overly insistent and forced, as if the author himself were striving hard to believe in his own creation. For a writer of Mr. Warren's attainments — who has given so much to American letters as novelist, poet, critic, and editor — this is indeed an indifferent performance.

STROKE OF TRUTH

GEORGES SIMENON has been known to millions of readers as the author of detective stories featuring

the astute, pipe-smoking Inspector Maigret. That he is a serious novelist, not merely a concocter of detective fiction, has long been recognized by his fellow countrymen and is slowly dawning upon us in this country. **THE BELLS OF BICÉTRE** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95) is one of his more serious efforts, a psychological novel of considerable depth and power.

In their rush to recast Simenon from a pulp writer into a major novelist, the critics have in some cases gone overboard. He is a good writer indeed, but not a great literary artist. His style is effective but clumsy; he gets his story across like a boxer flailing away at an opponent. His real strength lies in his uncompromising and canny grasp of life. His insight may be narrow, but it is also profound, and we never feel that he is faking.

All of the external action here takes place in a hospital, where the hero, René Maugras, an affluent and hard-driving Parisian publisher, has been confined by a stroke. A strong man, he now lies in bed paralyzed and unable to talk. His past comes back to him, image by image, beginning with his poverty-stricken early life in a provincial village. Maugras is a self-made man, accustomed to having others bend to his imperious will. Now he is at the mercy of others and must submit to their ministrations. Under this brutal reversal of fortunes he has for the first time to take stock of himself and his life.

With Maugras out of action, Simenon seizes the opportunity to lay bare his hero's heart and mind bit by bit. In a few days Maugras regains his speech; then he gains sufficient control of his limbs to be able to write, and he begins to keep a diary in which he makes brief entries to record the birth of a new perspective on things. Most important of all, he begins to feel compassion for his poor wife, whom his strength of will had driven into alcoholism; and it seems as though the two may find a new happiness together.

But Simenon is too good a psychologist to believe that the human soul can be completely transformed and the past shucked off altogether. At the end Maugras is ready to leave the hospital; he is still an invalid, but it is indicated that his recovery will be fairly complete. But with

that recovery there also looms the prospect of his reassuming his old life and his former domineering character. We are left with the teasing question of whether a truth revealed to the invalid will be lost on the man of action.

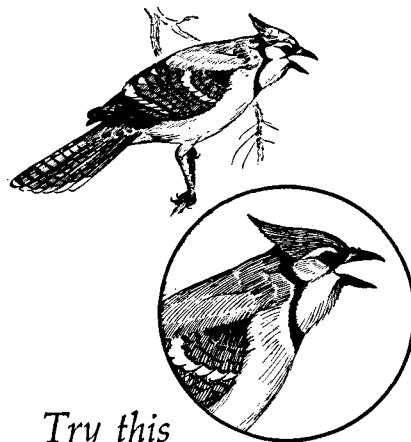
FROM ROBIN HOOD TO HOOD

Only a short while back the district attorney of New York, when questioned by a reporter, denied the existence of the Mafia. The society had so clothed itself in secrecy that even the authorities felt there was no real proof that it was anything more than a legend. It took the sensational testimony of one of its members, only a year ago, before a congressional committee to banish doubt on the subject once and for all. What is more remarkable still, as **NORMAN LEWIS** shows in **THE HONORED SOCIETY** (Putnam, \$5.00) — a hair-raising documentation of the history and deeds of the Mafia — is that the existence of the parent organization in Sicily was not definitely proved until 1962.

The reasons for this secrecy are not difficult to find. The Sicilian peasantry, which lived in fear of the so-called "men of respect," preferred to turn its back on what was going on and never dared appear as witnesses. Even though a break in the silence appeared in the form of a full confession by one of the *Mafiosi* in 1938, the report was placed in the wrong police file and was not dug out until 1962. Mr. Lewis, an officer in the British Army in Sicily during the war, had access to all documents on the Mafia, and he has continued an exhaustive investigation ever since. His book is thorough, detailed, well written and dramatic, and it will be fascinating to all readers who have a curiosity about crime or found themselves enthralled by Lampedusa's *The Leopard*.

The Mafia's history can be traced back to hoary antiquity. Sicily was invaded so often and by so many foreign conquerors that the poor had to develop an organization in which they could find some justice against their baronial masters. But in the course of time the Mafia changed its nature and became an equally oppressive burden on the backs of the poor. One of the most shocking revelations of Mr. Lewis' report is the way in which the Mafia

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Every business or profession has its cherished traditions, plus some that aren't so cherished. The book world is no exception, and one of our most tenacious conventions is now upon us: Summer Reading.

It's one of those imprecise terms that lasts, I suspect, simply because no one can pin it down. Summer Reading seems usually to include books—mostly novels—that don't ask you to go right out and change the world in an afternoon. Beyond that, it's every reader for himself.

My own definition, while vague, is at least useful: if I can point to a book and say, "I want to read it this summer," then it's Summer Reading. The book I'm pointing to right now is a new novel by Desmond Bagley called "The Golden Keel."

It's a suspense novel in the best Alistair MacLean-Hammond Innes vein, but Mr. Bagley, an Englishman transplanted to South Africa, is a distinctly individual talent. His story concerns a lost treasure—Mussolini's private cache, vanished at the end of World War II—and the three men who set out to track it down.

"The Golden Keel" has derring-do, high (and low) adventure, a beautiful girl, the afore-mentioned treasure, and a smashing, garrison finish on the high seas—involving one of the suavest villains ever to disgrace a quarterdeck.

I really don't know what is especially summery about "The Golden Keel," but if a number of cold chills are what you need, then Mr. Bagley's tale should do the trick magnificently.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Golden Keel (\$4.95) by Desmond Bagley is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 10005.

has heaped an even heavier load of poverty on the peasants by preventing the building of reservoirs in order to continue to collect a fee for water from its own wells. The result is that much of western Sicily, which could be a beautiful and blooming garden, has become waste desert.

The society, however, may have killed its golden goose. Whole towns in Sicily have been virtually depopulated of their young able-bodied males, who have gone elsewhere in Italy to find work—and usually turn Communist. Moreover, the Italian government, now that it has incontrovertible evidence of the society's existence, has begun to take steps against the Mafia and improve the lot of the Sicilian peasants. The reform, however, if it comes at all, will be slow, for these people have a long history in secrecy, and they have accepted for centuries the burden of feudal oppression.

TALENT IN SEARCH OF A SUBJECT

At the moment we are blessed (sometimes bewildered) by an unusual abundance of talented younger novelists who have got over the hurdle of the first, second, and even third novel but have not yet found grand or significant enough themes to carry the greater public with them. In general, they write with an expertness and skill, and they have a kind of technical sophistication quite beyond the younger novelists of twenty or thirty years ago. But though technically adroit, they seem somewhat without substance. Could it be that our immediate period, which stresses know-how and competence, has not yet found its own deeper and more moving themes?

In *GET HOME FREE* (Dutton, \$4.50), JOHN CLELLON HOLMES returns to the bohemian subject matter that he handled so well in his first novel, *Go*, more than ten years ago. That earlier work caught the mood of its period very well, and was a better and more mature presentation of the beat generation than the highly touted novels of Jack Kerouac. The hero and heroine of the present novel—Dan Verger and May Delano—belong to that same generation, and though they are still "beat," they have also become older, sadder, wiser, and a little more human.

Dan and May, who live in Greenwich Village, are having an affair. The relationship is sick and hysterical, and they break it off and return for visits to their separate homes, Dan to rural Connecticut and May to Louisiana. Most of the book, and by far the better part, is concerned with their adventures back home and the discoveries they make about themselves and their pasts when they return to their roots. When they meet again in New York, it looks as if they might take up where they left off, though this time the relationship will be very different, for they have both learned from their experiences to have a little compassion for each other.

Mr. Holmes is an honest and searching writer, who tries to look very closely at his material; his fault is that he does not distinguish well enough between where this material is significant and where it is not. Though he has matured, he still takes bohemian life and its sexual preoccupations a little too seriously. The trouble with the Sexual Revolution, as it has been called by V. S. Pritchett, is that it threatens to become a bore. Mr. Holmes is far more interesting when he is dealing with the town drunk, Old Man Molineaux, whom Dan encounters back home in his Connecticut village, and who overshadows all the other characters in the book. Dan and May are real in their own way, and if you have ever lived in New York, you have surely met them; but in comparison with the old reprobate Molineaux they are merely shriveled and neurotic children.

Readers of THOMAS BAIRD's *The Old Masters* will be glad that he is back in business with the same style of polished and sophisticated farce in *SHEBA'S LANDING* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95). Instead of the intricate politics of the world of art, Mr. Baird here gives a glimpse of a strange and exotic milieu in and around Washington whose exuberant high jinks would almost pass credulity if it were not for some of the more lurid hints from the Bobby Baker case.

Paul Dimmington, a well-bred and genteel young man, gets a job in the nation's capital as editor of the newsletter of the National Association of Bathroom Fixtures Manufacturers. (Mr. Baird gets more than the usual comic mileage from

all possible jokes about plumbing and sanitation.) Paul is thrust into the strange semi-underworld of promoters and people-on-the-make who haunt Washington. On the other hand, he discovers his father's family, the Dimmingtons, who live on their ancestral estate, Sheba's Landing, in nearby Maryland. The Dimmingtons are gentry but turn out to be every bit as zany as the vulgar hustlers whom Paul encounters in his business life. Between these two poles of absurdity — the commercial world and the declining aristocracy — Paul is led on a mad chase until he falls in love and decides on a settled and conventional life with the girl of his choice.

Unfortunately, though, this life of conformity — the wife, the country house, and the four children — turns to dust and ashes; and Paul, in rebellion, departs. At the end he is telling his story from a secret hiding place, ready to begin any new round of adventures that life holds open for him. Most readers will find this ending too abrupt, as if Mr. Baird were in a hurry to ring down the curtain on the mad capers released by his lively imagination. Yet it is a device that permits him to establish a final note of detachment and irony toward his fictional creatures.

This tone of detachment, which runs throughout, has the effect of deflating the reality of the characters. While most young writers tend to be too earnest and ambitious in biting off more than they can chew, Mr. Baird tends to take his own extraordinary talents of imagination and insight a little too lightly. His comedy, if he took it more seriously, could have much more bite.

The froth is so sedulously whipped up in *OLD ACQUAINTANCE* by DAVID STACTON (Putnam, \$3.95) that the whole novel resembles a piece of pink cotton candy that is empty air when you bite into it.

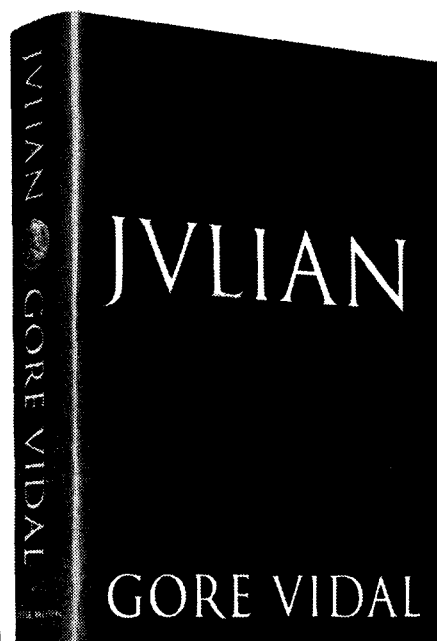
Mr. Stacton is a polished and accomplished stylist, a deft hand at the witty epigram. Hitherto he has employed this style mostly in the field of the historical novel, ranging from medieval Japan to the eighteenth century of Lord Nelson and Emma Hamilton. Here he is dealing with a contemporary setting — a film festival at Mondorf-les-Bains, somewhere on the Franco-German border — and with contemporary

people (if they are really people at all) — internationally famous stars and hangers-on of the jet set. Mr. Stacton did better with the historical novel, since the facts of history supplied him with characters who had a flesh-and-blood biographical reality; the characters he creates out of contemporary life are such thistle-down that they seem ready to float away at a breath.

Charlie, an aging author who once wrote an almost really good book in his youth, and Lotte, a celebrated German actress and chanteuse fresh from Hollywood, meet at the festival and renew their friendship. Charlie had had a number of wives and many kept young men. His current favorite is Paul, a golf pro whom he has picked up and whom he is toting with him through Europe. Lotte is traveling with a young girl, Unne, who has a rather indifferent relationship with her. While the elderly pair talk and reminisce, the two young people become enamored, and at the end elope, leaving their benefactors writhing in an anger that will sputter out all too quickly.

Much of the novel is concerned with bringing us glimpses into Charlie's mind, which would have the Olympian detachment of Goethe if the sage of Weimar had spent all his life blowing soap bubbles. Mr. Stacton struggles too hard to be jaded about his characters, but he is perfectly on target in commenting on the fatuousness of film festivals. If you have never been to such a festival, you need never go, after his program notes: "There is the magnificent Czech film which probably is magnificent, if you could just see it, for all the red filter photography. It will get the prize, unless the Polish film wins instead. The Polish film is exactly the same, except that it takes place in a sewer. At the end of the Polish film the hero emerges from the sewer, takes a look around, and then goes back down again. This represents life . . . The U.S.S.R. has sent along a film completely free of propaganda, but you won't see it, because at the last moment it was withdrawn because it was completely free of propaganda."

This is writing of a superior wit and talent, but whether Mr. Stacton will ever be able to make a satisfactory novel out of these qualities remains to be seen.



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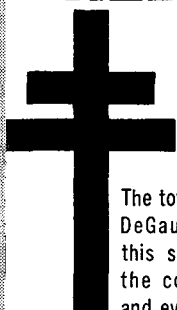
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HISTORICAL TURNING POINT

Recently there has been a flood of books about the First World War. In part, this outburst of scholarship has been due to the fact that we are just beginning to get far enough away from that holocaust to obtain the necessary historical perspective for understanding it; in part, it is due to our new realization that the war itself was a point of no return, after which European civilization and that of the rest of the world could never be quite the same. **ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR** by A. J. P. TAYLOR (Putnam, \$6.95) is one of the most useful and stimulating outlines of what happened during the war as well as a suggestive guide to what it really meant for history.

Mr. Taylor, a British historian eminent both as scholar and popularizer, provides a very copious text to match the numerous photographs. Of forthright and independent mind, he writes crisply and pungently. Some time ago, in dealing with the origins of the Second World War, he created public controversy by seeming to suggest that Hitler was not the only party responsible for that disaster. However questionable his judgment there, Mr. Taylor is surely right in showing that the blame for the First World War can, in all historical objectivity, no longer be laid at the door of Germany alone. The image of the rampaging Hun, which inflamed the propagandist imagination at the time, has receded with the smoke of battle. The fault lay with all the chancellors of Europe who, too inept to be the masters of their own destiny, let themselves be submerged by the catastrophe.

Admirable as Mr. Taylor's text is, the photographs really carry the day. Photography, as a record of battle, was really born in the Crimean and Civil Wars. But wonderful as Brady's photographs were, they capture only a small part of the War Between the States. It was in the First World War that photography (mostly the still camera) came into its own as a recording instrument of history. For every photograph printed, Mr. Taylor tells us, he rejected ten. The collection that he has assembled here is a vivid reminder of the shadows that, even for those of us who were only to come to know them later in books,

hung over the whole of our childhood and youth.

POET AS DIPLOMAT

In the late summer of 1962, Robert Frost went to Russia as a cultural emissary at the suggestion of President Kennedy. Frost was then eighty-eight, but his granitelike constitution was equal to putting up with the ordeal of public appearances, readings, and dinners. He went, moreover, with enthusiasm, fired by the idea of meeting with Khrushchev and getting through a message on a level a little more essential and personal than that of routine diplomacy. Some commentators at the time felt that Frost was being politically naïve and blinded somewhat by his own egotism. Yet the fact is that Khrushchev thought it important enough to make time for a visit and a frank conversation with Frost; and this talk between the poet and politician is the high point of F. D. REEVE's excellent account of the journey in **ROBERT FROST IN RUSSIA** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.95).

Mr. Reeve went along as interpreter; and though he obviously had a boundless devotion to Frost, he does not sentimentalize either the man or the occasion. There were many moments of frustration on the trip, moments when Frost felt the procedures and red tape were foolish. But on the whole he did get through to the Russian people magnificently. He was a little unsure of how he felt about the young poet Yevtushenko, so voluble and political, but he did feel at home with Russia's elderly and great poetess Anna Akhmatova. One thing this little book makes abundantly clear is that the Russians take poets very seriously.

In his conversation with Khrushchev, Frost pleaded for a deeper understanding between the two countries. They were necessarily rivals, he said, but their rivalry should be conducted on a level consonant with their own dignity as great powers instead of by constant harassment on minor matters. Later, Khrushchev remarked admiringly of Frost, "He has the soul of a poet." Some cynics have felt that this is the hardheaded politician dismissing Frost's words as pure poetical fantasy. But it is unlikely that Frost, as one earthy man to another, did not strike some spark of recognition in this confrontation.

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

THE GREAT SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE by CHRISTIAN DEELMAN (Viking, \$5.95) is a demurely hilarious account of the original festival in honor of the Bard of Avon, and demonstrates that, like most such enterprises from that day to this, the affair was inspired by a simple desire to raise money. Stratford on Avon needed a new town hall, for which the local burghers were not about to pay one shilling more than necessary. Some genius conceived the notion of begging help from David Garrick, then at the height of a fame based primarily on his playing of Shakespeare. Garrick was a notoriously soft touch but no idiot; he wanted some glory in exchange for his contribution. Result—a festival, the first of its kind, with a parade, a sort of pageant, fireworks, and a masked ball. The thing filled the papers for months with satires pro and con, and when it finally came off, attracted hordes of fashionable Londoners, drew James Boswell disguised as a Corsican bandit, got rained out, drove the Stratfordians half out of their bucolic wits, and left everybody concerned in the red. It was a truly superb disaster and deserves the pains Mr. Deelman has taken to reconstruct it.

Conscientiously edited by Kenneth Neill Cameron, THE ESDAILE NOTEBOOK (Knopf, \$6.95) contains early and hitherto unpublished poems by Percy Bysshe Shelley together with a formidable mass of background material assembled by the editor. The poems reveal that Shelley's political ideas reached what was essentially their final form before he was twenty, that he developed his verse technique very rapidly, and that his juvenile work was as bad as anybody's.

A. L. BARKER'S THE JOY-RIDE AND AFTER (Scribner's, \$3.75) contains three related stories, all concerned with people who cannot understand their own circumstances clearly and are therefore unable to adjust themselves to the ordinary realities of life. This sounds like the good old loneliness and isolation theme, and indeed it is, but Miss Barker's writing is so skillful and her

characters so persuasively odd and individual that the curse of familiarity is removed. The background is English, and Miss Barker has taken great care to make it solid, not only in the material matter of streets and trees and buildings, but as a social structure, a pattern of the interlocking affairs, customs, and requirements of a whole group of people. The crystal-sharp environment sets off the muddleheadedness of Miss Barker's people superbly.

THE ECHOING CLIFFS (McKay, \$3.50) is a first novel by HJALMAR THESEN, who is a South African. The book tells a very simple story indeed about young love and hard times among what appear to be the Hottentots in the days before European settlement of the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Thesen's savages are a most gentle, courtly, Rousseauish lot—too well behaved to arouse much interest, really—but his descriptions of the country where they live and their methods of fishing, hunting, and clothing and amusing themselves have a continuous Hiawathan charm.

The Yale Series of Younger Poets has published THE BREAKING OF THE DAY (Yale University Press, \$1.25) by PETER DAVISON. While the majority of Mr. Davison's poems are concerned with large, grim questions of individual identity and purpose in the world, he writes with full awareness of the irony involved in asking such questions; there is, after all, nobody there to answer. This subtly humorous stoicism combined with an exceptionally acute consciousness of the connotations and sounds of words produces poems ranging in subject from death to Peeping Toms. Almost everything Mr. Davison remarks on any topic is surprising, but once he has said it, flawlessly right.

SNOW CRYSTALS (Dover, \$2.95) is a paperback reissue of W. A. BENTLEY's book of photographs, with a short text by W. J. Humphreys. Mr. Humphreys offers a brisk summary of what is known about the nature and formation of snow. The photographs, culled from a lifetime of delicate, ingenious picture taking, are laid out like lace mats on a black surface, and come to two hundred odd pages of designs, simple, complex, infinitely varied, altogether bewitching. An endearing copyright note invites the public to make any use desired of these snowflake portraits.

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STORIES: Second: Anita Terry, South High School, Torrance, California; *Barbara Hawkins, Instructor* — Third: Harold Jerry, Bethlehem Central S. High School, Delmar, New York; *Robert C. Lambert, Instructor* — Fourth: Pat Hildebrand, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois; *Marie Claire Davis, Instructor* — Fifth: Jacqueline Schlegel, South High School, Santa Ana, California; *Dean Mayberry, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Chula Vista High School, Mary LaMattery; Ramona High School, Susan Boyd — Connecticut: The Ethel Walker High School, Lauren H. Wilson — Illinois: Evanston Township High School, Peter W. French — Maryland: Pallotti High School, Joseph E. Hall, Jr. — Massachusetts: Brookline High School, Samuel Heilman; St. Marks School, Antony M. Gherin-Ghelli — Mississippi: Biloxi High School, Patsy Hemphill — New York: Martin Van Buren High School; Candy Garter; Andrea Ehudin; — Pennsylvania: Immaculate Conception High School, Elizabeth L. Swart; Mercyhurst Prep School, Christine Strong — Vermont: Bennington Catholic High School, Jeni LaVigne — Washington: Ellensburg High School, Susan Campbell; Judith Meyer.

ESSAYS: Second: Nathaniel Louis Gerber, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts; *A. Busse, Instructor* — Third: Mary Ann Michael, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Indiana; *Mildred Foster, Instructor* — Fourth: Rosemary S. Edwards, Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia, Penn.; *Richard H. Tyre, Instructor* — Fifth: Kathleen L. Bloom, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Indiana; *Gladys Brewer, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** Connecticut: Saint Margaret's School, Leila F. Gill; Leslie McCain — Illinois: Evanston Township High School, Dorothy Griffin; Polo Comm. High School, Jeannette Joiner; St. Teresa Academy, Cathleen Mary Claywell — Indiana: Shortridge High School, Thomas Segal; Janet Kathleen Tower — Massachusetts: Winsor School, Katherine L. Caldwell; Cornelia S. Pratt; Northfield School, Rebecca Elwell — Ohio: Hathaway Brown School, Catherine Travers White — Pennsylvania: William Allen High School, Caren Kaufman; Abington S.H.S., Diane Moore; George School, Ann Hollinger — South Carolina: Ashley Hall, Sarah Anderson.

POEMS: Second: Elizabeth Bick, Classical Sr. High School, Springfield, Mass.; *Mabel Morrill, Instructor* — Third: Roderic Brown, Farmington S. High School, Farmington, Michigan; *Lee S. Peel, Instructor* — Fourth: Elizabeth M. Schumann, George School, Bucks County, Pennsylvania; *John D. Talbot, Instructor* — Fifth: Nessa Marion, Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles, California; *Jane LaFerriere, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: John Burroughs H.S., Laure Bryant; Lodi Union H.S., Sharon Dean; Ellis High School, Nancy Haley; Holy Cross High School, Martha O'Connell — Florida: Coral Gables S.H.S., Martha Jane Hernandez — Illinois: Lake Forest H.S., Barbara S. Epmeier — Massachusetts: Buckingham School, Lucinda Carnahan; Northfield School, Diana Atwood — New York: Albany Academy for Girls, Laurie F. Stein; Deborah C. Mitchell; G. W. Hewlett H.S., Anita S. Barrows; Martin Van Buren H.S., Sylvia Schwartz — Ohio: Troy High School, Jane Owens — Pennsylvania: Cheltenham High School, M. Richard Komins — South Carolina: Myrtle Beach High School, Lee M. Mandell.

COLLEGES

PRIZES: Best Story — \$100.00 Michelle Lundborg, Mount St. Mary's, Los Angeles, California; *Sr. M. Laurentia, C.S.J., Instructor*
PRIZES: Best Essay — \$100.00 James Harral, McMurry College, Abilene, Texas; *Dr. Selma L. Bishop, Instructor*
PRIZES: Best Poem — \$100.00 Ann Harycki, Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; *Sr. Mary Hester, Instructor*

STORIES: Second: Kathleen Griffin, Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; *Sr. M. Francele, Instructor* — Third: Gary Devon Blum, Evansville College, Evansville, Indiana; *Virginia Lowell Grabill, Instructor* — Fourth: Norah M. Ross, Trinity College, Washington, D.C.; *Sr. Therese, Instructor* — Fifth: Kathryn Kenyon, Mount St. Mary's College, Los Angeles, California; *Sr. M. Laurentia, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** Illinois: Mundelein College; Carol Gendron; Barbara Mounsey — Indiana: Evansville College, Gary Devon Blum — Maine: Bates College, Sally O. Smyth — Maryland: Notre Dame of Maryland, Marjorie Kidd; Sue Priest; Jane V. Hammers — Massachusetts: Boston College, Frank Gergon — Emmanuel College, Diane Allenberg — Missouri: Stephens College, Jill Leslie Younghusband — Pennsylvania: Mount Mercy College, Judith Minto — Rhode Island: Rhode Island College; Dennis Gannon — Texas: University of Houston, Jon Richey Conlon; John Davis.

ESSAYS: Second Deryck Van Rij, Academy of the New Church, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania; *Richard Gladish, Instructor* — Third: Howard E. Copeland, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois; *Helen Siml de Vette, Instructor* — Fourth: Marianne Stanley, Mt. St. Mary's, Los Angeles, California; *Sr. Mary Patricia, Instructor* — Fifth: Sr. Mary Charlene, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois; *Sr. Julie, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** Illinois: Wheaton College, Robert C. Bates; Marianne R. Hess; Lois E. Kerr; Marilyn Liebrez; Marlene Miller — Iowa: Clarke College, Kathleen England; Sr. Mary Gerald; Virginia Sullivan — Kansas: Mount St. Scholastica, Jean M. Agster; Barbara Fugarty — Maryland: College of Notre Dame, Susan Gardiner — Massachusetts: Boston College, Wendell J. Bowerman — Pennsylvania: Susquehanna University, Christine Groth — Texas: St. Mary's University, Wilfred J. Chaput.

POEMS: Second: Marcia Brooke Taylor, Trinity College, Washington, D.C.; *Sr. Therese, Instructor* — Third: Rudolph Ricci, University of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *M. M. Culver, Instructor* — Fourth: Steven Orlen, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass.; *Joseph Langland, Instructor* — Fifth: Kathleen Griffin, Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; *Sr. Mary Hester, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Mount Saint Mary's, Merry Andrews — District of Columbia: Trinity College, Marcia Brooke Taylor — Illinois: Mundelein College, Sr. Mary Deborah — Maryland: College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Sandra Braychak; Maureen L. Shea; Sandi Woods; Julie Preis — Massachusetts: University of Massachusetts, Steven Orlen; Emmanuel College, Catherine Griffin — New York: Syracuse University, Sandra Helen Altner — Pennsylvania: University of Pittsburgh, Rudolph Ricci; Marywood College, Mary Elizabeth Williams — Wisconsin: Mount Mary College, Ann Harycki.



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